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## WORKS OF SALENI ARMSTRONG-HOPKINS, M.D.

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MOTTO AND RESOLUTIONS OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A DIVINE CALL TO FOREIGN MISSIONARY SERVICE.

SEVEN THOUGHTS IN SEVEN GARBS.

RECORD OF DAILY WORK.

EXTRA-UTERINE FŒTATION.

FRUIT OF SUFFERING.

PORK AND MUSTARD.

HEART ECHOES FROM THE SILENCE OF SECRET PRAYER.

WITHIN THE PURDAH.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF ZION.

IN THE ZENANA HOMES OF INDIAN PRINCES.

RECORD OF DAILY WORK AND DIARY. (In its Revised, Altered and Enlarged Form.)

PRAYER INSPIRED BY PROMISE.

KHETWADI CASTLE: SEQUEL TO "PORK AND MUSTARD."

IN SECRET.

MY ESTHER.

LIVING OUT LOUD: SEQUEL TO "KHETWADI CASTLE".





*Saleni Armstrong-Hopkins.*



# KHETWADI CASTLE

SEQUEL TO "PORK AND MUSTARD"

---

VOLUME II

---

BY

SALENI ARMSTRONG-HOPKINS, M.D.

---

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.

BISHOP OF AFRICA



SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER

1900

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## Life-Maxim

Be true and be pure,  
Labor and love alway;  
So shalt thou be great,  
And achieve all real good:

Since

Goodness is greatness,  
Goodness is the greatest greatness,  
Goodness is the greatest good.



## DEDICATION

Khetwadi Castle is affectionately inscribed to Miss Willimina L. Armstrong, the dearly beloved sister, for whom the author would gladly have sacrificed her all of earthly life and happiness; yet had no power to save from sorrow, persecution and distress, since she could not help being her sister.





## PREFACE

It is for the sake of the blessed cause, to which the author has consecrated her life; for the sake of the dear Indian people, whom she seeks to help; and for the sake of her adorable Lord Jesus Christ, whom she delights to serve; that the following pages have been written.

In thus laying bare before the world the skeleton of her own disappointments, failures, struggles, sicknesses, privations and sorrows, she has been obliged to trample under foot and ignore her own strong shrinking from publicity—her own personal disinclination, reluctance and pride.

In perusing these pages readers will find much of a purely personal nature; but, in all Christian kindness, they will remember that the author's life was so closely associated, so interwoven, with the lives of the dear people whose sufferings and needs she sought to relieve, or mitigate, that it is impossible to relate a true history of their lives—to portray truthfully their circumstances and surroundings, without saying many things that are personal to herself.

For this cause she craves the kind indulgence of her readers.

S. A-H.



## INTRODUCTION

The Author of "Khetwadi Castle", Mrs. Saleni Armstrong-Hopkins, M. D., has been known to me for many years. I first heard about her, and about her "Divine Call to Foreign Missionary Service", from the late Rev. Jasan G. Miller, who then resided in Lincoln, Nebraska.

During the winter of 1879-80 I wrote a letter to Miss Saleni Armstrong, inviting her to go as a missionary teacher to South America. This offer she declined, saying that her call was to the *Foreign* field, and that she must obey the Divine voice in letter and in spirit. Subsequently I wrote her occasionally; and, from time to time, received letters from her.

During her senior year in The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, on August 12th, 1884, I visited Miss Armstrong and her sister, Willa, at the home of Dr. A. Victoria Scott, No. 329 South Twelfth street, Philadelphia, where they were boarding at the time.

During this visit I became more than ever convinced that the two sisters had, indeed, been called of God to foreign missionary service; and I promised to send either, or both of them to Africa, India, or wherever they felt called of God to go, and whenever they were ready to go, provided they had the heroic spirit, and felt it to be the Lord's will, that they go to the foreign

field upon my heroic, self-supporting basis. When this time arrived, however, the elder sister having graduated in medicine and spent some months as assistant resident physician in a Boston hospital, I was in Africa. Nevertheless my promise to the two missionary sisters was redeemed by my Transit and Building Fund Committee, in New York City; and, on the 27th day of November, 1886, Miss Saleni Armstrong, M.D., and her sister, Miss Willimina L. Armstrong, sailed from New York, en route to India, as herein stated.

I have read "Khetwadi Castle" from beginning to end with great and increasing interest. Even to one unfamiliar with Indian life and missionary labor, this must prove a most interesting book; but to me, knowing the ground as I do, it is especially so.

The two books, "Within the Purdah", and "Khetwadi Castle", contain a marvelous exhibit of facts, illustrative of the missions opened, the methods employed, and the success achieved *without* the *purdah*, and opened to the inspection of the outside world. Our Author conducts us in person to all the sights and scenes "Within the Purdah" of heathendom.

God bless the Author, her younger missionary sister, and all their labors and writings to the good of the world.

(Bishop) Wm Taylor.

## AUTHOR'S EXPLANATORY NOTE

The foregoing introduction was written by Bishop William Taylor for "Khetwadi Castle", while that work still retained the original form in which it was first prepared for publication. Khetwadi Castle then contained the following-named chapters, *as they now appear*, but these chapters only: "India", "India and Her Children", "Bombay", "Queries Answered", "Khetwadi Castle", "A Young Missionary's Unwritten Labors of Love", "Our Khetwadi Castle Household", "Seven Adopted Infants", "'In His Name and For His Sake'", "Our Servants", "A Christmas Dinner for Our Servants", "Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Romanism", "Patients of Khetwadi Castle Hospital", "Two Death-bed Scenes", "Our Guests", "A Free Dispensary on Wheels", "A Sweeper District", "Our Free Dispensary for Sweepers", "Our Free School for Sweeper Children", "A Banquet for Our Sweeper Friends", "Our Servants Under Arrest", "Practicing Medicine by Proxy", "Financial Disaster", "Our Unknown Benefactor", "Good-bye to Khetwadi Castle" and "A Failure?"

When first preparing "Khetwadi Castle" for publication, I fully intended to take upon myself all blame for whatever failure, or partial failure,

came to me during my Indian experience. I intended to omit from the history all facts which would in any-wise reflect upon the character of others, and to withhold all that part of the history which would, of necessity, expose the wrong-doing of Bishop James M. Thoburn. Since then, however, for reasons which are clearly stated in the twelfth chapter of "Pork and Mustard", to which work this is a sequel, and more on account of others who are forced to suffer with me, than for my own sake, I have, in accordance with the advice of friends and trusted counsellors, decided to record the full, complete and uninterrupted history, giving names, dates, and proof without reserve. I have, therefore, added to the original work several chapters which Bishop Taylor has never read, knows nothing about, and for which he is in nowise responsible. I wish it clearly understood that I do not now forward this enlarged work to him, and ask for his approval of the added chapters, simply because I do not wish to involve him in any controversy, to give him the pain of refusing an introduction to a work which contains an exposure of the wrong-doing of one of the high officials of his own church; or to allow him to subscribe to a matter which might be the means of bringing him into court.

The chapters thus added bear the following names: "En Route to India", "Dark Insinuations: Pursued from City to City, and from Country to Country", "A Midnight Interview



with Bishop Ninde and His Cabinet ", " A Financial Venture ", " A Renewal of Hostilities ", " An Appeal and a Vindication ", " Mrs. Mary Esther Isaac Moses ", " The Missionary Bishop of Indian Methodism Arrives ", " The Beginning of the End ", " Trouble with a Student Nurse " and " Friendship ".

S. A-H.



*Dear Lord Jesus, Blessed Heavenly Father :*

Thou knowest how difficult and how painful the task must be, which I have undertaken this day. Grant me divine help, I beseech Thee, that I may relate the facts of this history accurately, simply, plainly, truthfully. That I may not exaggerate, or over-estimate, or under-estimate, or alter, or change in any-wise, any thing ; but that I may record the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as it is known to Thee, O God. Forbid that I should place too much emphasis upon, or exaggerate, or over-state, or over-estimate in any degree, the faults of my enemies. Forbid that I should omit to tell, or excuse, or palliate, or extenuate, or under-state, or under-estimate my own faults, mistakes and grievous sins. Grant also, unto all who may read this history, and especially unto Thy church and people, divine wisdom, and the exercise of clear, correct, and accurate judgment, that they may be able to discern between the right and the wrong, and may judge wisely and well, according to Thy will, O my Father. In the name of Jesus Christ, for His sake, on account of His merits and through faith in His promises, I ask it all. AMEN.



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## CHAPTER I

### INDIA

India, beautiful Hind, fair Peninsula! How shall we portray thy loveliness? What artist can paint thee truly? Only a divine pencil can trace the superb beauty of thy radiant countenance. Are any mountains so sublime as thy ancient hills? Are any valleys so fair and peaceful, any rivers so clear and swift in their flowing, any sunsets so gorgeous, any foliage so luxuriant, any flowers so varied and rare as thine? Yea, doubtless; for it has been said, and truly, that thy sky is not so deep and bright as northern skies. Gray and somber are thy heavens. Thy flowers are odorless; or else exude, from their fast fading petals, a sickening perfume. Thy birds forget to sing beneath the fell influence of thy tropic sun, which all thy children fear and shun as an evil, a deadly thing; although in other climes he comes, a messenger of light, and joy, and health to everything that breathes. Thy air is heavy with a fatal miasma, and thy children succumb to its enervating and baneful influence. Thy breezes stir; and, stricken with fierce disease, thy children fall to the earth.

True, no earthly finger stretches so far heavenward in its pointing as thy majestic Everest. Alas, that thy children do not heed the sublime

voice of thy silent counsel; nor yet the severe chastisements of thy rod! Forgetting the great Author and Creator of all things, they bow down to the creature, and worship the sun, the sea, the fire; yea, bulls, monkeys, serpents, insects, and creeping things. Is it for this that the sun, in anger, strikes death to thy idolatrous children, that the water sends forth poisonous vapors, and that the fierce heat consumes its fire-worshipping victims, while multitudes perish from the venomous stings of serpent-gods? Is it that nature, for very shame at the sight of millions of deluded mortals bowing down to do her homage, refuses to don her most gorgeous apparel, and conceals forever behind a somber veil her most exquisite and bewitching grace of form and face? And yet thou art exceeding lovely to look upon, O aged and beautiful lady of the middle seas, of the tropic sun, of the pale-gray sky! Thy breath is sweet, though subtle poison lurks therein. Thy voice is low and tender, but it lulls to sleep with the fatal hush of death. Thy soft embrace is warm and clinging, enticing the soul to perpetual repose. In thy dark and liquid eyes are unfathomable depths; to gaze therein is to come within the spell of a strange and subtle witchery, to be mesmerized, to become inextricably entangled in its vibrating, pulsating meshes. Thy locks, abundant and glistening white in the sunshine, crown thy fair and serene temples with a halo of perpetual glory. Thy thin, pale lips know not that youth

is past, but clamor still for that which youth desired. Thy ivory teeth remain, a full, round row, all painted shining black, thy married state to show, e'en a great string of rocky, fern-strewn hills beneath thy white Himalaya snows. Upon thy breast thou hast nurtured innumerable multitudes of people, who have passed on and down into the eternities, as untutored as the day when thou didst give them birth. Thy feet stand firmly in the midst of tropic seas, on rocky bed and coral reef, built for them by the death of millions of armies of tiny sea-folk—cunning craftsmen, skillful builders, architects whose fairy palaces, silent sepulcheres, strange and shining castles of precious stone, solid bulwarks and continent foundation never crumble. Thy perfect form, erect and graceful still, is adorned with every precious stone, every costly jewel, every rare gem, in settings of gold and silver. Silver bands, exquisitely chased, encircle thy delicate toes and slender ankles. Around thy swan-like neck are clasped many strands of purest gold, suspending massive pendants, which serve to hide from view thy heaving breast. Thy tapering arms and fingers are encircled by many bands of solid gold, set with gems of the purest water. Thy delicate nostrils, and the whole circle of thy shell-like ears, are pierced to hold them, and are torn by the weight of these most costly and beautiful jewels. Pure silk of the finest texture, and of the most delicate hues, falls in graceful folds from thy marble brow to



thy shapely feet; yet so thin and clinging that every outline of thy fair form, and every movement and gesture of thy body, can be clearly discerned through its veil-like fabric of exquisite fibre. Concealed, yet most exposed of women! Secluded, yet most outraged of women! O Mother India, how fair, how false thou art! False to thyself, false to thy God, false to thy offspring. True, thou knowest not. Falsehood is thy native air, thy mother-tongue. Truth can be discerned but through the veil of falsehood with which thou dost seek to shroud it; even as thine own nude form appears through thine own thin garment. Alas for India! Alas for India's children, who will arise on the resurrection morn to curse her who gave them birth, to curse the land of their nativity, to curse the religion of their fathers.

Yes, she is old and great, and has many children, and there is much to say about her, and about them. Where shall we begin? Shall we view her physical aspect first of all? Suppose we do. Beautiful? Oh, yes, very beautiful, no one disputes that—although she has had a “touch of the sun”, and shows her age a trifle. Her voice, though still sweet, is feeble, mellow, soft, and full of a strange, deep cadence, like the dim and distant tones of the vesper song at eventide. It is always pitched in a minor key, and has a strange, wild, heart-rending undertone of sadness in it. Her step has lost something of the elasticity and spring of youth, and is somewhat



slow and measured now. She is gray? Oh, yes. She wears a crown of glory in the perpetual snows of her Himalayas. Bravely she steps out from her mother Asia's southern door, and wades far down into the Indian Ocean, where her little sister of the sea, fair Ceylon, more beautiful than herself, bows at her feet. Thus she stands, wooed by all the world; while the cool, sweet breezes of the Arabian Sea fan her right cheek, and the passionate waves of the Bay of Bengal kiss her left. Thus has she stood, ever since the great Creator commanded saying: "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

"And God called the dry *land* Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called He Seas: and God saw that *it was* good."—Genesis i:9, 10.

## CHAPTER II

### INDIA AND HER CHILDREN

The great peninsula of India stretches down from Southern Asia a distance of about nineteen hundred miles, with the Arabian Sea lying to its right, and the Bay of Bengal to its left. Its general form is that of an inverted triangle, whose base lies buried far beneath the Himalaya snows, and whose apex reaches down into the Indian Ocean, within a few degrees of the Equator. Its approximate width, reckoning along the parallel of twenty-five north latitude, is sixteen hundred miles. In round numbers the area of British India may be estimated at about one million and a half square miles; as large as all Europe, excluding Russia; twelve times the size of Great Britain, seven times as large as France, and a little more than two-fifths the size of the United States of America; whereas its population is four times as great as that of the last named country. Next to China, India is the most populous area in the world. The area of the United States, including Alaska, is about three million five hundred and seventy thousand square miles; while that of British India is one million five hundred thousand square miles. The total population of the United States, including Alaska, is about seventy-five millions; while

that of British India is two hundred and eighty-six millions, with a growth of one and one-third millions annually. Of Hindus there are about two hundred and eight millions; of Mohammedans there are about fifty-seven millions; and of other religions about twenty-two millions.

The following table, from the census of 1891, represents a closely approximate estimate in round numbers:

Hindus.....	208,000,000
Mohammedans.....	57,000,000
Aboriginal pagans.....	9,000,000
Buddhists.....	7,000,000
Sikhs.....	1,700,000
Jains.....	1,400,000
Parsees.....	90,000
Jews.....	17,000
Christians.....	1,900,000

When the Aryan race settled in India its new leaders and conquerors differentiated themselves from the non-Aryan inhabitants by the epithet, "twice-born"; meaning those who had experienced a second or a religious birth. This religious birth was symbolized by the peculiar sacrament of investiture with the sacred cord; this sacrament being celebrated at the age of puberty. The aborigines were designated as "once-born". Later on the twice-born were themselves divided into three distinct classes: the sacerdotal class, called Brahmins; the military class, called Kshatriyas; and an agricultural class, called Vaisyas. The once-born were called Sudras. The diverse

and unequal rank of these four distinct classes was attributed to an inequality of origin, and this has been mythically expressed in a hymn of the Rig Veda, in which the Brahmin is represented as the mouth of the primitive man; the warrior, or military man, as his arms; the Vaisya, his thighs; while the Sudra represents his feet. The duties and mutual relations of these four castes are systematized and very clearly defined in the code of Manu. All religious services are supposed to be performed by the Brahmin, as this is his peculiar province. He alone is the mediator between God and man; and has the privilege of performing all sacrifices, and of teaching the sacred Veda. Indeed he himself is considered to be an actual divinity.

The Kshatriya is the mainstay of the higher Brahmin. The latter interprets the law, while the former executes it. The occupation of the Vaisya is the cultivation of the soil and the practice of trade. The servant of the three above-named classes is the Sudra; but it is his special province to serve the Brahmin. His only hope is that, after death, he may be born into a higher caste.

These four original, pure castes, have been divided and subdivided into an almost innumerable number. At the census of 1891 the peoples of India were divided into sixty groups, and these were subdivided into many sub-groups. Among the lower classes this caste system has degenerated into a fastidious tenacity to the

rights and privileges of station. Thus, the man who waits upon your table would not, on any account, sweep your room; your groom would not mow a little grass for your horse; a *coolie* will carry any load, however offensive, but even in a life and death emergency he would not carry a man, for that is the occupation of another caste.

For a high caste man to eat with one of low caste, or to eat food cooked by a servant of lower caste than himself, would cause defilement and break his caste. The high caste Brahmin will, on no account, partake of food in the presence of a low caste person. If, during the preparation of food, the shadow of a passing man of low caste happen to fall upon the food, or should the border of his garment touch the vessel which contains it, the whole of the viands is thrown away, and the vessel is broken or destroyed.

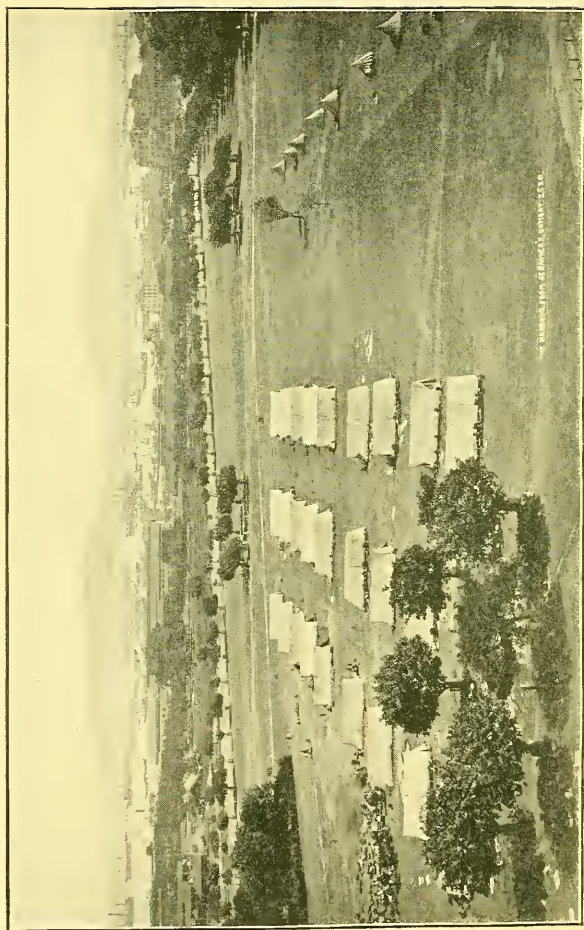
The sweeper belongs to the lowest of all castes. By the people of every other caste he is despised, loathed, and held in contempt; he is considered to be beneath the dumb brute, and every creeping thing. In his touch is contamination and defilement. If a person of higher caste wish to give alms to a sweeper, he will not drop the coin into his palm, but will throw it upon the street at some distant point, and the sweeper must needs stoop to pick it up; making, the while, a low *salaam* to his benefactor. If, by accident, the shadow of a sweeper should fall upon the person of a proud Brahmin, the latter will con-

sider that he must of necessity bathe his person and change his apparel before he can partake of food—before he can fall down and worship a moulten brass image, or any other of his almost numberless deities of wood, stone, clay, brass; brute creature, or creeping thing.

If, by accident, your sweeper should leave his broom on the floor of your drawing room, and you should request one of your high-caste Hindu servants to remove it, he would take offence, would judge that you intended an outrageous, personal insult; and, in all probability, would leave your service. No high-caste native would ever touch a sweeper's broom on any account, not even with his foot. To strike a native with a broom is considered to be the most outrageous and unpardonable insult that could possibly be given. His caste is thus broken; and he is humiliated and irretrievably disgraced. The sweeper is in no danger of personal assault from any other native. However angry with a sweeper a native of higher caste may be, however much he may wish to do him personal injury, he will never kick or strike him. By so doing he would of necessity defile himself, and break his own caste.







BOMBAY HARBOR



## CHAPTER III

### BOMBAY

The city of Bombay covers the south-east end of Bombay Island, or Peninsula, bordering on Back Bay outside, and on the harbor inside. The island is eleven miles in length, and from three to four miles in breadth; it is now permanently connected, by causeways and break-waters, with Salsette Island and with the mainland. The city embraces an area of twenty-two square miles. Its harbor is considered to be one of the finest in the world; having many islands, and being crowded with shipping. It has about fourteen miles of space in length, by five in breadth; all of which is available for shipping purposes.

Bombay is a great metropolitan city, and more European in appearance than any other Indian city. Bombay is not, however, one city only; but two. There is, first of all, the great European Bombay; with its smooth, broad, beautifully paved streets, continuously lined with splendid buildings, extensive tramway lines, telegraph and telephone wires; in fact, everything which goes to make up an European city. Many of the private European residences on Malabar Hill, and elsewhere, are fine and imposing; while on the esplanade, facing Back Bay, may be seen

the Secretariat, the University, the Senate Hall, the High Court, Soldiers' Home, offices of public works, and a statue of the Queen. In the vicinity of the fort are the Town Hall, the Mint, the Cathedral, and the Custom House. The terminus of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway is said to be the finest structure of the kind in the world, and cost upwards of three hundred thousand pounds sterling. Bombay has, also, an extensive system of quays, wharves and docks; including Princes Dock, which cost over a million sterling. Bombay is the first important port reached by vessels from Europe, and is the chief mail line to India by Suez and Aden. From Bombay letters are sent on by rail to all parts of India. The largest number of the population of Bombay is composed of Hindus; the second largest, of Mohammedans; and the remainder chiefly of Parsees, native Christians, Europeans, Indo-Portuguese, and Jews. Nearly every country, however, is more or less largely represented in this city. In position and influence the Parsees are considered to rank next to the English; and second to the Parsees the Banias, or Hindu traders.

The Parsees emulate European manners, customs, and costumes. Parsee women are not kept in seclusion; but go about freely, often being seen walking the streets in company with their husbands, fathers or brothers.

According to the census of 1891 the population of Bombay, which is extremely dense and

heterogeneous, amounted to nine hundred twenty-one thousand, seven hundred sixty-four. About thirteen thousand of these are British born.

It is not, however, with the great, European, Metropolitan Bombay that we have to do at present. The Bombay *native* city is quite a different place. Driving through the broad, clean streets of the European Bombay, through the crowded but fairly wide streets of the bazaars, we pass the market and thence into the native city. Gradually the streets here become more and more narrow; until, in some parts, they are well-nigh impassible to any carriage larger than a bullock-cart—a small, two-wheeled native vehicle, drawn by a bullock,—an animal peculiar to India, with a hump between his shoulders at the base of his neck. Indeed, even two of these carts could not meet and pass in these narrow streets. Few English carriages enter to the heart of the native city. You will, therefore, be in little danger of meeting with any such vehicle. In such a case, however, the horses of one carriage will need to be detached, and the carriage backed into some alley, while the remaining carriage passes on.

At length the street becomes so narrow that the wheels of your brougham barely escape the narrow, shallow, open gutters on either side of the road, which are supposed to drain away the filth of the city, but which in reality contain only stagnant filth, emitting a well-nigh stifling

stench. If your visit occur during the hot season, or during the monsoon weather, you will find it excessively hot and oppressive; and, on account of the sickening odor, will need to make free use of smelling salts, or to cover mouth and nostrils with your pocket-handkerchief.

If you wish to make purchases from the shops along the way, you will, before you leave your seat, raise your umbrella, which is lined with green and covered with white cambric. In alighting from, or in entering your carriage, also in stepping from the street to the shop door, you must take great care that the rays of the sun do not strike your head, the back of your neck, or your temples, even for the space of a moment; for, if you neglect this precaution, you will probably return to your home, or hotel, with a severe sun-headache; which will not abate for a period of several days; and you may be thankful if you escape a severe or even fatal sun-stroke. Of course you will wear upon your head a double tarai hat, or a large pith helmet, which reaches far down over the back of your neck; but this protection is not in itself sufficient,—the umbrella is also necessary.

One must pass slowly along the narrow street, because of the crowds of native people thronging the way. You observe that all the shops (no one would ever think of calling them stores) look alike; you feel a curiosity to enter and look about. If you are a stranger in India, you will

ask your coachman to bring his carriage to a halt; and you will alight and step across the open gutter, above described, immediately beyond which is the open shop door. The shop floor is two or more feet above the level of the street, so that you must mount a very high step in order to enter. It is a small place of one room only, about ten by ten, or twelve by twelve feet; and the ceiling is so low that your hand can reach it. The side of the room facing the street is all open, the large door having been slid back out of sight. There is no other door, and no window, to this little place. On either side of the room and at the back are shelves, which reach from the floor to the ceiling; and upon these are stored the wares of the merchant; who, with crossed legs, in native style, sits upon the floor of his shop. There are no counters, no chairs, no desks, no tables in the place. The native merchant is clad in pure white garments, thin and scant enough, but usually clean. His immense turban is also white, and adjusted with evident care and deft skill. You judge him to be a poor man; and, if you interrogate him about himself, he will profess to be a servant, a mere slave, who has nothing to say about his master's business, but only obeys orders. The reverse of this is true. He himself is the merchant, and is rich. If he be a dry-goods merchant, and you inquire for Kashmeri shawls, he will look you over keenly, glance at your carriage, your servants, and perhaps exchange a word with one of them. If he

conclude that you have money and are able to invest largely, he will produce Kashmeri shawls of the most exquisite quality, and worth thousands of dollars. If he be a jeweler, after satisfying himself of your responsible character, he will produce diamonds of almost fabulous cost. These are hid away in rude, tin boxes, which are fastened with small padlocks.

If you have thus alighted from your carriage, however, and entered the native shop, you need not expect to make any fair or reasonable deal. The merchant will immediately judge, by that one fact, that you are a foreigner, and not accustomed to Indian ways, and not acquainted with the correct prices of Indian wares. He will, therefore, charge you many times the real price for every article you examine; and not only so, but perhaps swear that he is offering the article to you at cost price, or less; that he is greatly in need of money and therefore willing to make a sacrifice. Moreover he will send *coolies* on ahead of your carriage to notify all the merchants throughout the native city, whithersoever you may drive, that a foreigner has arrived, acquainting them with the prices which he has charged you for his Indian wares. The result will be that you cannot, on that occasion, purchase the same articles in that city for a less price. If, on the other hand, you really visit the native city for the purpose of shopping, you should remain in your carriage, only halting before the merchant's shop. He, and his neighbor-merchants, will instantly bring and dis-



play before you whatever wares you may require; in which case you will stand a chance of getting the fair and true price. Usually, however, a merchant first places the price of any article which he has for sale at three times what he expects to get for it. The rule among Europeans in India is to offer one-third the price asked; and it is seldom that the native merchant will refuse this offer, even though he may have taken his oath, over and over again, that the first price was an actual sacrifice, and less than cost. When he accepts one-third of this first named price, and you upbraid him for lying, he will shrug his shoulders, smile significantly, and inquire, "How can I do business without lying?" No native takes offense at being called a liar, as he has no conscientious scruples against lying. If he succeed in deceiving you, he considers himself clever, and delights to tell of his victory to his native friends. If you discover his deception, he considers that you are clever, and respects you the more.

As you drive along the streets of the native city you will hear your coachman continuously calling out in his native language. You ask your interpreter what he is saying, and he or she will explain that he is calling, "Move aside, move aside, clear the way, clear the way, for your lives' sake, move aside!" You put your head out of the carriage window and observe that men, women and children throng the road in front of your carriage; and that, despite your

coachman's excited warning, they scarcely move, never look behind, and only slowly move aside when the carriage is nearly upon them. If, however, your visit to the native city happen to be at the dead of night, if you are called urgently to visit some poor suffering one, who is supposed to be at the point of death, as I have been often and often at the midnight hour or during the small hours of the early morning, your experience will be startling indeed.

Not only does your coachman call out continuously, and in the most excited manner, but sometimes, and frequently, he brings his carriage to a dead halt; and, however urgent your business, you can make but very slow progress. Looking from your carriage window, under such circumstances as these, you see a spectacle which makes your heart stand still and your blood run cold. The brightly burning carriage lamps with their brilliant reflectors illuminate the street beneath your horse's feet, and for some distance in advance of your carriage. Stretched across the road, and blockading the passage, with their heads just below one of the open gutters, men, women and children lie asleep. Your horse is restive, spirited and impatient of delay, your coachman is holding him back by main strength, and calling out incessantly and in the most excited manner, "Sleepers, awake! Arise, move aside for your lives!" If you are inclined to be nervous, or if you are not, you will tremble for the result. It seems to you at every moment that the pros-



trate forms of men, women and children must surely be trampled under the feet of your restless horse; and that your carriage wheels will pass over them, mangling and crushing their bodies.

You inquire why these people have made their beds on the public thoroughfare, in these filthy, narrow streets. It is because they have no better couch upon which to rest their weary bodies. Their little, unventilated, close, windowless rooms, where the cooking for the family meal has been done in the late evening, is too small, too hot, too suffocating to be endured. Perhaps there is a large family, and only one small room for all; they must, therefore, sleep upon the streets. It is the only alternative—not a matter of choice or preference, but one of dire necessity.

Such is Bombay Native city from the *outside*.

## CHAPTER IV

### QUERIES ANSWERED

Why did I go to India in the beginning? That is an almost universal question. Wherever I go the people begin to inquire how it happened that I first made up my mind to go off to India as a missionary.

The limits of this small work do not permit a full and exhaustive reply. Certain it is that I did not go to India from choice or preference; nor was I, at first, willing to go at all. I went because I heard a divine voice calling me to foreign missionary service. Because that, away down in the depths of my soul, I was made to know that "woe is me if I" go not. It cost me a struggle of three years' duration. Indeed, it well-nigh cost me my reason and my life. Had I persistently refused to obey the divine summons, I know and am sure that it would have cost me my soul. When, at length, I did consent to go, I did so unwillingly; but the dear Lord afterward made me willing and glad to obey his voice.

Twelve long years, after this complete surrender, were spent in preparation for the foreign field. One year attending high school in Blair, Nebraska; two years studying medicine, with my own dear father as tutor; one year a stu-

dent in the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois; three years travelling and lecturing for the purpose of raising sufficient funds with which to pay my own expenses through medical college; one year a student in the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, of New York City; three years a student in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia; and one year resident physician in the New England Hospital, of Boston. A desperate struggle? Yes, it was indeed. All this because I was unwilling to enter upon my life work without the best possible, and most thorough preparation for it.

From childhood I felt that if I were to engage in the commonest occupation that could be selected, I should wish to make myself proficient in that occupation; and, surely, when one is to assume the responsibility of human health and human life, it is imperatively necessary that the best possible qualifications be made to serve as a foundation. If, in addition to this, one is to assume the high and holy function of winning immortal souls to Christ, how much more necessary it must be to have every possible equipment for so great and important a task, upon which must rest eternal issues.

At the close of my twelve years' struggle it became necessary for me to decide as to how I should enter upon my life work—under what auspices I should go to my foreign field of labor.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church male mis-

sionaries are sent to foreign mission fields by the parent board. Women also are sent by the parent board, going with their husbands in the capacity of assistant missionaries. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church employs women to go to India, as also to other foreign fields, in the capacity of teachers, zenana workers, and medical missionaries. I could not go to India under the parent board as the wife of a missionary, because God Almighty had called me to go upon a foreign mission myself alone, not with another. I could go under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our church; but, during the years of my preparation, I had been in correspondence with our beloved Bishop Taylor, then, "Father Taylor". From time to time I had received letters from him inviting me to go to India, or to Africa, as I felt called, under his auspices and upon his self-supporting basis.

During the evening of August 12, 1884, a few months prior to my graduation in medicine, Bishop Taylor visited my sister and me at our boarding place, No. 329 South 12th street, Philadelphia. I can never forget the inspiration, help and benediction which we derived from his saintly presence and brave words. Before leaving us Father Taylor presented to each of us, my sister and myself, a five dollar gold piece, and then, folding us both together in his arms, he blessed us; after which he said, "Remember, whenever you or your



BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.



sister, or both of you, are ready to go to India, or to Africa, if you have the courage and heroism to go upon my self-supporting basis, why, I am ready to send you, and will do so if you just let me know." These were his last words, and my sister and I stood at the door and watched that saint of God as he hastened down the street to catch his train, which was already nearly due.

When the matter of going to India must be decided, I could not forget Bishop Taylor's kind words, which had seemed to me like unto the very voice of God. However, I did not feel willing to decide it myself alone; and so I wrote to many of my closest and most intimate friends, asking them to spend thirty days with me in earnest prayer for guidance in regard to this important matter. Meanwhile, I went away to a quiet country home, where I spent the time in prayer and study of God's word, seeking wisdom and guidance from God. At the end of this time it seemed clear to me that it was God's will that I should go to India under the auspices of Bishop Taylor, and upon his self-supporting basis. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. Richard Grant, treasurer of Bishop Taylor's Transit and Building Fund Committee; *not offering* myself as a candidate for the foreign field, but *accepting* Bishop Taylor's oft-repeated invitation to go out to India under his auspices. Later on, my sister did the same; and, in the course of a few weeks, we were both accepted for that field; and sent out by that committee, our travelling

expenses being paid from New York to Bombay, India.

In accordance with the arrangement of Mr. Richard Grant, and the other members of Bishop Taylor's Transit and Building Fund Committee, my sister and I sailed from New York harbor, via the S. S. Circassia, of the Anchor Line, in the early morning of Saturday, November 27, 1886.

All this, my divine call to foreign missionary service, and the subsequent years of struggle in preparation for the foreign field, is fully explained in my work entitled, "Pork and Mustard"; and, in its last chapter, our departure from New York harbor is described in the following words:

"All was hurry and confusion at the last. We had packed and billed our goods, and had seen them stowed away in the hold of the S. S. Circassia. Hastily dictated farewells had been sent to distant friends; and the long good-bye had been spoken to the few dear ones who gathered at the wharf. Through it all, and for the sake of our beloved father, my sister and I maintained perfect composure, and apparent cheerfulness to the last, despite the awful pain which was gnawing and tearing at our heart strings, and which at times welled up as if to choke and smother us.

"When the final signal was given for all friends to leave the ship as she was about to cast off from the wharf, father pressed us to his

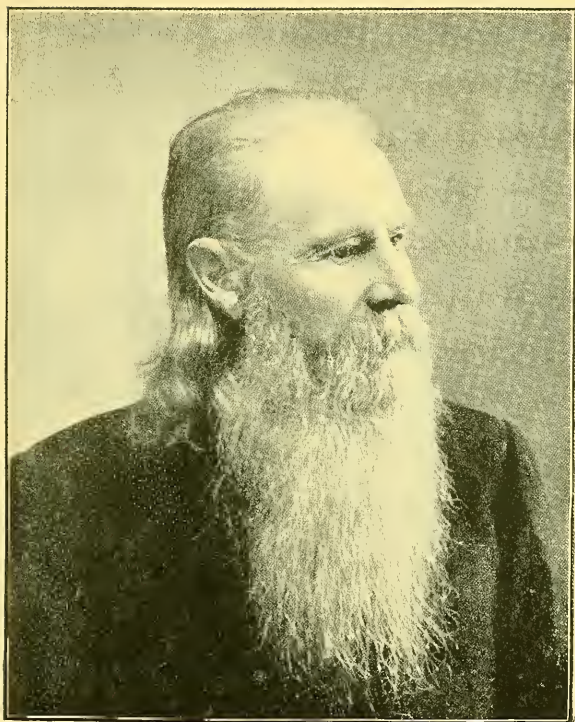


heart in one long, tremulous embrace, in a few tender words committed us to the care of the kind-hearted sea captain, offered an earnest, but broken prayer to Almighty God invoking, between choking sobs, divine protection for his two girls, and then turned away—bowed and trembling with emotion which he was no longer able to suppress.

“ As the *Circassia* slowly moved out from the shore through the harbor toward the great sea, my sister and I stood on the upper deck waving to father, and realizing that we were being carried away from him, from home, from country, and from all that we held dear on earth; and fully believing that we were never again to look upon the dear face of our beloved father until our final meeting around the throne of God.

How we trembled in every limb! How we struggled against the emotion which was well-nigh over-powering us! There he stood, our father, far out on the wharf—his tall, slight form swayed by grief which he had no power to conceal, but held up by the force of his indomitable will, and a determination that we should not be distressed by a knowledge of what our going was costing him. As he stood there the sea-breeze blew back from his pale face his long white hair and flowing beard. How beautiful he looked! He had tied three handkerchiefs together; and, when all else grew dim in the lengthening distance, we could still discern, above the heads of the crowd, our father's tall figure, and his waving farewell.

When, at last, even this token could no longer be seen, I felt my sister quickly slip from my encircling arm, saw her rush away, and I knew that she had gone to her cabin to weep. As soon as I was able to master my own grief I followed her. She had thrown herself face downward upon her bed, and there she lay convulsed in sobs. I caught her in my arms and pressed her to my heart in silence. Thus we wept together, until a divine presence seemed to overshadow us, and a sense of our individual responsibility to God in connection with the great work whereunto He had called us, and which we had undertaken in His name and fear, constrained us to pray."



REV. WILLIAM L. ARMSTRONG, M. D.



## CHAPTER V

### EN ROUTE TO INDIA

It was a perfect day. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the peaceful surface of the great, calm sea. The deep blue of the cloudless sky was reflected in the clear, calm waters; while the sun's face was mirrored in its depths, making it to shine and sparkle with dazzling brightness.

With hearts and emotions quieted by the blessed hand of the Almighty Peace Giver, my sister and I went on deck; where many of the passengers were enjoying the perfect weather, and the serene beauty of the sea. Here the good sea captain found us; and, by means of a peculiarly gentle and fatherly manner, made us to feel that he had taken us under his protection and guardian care for the journey. We went with him all over the vessel, and he described to us the workings of the great engine, the ingenious devices of the machinery, and assured us of the strength of the vessel and of our perfect safety. Neither of us, I think, was nervous or timid in regard to the journey, but this dear old gentleman, who had filled the position of sea captain of a passenger vessel for a period of something over forty years, seemed to realize that we were alone, and that we needed such comfort and assurance of safety as he might be

able to give. The fact that our own dear father had so tenderly committed us to his care, doubtless gave him to feel a very spécial and personal interest and responsibility on our account.

Before the close of our first day on board the *Circassia*, my sister and I made the acquaintance of Rev. and Mrs. G. I. Stone; who, after a short furlough in America, were returning to their missionary appointment in India. Naturally they were interested in the two girls who, alone and upon the self-supporting basis, were starting out as missionaries to a foreign land. My own heart, as I distinctly remember, went out toward them with a great love and confidence; and I told them frankly and fully many facts in regard to myself, my call to India, and my reasons for wishing to be sent out by Bishop William Taylor, rather than under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our church.

Just as soon as Rev. and Mrs. Stone knew that we were under appointment to Secunderabad, to labor under Mr. Ward, and on the self-supporting basis, they informed me that this gentleman was at variance with the Methodist Episcopal church, and with all the members of the South India Conference, to which he had previously belonged; and that, finally, he had entirely severed his connection with the church and conference. They said that he, and the orphans in his asylum, were now working, in connection with some financial scheme, on the railroad. They assured me that if I went to him, he would

use all I had in his own work, that I would be simply a drudge in his house, and that such a course would surely prove to be the greatest mistake of my life. In any case, they said, the practice of my profession in Secunderabad would be impossible, as it was a town with but few inhabitants, save the regiment of English soldiers stationed there, having, of course, its own government surgeon.

It soon became clear to me that I had not at all understood the situation, as it really existed. As a matter of fact, the full and explicit letter which I had received from Mr. Grant, describing Mr. Ward and his work in India, which letter is published in "Pork and Mustard", I had really never read. It had been somewhat hastily and closely written, I was greatly pressed for time when it arrived, and could not easily decipher it. Moreover, this letter did not reach me until after my arrival in New York, when I had already met Mr. Grant, and supposed he had told me all he had to say in regard to India and our work there. Years afterward, when I had spent six and a half years in India and returned to my native land, while revising "Pork and Mustard" and enlarging the work, in assorting a pile of old letters, I found this one from Mr. Grant; and then, for the first time, I read it through.

Rev. and Mrs. Stone represented Mr. Ward to us as being arbitrary, overbearing, fanatical; and, altogether, a man with whom it was well-



nigh impossible to labor successfully in any Christian work. They told us of a young woman who had been obliged to leave his mission, and give up the work; simply because she found it so very difficult to live in his home and to do the work which he exacted of her. They assured me that, while there, she had been obliged to relinquish all her own personal belongings, even her sewing machine. They predicted that, if my sister and I went to Secunderabad, my sister would be expected to devote her entire time to teaching the few orphan children in Mr. Ward's school, if not also to the doing of domestic work in his home; while I would be expected to spend my life as a medical attendant upon these same orphans, and upon Mr. Ward's private family. If I should, by any chance, succeed in getting outside practice, and thus earn any money, I would be expected to hand over every cent to Mr. Ward, who would use it in his own work; while I would never be able to build a hospital, open a dispensary, or undertake any missionary enterprise aside from that which he had already established.

In addition to all this, Rev. and Mrs. Stone said that Mr. Ward did not affiliate with the other missionaries of India; and that for one to be associated with him, in his work, simply meant to be estranged from all other Methodist missionaries in India, to be separated from the Methodist church, and to have one's life narrowed down to mission work in a single



home. They said Mr. Ward's true standing, and missionary work in India, was not correctly understood in America, either by the people at large, or even by Bishop Taylor's Transit and Building Fund Committee.

In view of all those facts, conditions and circumstances, Rev. and Mrs. Stone advised us to unite with the South India Conference, and to settle wherever that conference might appoint us.

All this surprised and distressed me more than I can express; and I was at a loss to know what, under the circumstances, it was my duty to do.

Rev. and Mrs. Stone had spent many years in India; they evidently knew the conditions in question, and understood what they were talking about. I had, and still have, the utmost confidence in their integrity as devout, earnest, consecrated Christian people. They certainly could have no personal motive in turning us aside from our original plan and intended destination. It did seem that they were advising us for our own good, and for the good of the cause of Christ.

When we arrived at Glasgow the rain was pouring down in torrents, and our good sea captain, who had been so kind to us during the whole journey from New York, went with us to the ticket office in that city, procured tickets for us to Liverpool, and arranged everything for our comfortable transfer thither. I can never forget, nor cease to be grateful to him for all his kind courtesy and fatherly care. As we trudged

together through the beating rain, he diverted us by many a quaint remark and anecdote. Among other things I remember he told us that in Glasgow even the ducks were supposed to carry umbrellas.

At Liverpool we were met by quite a large company of missionaries who had taken passage from New York several days prior to the date of our sailing, and who had just returned from a pleasant little trip through London, where they had gone during the days of waiting between steamers. In this company of missionaries was one, Rev. D. O. Fox, who was also returning to India after a short furlough in America. He had previously spent some fourteen years in mission work in India. We soon made his acquaintance, and he heartily confirmed all that our new made friends, Rev. and Mrs. Stone, had told us in regard to Mr. C. B. Ward and his mission.

Moreover, Rev. Mr. Fox informed us that, before he left New York, he had heard about us, and learned of our appointment to Secunderabad. Feeling sure that it would be a great mistake to send us there, he had gone to Mr. Grant, with whom he was personally acquainted, and laid the facts before him, advising that we be sent *anywhere* rather than to Secunderabad. He said Mr. Grant seemed much impressed by his representation of the situation; and that he, Mr. Grant, had especially requested him, Mr. Fox, to make an effort to see my sister and myself be-

fore we left Bombay for Secunderabad, and to lay the whole matter plainly before us.

Rev. Mr. Fox assured me that he believed Mr. Grant would not now expect us to go to Secunderabad; but that he would wish us to accept of any appointment which we could obtain from the South India Conference, or to engage in any mission work which we might be able to find for ourselves in any part of India. He also volunteered to write a full letter to Mr. Grant, explaining all that had passed between us in regard to this matter, and telling him that, in accordance with his advice, I had decided against going to Mr. Ward at Secunderabad.

This he very kindly did; and, on the following day, he read to me the letter which, in every respect, seemed to be entirely reasonable and satisfactory. I naturally supposed, as did Mr. Fox and Mr. and Mrs. Stone, that Mr. Grant would be quite agreeable to my change of plan, and that it would meet with the approval of Bishop Taylor, and of all the members of his Transit and Building Fund Committee. I felt especially certain of this *because* Mr. Fox had assured me that Mr. Grant, and the other members of the committee, had *not* previously understood the facts in regard to Mr. Ward and his mission in India. Since I had seen Mr. Grant, however, Mr. Fox had fully explained to him the exact situation, as above stated, and he seemed to be very anxious that Mr. Fox should lay the matter before me also,

and before my sister, leaving us free to act in accordance with our own best judgment, and with the advice of missionaries on the field.

While in Philadelphia, during our interview with Bishop Taylor, he assured us of his willingness to send us to any field we might choose; and, as his committee gave us only money enough to cover our actual travelling expenses from New York to Bombay, it seemed but right and reasonable that we should select a place in which to labor where it would be possible for us to support ourselves by our own efforts. According to all accounts, it seemed that we would not be able to do this in Secunderabad. Therefore, after much thought, prayer and consultation with missionary friends, we decided that we would not go on to Secunderabad.

The voyage from New York to Glasgow had been a very uneventful one, the weather being fair during the whole journey. Being greatly perplexed by what I heard from Mr. and Mrs. Stone, I spent much time in earnest prayer to God for guidance, wisdom and divine help.

From Glasgow we journeyed to Liverpool by rail, where we were met by the company of missionaries above alluded to. Saturday, December 11, 1886, with these twelve missionaries, my sister and I sailed from Liverpool to Bombay, via the S. S. Arabia, through the Bay of Biscay, the Mediterranean Sea, the Suez Canal, and the Arabian Sea. The whole voyage was pleasant and uneventful with the exception of some sick days

in the Bay of Biscay. During this period we encountered a terrific storm, which threatened destruction to the vessel, and a watery grave to us all. My sister was desperately ill, so that the captain, the ship doctor, and we all feared the worst. On several occasions, during this trying period, all the missionaries on board united in earnest prayer for her recovery; and, as I humbly and gratefully believe, her life was spared by divine interposition.

## CHAPTER VI

### DARK INSINUATIONS:—PURSUED FROM CITY TO CITY, AND FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY

On the morning of January 11, 1887, as our good ship, the *Arabia*, lay anchored just outside of Bombay harbor, a company of missionaries from Bombay came on board, having rowed out in a small boat to welcome the incoming missionaries. In this company was Rev. Mr. Crawford Thoburn, son of Dr., now Bishop, Thoburn.

During the voyage we had learned to know and love every missionary on board that ship, and we felt that they were friends to us in very deed—Christian friends, warm and true. Shortly after this small company of missionaries boarded our ship, however, we felt that a strange, subtle change had, somehow, crept into the hearts of these our new found, but dear missionary friends.

It was the saddest, the most curious, and the most unaccountable experience which had ever come to us. It was as if one's nearest friends, by some miraculous, mysterious power, were to suddenly become enemies or strangers. Every missionary looked upon us with estranged, interested, but suspicious eyes. It was horrible beyond description. My sister and I could scarcely believe our own consciousness. We were silent and paralyzed with horror. We were suspicious

of ourselves—distrusted our own senses, imagining that some strange horror or spell had settled down upon our own hearts. Neither of us spoke to the other in regard to the matter. Each of us supposed the other to be unaware of any change in the feelings of the missionaries; but believed it to be some wierd and unreliable sense or imagination, for which we, individually and alone, were responsible. We could not then believe that the thing was real—that these friends, who had been so warm, and had seemed such true and faithful friends to us during the past weeks, could now so suddenly and unaccountably change in their feelings toward us. We were dazed and numb with sorrow and surprise.

Rev. and Mrs. Stone were met by Bombay acquaintances who took them to their own home. Rev. Mr. Fox and nearly all of the other missionaries were provided for in the homes of Christian people in Bombay. My sister and I, however, were sent to Mrs. Briggs' Temperance Hotel, where we were informed that we would be boarded until we wished to go elsewhere, for the nominal sum of two rupees per day for each of us.

You all know about the great work which our beloved Bishop Taylor has accomplished in India, in Africa, in South America; and the world around. You know, too, about his methods of self-support; that he pays the passage of his missionaries to their foreign field of labor; and, after



that, they must support themselves by whatever trade, profession, or other means which may be possible to them. They receive no further financial aid from any source, except in rare cases of exceptional emergency.

Our Anchor Line steamship did not make close connections at Liverpool, the ship which we should have met there having left before our arrival, and we were obliged to remain in Liverpool for a period of six days. This involved a hotel bill which greatly depleted our slender means; so that when my sister and I arrived in Bombay, on the morning of January 11, we had but two rupees in our joint possession—about two-thirds of a dollar; not even enough to pay for the board of the two of us for one day at Mrs. Briggs' Temperance Hotel.

As we had not money enough to pay our railroad fare from Bombay to Secunderabad; and, especially, in consideration of all that we had heard in regard to Mr. Ward and his mission, it certainly seemed to us that it must be the Lord's will for us to settle right there in Bombay. Indeed, this was really our only alternative.

Thus we found ourselves strangers, in a strange, foreign city, without money; and, what was worse, without friends.

Mrs. Briggs, the proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, received us kindly; but we soon found that others in the house, Methodist missionaries who were boarding there, avoided us, and looked upon us from out suspicious eyes. Everything



was strange and difficult. Neither my sister nor myself was able to eat, nor could we sleep there. It seemed to us that we should never again look upon a friendly face. None of the missionaries, whom we had learned to love so well during our long voyage, came near us for several days.

Through the open windows of our hotel room we could see the crows gather, and their croaking soon became almost unbearable. The lizards crawling on the ceiling above our heads filled us with horror; but these things were merely incidental annoyances, as compared to the utter desolation and loneliness of our situation. Had we arrived in Bombay alone, as strangers, not having formed any friendships en route, we could not have suffered thus, for we should then have expected nothing more. The bitterness consisted in the estrangement of those whom we had accounted friends.

After some days spent in this manner, Mr. Fox called upon us; and, in accordance with his advice, I went to the Zenana Missionary House of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, and asked the superintendent, Miss Sarah De Line, for board for my sister and myself until such time as I should be able to establish myself in practice. This I did not do, however, without first making it plain to her that I had no money whatever, that my sister and I were wholly dependent upon the practice of my profession for support, and that she might be

obliged to wait some time before receiving any board money from us. Having agreed to this, we were given a back room on the first floor of the Zenana Mission bungalow; and I began to look out for practice. Of course I had no sign at the door, no office anywhere, and was utterly unknown.

Soon after going to board with Miss De Line, Mrs. G. I. Stone came to call upon us. At first she seemed to be estranged, and I was at a loss to know the cause. Presently, however, her heart seemed to warm toward us, and she asked to see me alone. In my room she confessed to me the whole truth. She said, first of all, that it seemed to her unjust that she, and all my other missionary friends, should believe all sorts of evil things of me, and allow themselves to be alienated from me, without first giving me an opportunity of answering to the charges that had been made against me. She said that others had used their utmost endeavor to keep her silent; but that she felt it was only fair to me; it was only doing as she would wish to be done by, to let me know what was being said against me in missionary circles in Bombay. She then told me that, soon after I sailed for India, the kind and flattering notice which had appeared in *The Christian Advocate* had been contradicted, by some unknown party, in the following issue of that paper. That my readers may the better understand this particular item, I will here insert the two personal items as they appeared in the columns of *The Christian Advocate*, during the

two consecutive weeks after my departure from New York. Even now I do not know who wrote, or who caused to be printed, either of these two articles—the one which is kind and complimentary, or the second, which is the reverse.

The following is an exact copy of the personal item which appeared in *The Christian Advocate*, New York, Thursday, December 2, 1886.

“Last Saturday there sailed from this port for Secunderabad, India, via Liverpool, three young ladies who have devoted their lives to missionary work on the self-supporting basis. Miss Saleni Armstrong, M. D., has for some time been resident physician in the New England Hospital in Boston, and has taken high rank among the young physicians of that centre. She has given special attention to surgery, and took with her a medical and surgical equipment of unusual completeness. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Willa L., a young lady of fine literary accomplishments. Miss Head, a trained nurse, is also of the party. They will labor within the bounds of the South India Conference, in what is known as ‘Bishop Taylor’s work’. Their travelling expenses have been met and their exceptionally complete outfit paid for by friends who have unbounded faith in their godly zeal, good judgment, and rare adaptation to missionary work in India.”

The following is an exact copy of the personal item which appeared in *The Christian Advocate*; New York, Thursday, December 16, 1886.

“ We desire to retract a personal item which appeared in our number, dated December 2, concerning the Misses Armstrong, who left for India on Saturday, November 27. They have set afloat circulars containing that personal as a commendation, together with certain statements which are not correct. They have no connection either with Bishop Taylor’s work or with the South India Conference. They go out under no official auspices, their expenses having been paid by private parties. No one is responsible for them but themselves.”

Mrs. Stone told me that the two papers containing the above notices had preceded me to India; and that letters from Dr. (now Bishop) Thoburn had been received by all the leading men of the South India Conference. She told me that there was no definite charge against me in any of these letters; but that, in a general way, he had warned the missionaries against me, and against my sister; charging them to treat us kindly, but to pass us on to Secunderabad; and to have nothing to do with us, as we were dangerous people. She said that Dr. Rudisill, Dr. Robinson, Dr. J. Sumner Stone, Dr. Thoburn of Calcutta, Rev. Crawford Thoburn; and, indeed, all the leading men of our church in India, had received such letters as these from Dr. Thoburn before our arrival in Bombay. She told us that Dr. Thoburn’s son, Rev. Crawford Thoburn, had taken his father’s letter and gone from mission to mission, and from house to house, among

missionaries and Christian people throughout the whole city of Bombay, reading the letter and warning the people against us.

To attempt a description of the feelings which overwhelmed my soul upon the recital of the details of this unprecedented persecution would be futile. What to do I knew not. For ten years and more I had been preparing myself for India; now my life work seemed to have received its death blow. How could I establish any mission work in a land where every individual, who belonged to my own church and nationality, had been bitterly prejudiced against me? How could I attend any church service? How could I take part in any prayer or class service?

Prior to this, before I knew the cause of the strange repulse which I had received, I attended a reception tendered to the new missionaries in the Fort M. E. Church. As I listened to the address of welcome, and to the earnest testimonies which fell from the lips of missionaries on the field, and also from those who had just arrived, my heart warmed and burned and swelled with joyous emotion. I felt glad that God had spared my life to reach the land to which he had called me. When, however, I arose to give in my own testimony, the words seemed to freeze on my lips. Every eye was turned upon me with a look of suspicion. No heart, no lip responded to the words I uttered; and I took my seat stunned, benumbed, paralyzed, frozen; but not then knowing the cause of these strange, unaaccountable experiences.

## CHAPTER VII

### A MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP NINDE AND HIS CABINET

In accordance with the advice of our friends, Rev. Mr. Fox and Rev. and Mrs. Stone, my sister and I intended to be present at the annual session of the South India Conference, which was near at hand when we arrived in Bombay. After our arrival, however, not a word was ever again said in regard to our going to the conference, and no arrangements were made for our transportation thither, or entertainment there.

After Mrs. Stone had unburdened her heart and told me the exact situation, I asked her and Mr. Fox whether they thought it would be wise for me then, under the circumstances, to attend the conference; but they advised me not to go, and so I said no more about it.

When our missionary friends had all gone off to Madras, to attend conference, my sister and I were left alone; and I spent a large part of my time in prayer, earnestly seeking for Divine wisdom and guidance.

After the close of the regular session of the annual conference at Madras, and when the missionaries had all returned, the Central Missionary Conference convened in Bombay. As soon as I understood about it, and knew that





BISHOP W. X. NINDE, D. D., LL. D.





Bishop Ninde was to preside, it occurred to me that the wise course for me to pursue, and the only thing that I could do, was to gain an interview with Bishop Ninde, lay before him the whole case, and seek his advice and help. Of course I felt crushed, broken, ruined, and disgraced. It seemed to me well-nigh impossible to summon sufficient courage to ask Bishop Ninde for such an interview, or to appear before him and defend my own character. And yet, what could I do? My whole future seemed to depend upon having these misrepresentations set right, and my character vindicated in India.

Finally, one evening, after much earnest and agonizing prayer, in company with my recently found friend, Miss McNeil, to whom I had confided the chief facts concerning the difficulties confronting me, I started for Grant Road Methodist Episcopal Church, where the evening session of the Central Conference was being held. Fortunately we arrived just as the Bishop, accompanied by several missionaries, was leaving the church. I went straight forward and asked for the privilege of a word with him. He answered me kindly, and walked on at my side, apart from the others.

In a few hurried words I told him that I was in trouble; that I was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had come to India as a medical missionary, under the auspices of Bishop Taylor, and upon his self-supporting basis; but that, since my arrival, all sorts of

dreadful difficulties had met me; so that I did not know what to do, or which way to turn. I told him that he, being a Bishop of the church to which I belonged, seemed to be the right person to whom I should go for advice; and I asked him if he would kindly appoint a time when I could have an interview, of two or three hours duration, with him. He told me that if I would call at the house of Mr. James Morris at nine o'clock on the following evening, he would gladly give me the interview which I desired. I thanked him, and returned to my boarding place, trembling in every limb.

The following morning I spoke to Rev. J. Sumner Stone, M.D., who was then the pastor of Grant Road Methodist Episcopal Church, told him something of the situation, and that I had made an appointment to meet Bishop Ninde at the home of Mr. James Morris, at nine o'clock that evening; but that I very much desired that all persons, who had received letters from Bishop Thoburn concerning me, might be present on that occasion. He promised to attend the meeting himself; and also kindly volunteered to speak to each of the other gentlemen who had received such letters, and ask them to be present. Later on in the day, fearing that Dr. Stone might forget what he had promised to do; and, thinking there might be some advantage in my attending the conference sessions of the day, I started afoot for the Fort Methodist Episcopal Church, a distance of one and a half or two miles from

the mission where I boarded. I was obliged to walk; the two rupees which remained when I arrived in India were long since spent, and I had not a street car fare to take me to the church. The heat was not great, but I was not accustomed to the rays of that tropical sun; and, long before I reached the church, I felt weary and exhausted.

On entering the audience room, every eye was turned upon me; and it seemed to me that every glance burned into my soul like molten lead, until I writhed within me. There are things which we can *feel*; there are thoughts and feelings which do not need the medium of words to convey the full force of their meaning. Every eye seemed to pierce me through like a dagger, every face reproached me; and I felt that I was among my enemies, who were full of distrust and suspicion. I took a seat near the door. Dr. Stone, who, by the way, with his beautiful wife, Mrs. Kate E. Stone, boarded at the Zenana Mission House with Miss De Line, had seemed most kind; and expressed sincerest sympathy for me in my difficult and painful situation. When he saw me enter the audience room his sensitive face reflected the pain, discomfort, and uneasiness, which his still more sensitive nature felt on my account. In a restless, nervous, excited way, he glanced from face to face, and from my face to the faces of those about me; then, presently, he came to me; and, in an undertone, told me he feared the sentiment against me was so

strong in that company, that it would be better for me to withdraw. Utterly benumbed by this last stroke, I staggered to the door, trembling in every fibre.

When, finally, I reached the public street, I leaned up against a post, for I trembled so violently that I could not walk easily, and not at all steadily. Oh, the pain, desolation and discouragement of that hour! I had intended to remain until the close of the conference session, and hoped that Dr. Stone would then invite me to a seat in his carriage; so that I should not be obliged to walk back to the mission. I did not feel able to retrace my steps, and then to return again in the late evening for the purpose of meeting the Bishop and his cabinet at the house of Mr. James Morris.

After debating in my mind for some time, I determined to try and find the Temperance Hotel, where I had gone upon my first arrival in Bombay. This was somewhat difficult, as I was a stranger in the city. Finally, however, I found the place; and Mrs. Briggs again received me kindly. I must have looked worn, tired and exhausted; for she immediately asked me if I were ill, invited me to her own bed-chamber, had me lie down upon her bed, brought me a cup of strong coffee, put cold, wet cloths upon my forehead, and cared for me with loving, tender hands.

There I remained until late in the afternoon; when I started afoot, and alone, in search of the residence of Mr. James Morris, hoping to

reach that house before dusk. When I arrived Mrs. Morris, a handsome, elegantly clad Christian Jewess, met me at the door, and received me with courteous formality, evidently understanding the cause of my visit. She wished me to go to the parlor and remain there until the hour appointed for the interview; but I told her I did not wish to meet strangers, that I felt weary and ill, and begged the privilege of being left in some quiet room alone, until the hour for the interview. My hostess protested against this; but, finally, acceded to my wish, showing me to a small apartment which was separated from the parlor by means of a thin cloth screen only. Here I waited. The moments seemed like hours to me, and the hours like days.

Late in the evening the guests began to gather in. First I heard the Bishop's voice, then the voice of Rev. Crawford Thoburn; and afterward strange voices. When supper was announced they all gathered around the table in the dining room which, like the parlor, was separated from the room I occupied by a thin cloth screen; so that I could distinctly hear every word that was uttered. During the confusion of gathering into the dining room, Mrs. Morris came to the curtained door of my little room, and begged me to go out to supper. I entreated her to leave me, assuring her that I could not eat a morsel, and that I did not wish to meet any living soul until I was obliged to do so. At

length she went back to the table, and I heard her announce to her guests that I was secreted behind the screen, and would not come out, though she had begged me to do so; after which she sent a servant to inquire if I would not allow her to send my supper in on a tray. The depth of my misery was now reached—I felt that no indignity could increase my humiliation.

At half past nine o'clock but a few of the many people who had been invited were present. Still I waited. It seemed so necessary that all persons who had received letters from Bishop Thoburn, concerning me, should be present during this interview, that I did not leave my room until ten o'clock, when Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Miss De Line, and one or two others arrived. Then I went out into the parlor, carrying my correspondence with Mrs. Prescott.

On account of the lateness of the hour and the weariness of the Bishop, I offered to abandon the recital of the history which I had intended to give, or to postpone it, telling him that it was a long story, and would require several hours to tell it. He, however, kindly assured me that he *wished* to hear it, and asked me to proceed.

I began at the beginning, told him of my divine call to foreign missionary service, and all about the subsequent years of struggle in preparation for that work. I told him minutely, and in detail, all about the experience which I had at Evanston, while attending the Northwestern University, and the treatment which I had re-



ceived from Mrs. Prescott, and others. I read to him the correspondence, contained in "Pork and Mustard", between Mrs. Prescott and myself. Then I explained to him my reasons for coming to India under the auspices of Bishop William Taylor, instead of accepting an appointment at the hands of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our church. I then told him the particulars in regard to my reception in India, the feelings which I found in the hearts, and the prejudices which I believed to exist in the minds of the missionaries. I showed him one of the little slips, which the editor of *The Christian Advocate* had sent to us on the eve of our sailing for India, it being a copy of the personal item which was to appear, and which did appear, in the next issue of that paper after the date of our sailing. I also told him about the second personal item, which I had not yet seen, but which was a retraction of the first, and which appeared in the following issue of *The Christian Advocate*, both items reaching India before our arrival.

Finally, having told him what Dr. Thoburn had said to Mr. Grant in regard to me, and having explained how he, Dr. Thoburn, had written to all the leading members of the South India Conference, warning them against me, and against my sister, I appealed to them, the missionaries present, to know if they had not received such letters; and they confessed that they had. I then set forth before the Bishop and his cabinet the difficulties which confronted me, the impos-

sibility of making any success of missionary work in India, while such feelings and prejudices against me existed; and begged him to advise me as to what course I ought to pursue.

When I had finished speaking, silence prevailed for the space of a few seconds; then the Bishop addressed the friends present, and said that he was in a position to give testimony, as he had been for years well and personally acquainted with nearly all the people to whom I had referred, viz:—Sisters Newman, Brown, Prescott, Nind, Stanley, Skidmore, Keen, the professors of the Northwestern University, Rev. J. G. Miller, Dr. James M. Thoburn and Mr. Richard Grant; and that I had drawn a true picture of their characters and peculiarities. Although he believed them all to be really good people, and Christians, yet he could imagine them doing just the very things that I had described them as doing. My accuracy, he said, in depicting their peculiar characteristics, made him sure of the truthfulness of the whole history. Further, having been a printer, he knew the significance of the little slip of paper, from the editor of the New York Christian Advocate. He knew that whenever editors wished to give any one a good send-off, or puff, they were in the habit of striking off a dozen or more slips such as I had shown, and sending them to the person concerned. This in itself was a proof that I had nothing to do with the publishing of that first notice, but that it was a compliment from the editor.



He expressed his deep regret that such action should have been taken against me, and begged all persons present to use their utmost endeavor, and exert their best influence to set me right among the missionaries, and in the community. He then came forward, took me by the hand, and assured me in the tenderest, kindest way, of the deep sympathy he felt for me, and of his desire to put me right, in so far as it lay in his power to do so.

Mr. Crawford Thoburn then followed, expressing his regret at the action which his father had taken, and assuring me that it must be some misrepresentation, some misunderstanding under which his father was laboring, but that he felt sure Dr. Thoburn would make the matter right as soon as he knew the facts.

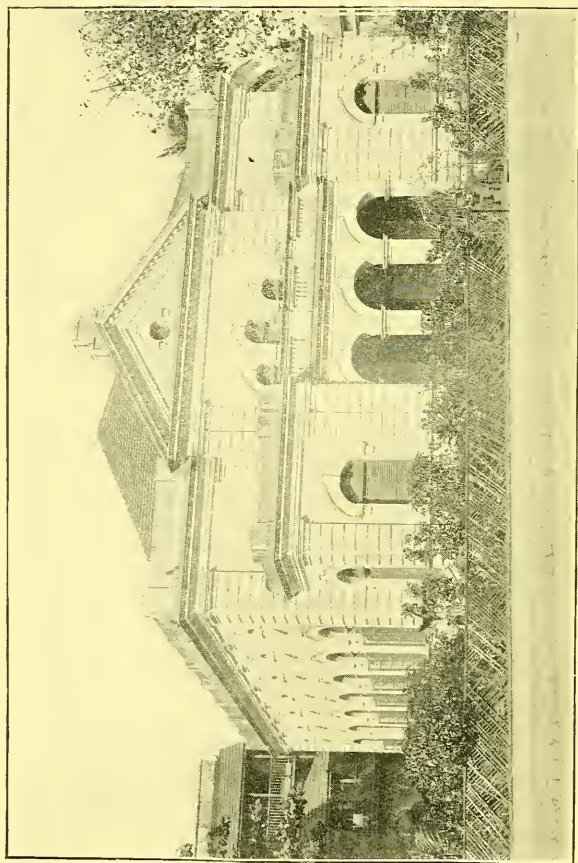
Dr. Rudisill assured me that he would do everything in his power for me, and would use his utmost endeavor to correct the mis-statements that had been made in regard to me, assuring me of his deepest sympathy, interest and confidence.

Dr. Stone, Mrs. Stone, Miss De Line, and all others present, did the same. Dr. Stone kindly invited me to return to the mission house in his carriage, in company with himself, Mrs. Stone and Miss De Line; which invitation I gladly accepted, and we drove home in the small hours of the morning.

From this time on Dr. and Mrs. Stone proved themselves staunch, true and faithful friends. Bishop Ninde did all that he could to overcome

the prejudice existing in the hearts and minds of the missionaries. Mrs. Stone afterward told me that the very last words the Bishop said to her, on board ship, as he was about to sail for America, were these:—"Be good to that little Doctor."





GRANT ROAD METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

## CHAPTER VIII

### A FINANCIAL VENTURE

Soon after Bishop Ninde left India, a missionary from Singapore, Mr. Oldham by name, came to Bombay, obtained an interview, and extended to me an urgent invitation to go to Singapore as a medical missionary. He particularly wanted a medical woman who would be willing to accept a regular missionary salary from the Western Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, because that branch had pledged a sufficient amount of money to support one medical missionary in Singapore, provided a suitable person could be found. Although he pressed me very much to accept this position, I declined; telling him I had come to India on the self-supporting basis; and, moreover, that I had no idea Mrs. Prescott or Mrs. Nind would consider me a "suitable person." However, he, together with Dr. Stone, Mrs. Stone, and Miss De Line, urged this matter so strongly that I finally consented, very reluctantly, to allow Mr. Oldham to write to Mrs. Nind asking for me to be sent to Singapore. This I did without the slightest idea that I would be accepted, but acting simply and purely on the principle I had always adopted, of

leaving myself freely in the hands of God, and putting no barriers of my own in the face of His providence.

After this I thought no more of the matter, feeling confident that nothing would be done. As there was no other opening, and as I had no means to pay my transportation to any city in the interior; or, indeed, to any other place; I still remained in Bombay, waiting for practice.

For three months no patients came, except a few charity patients, brought in by the missionaries; and the missionaries themselves in the same house with us, to whom I could, of course, make no charge.

About this time my dear pastor, Rev. J. Sumner Stone, M.D., advised me to open an office and a dispensary in the heart of Bombay native city. This I did, going to considerable expense to have a room (No. 185 Samuel street, Khoja Mohla) cleaned, whitewashed, and made habitable, in that great, dirty, hot, crowded native centre. When all was ready, and a large sign hung at the front door, I waited for patients, but in vain.

For six months I kept this place open; but soon found that there were so many free dispensaries in Bombay, that no poor native, or rich native either, for that matter, would consent to pay any sort of a fee at a public dispensary. They expected to receive even their drugs without charge. During the month of February, however, my sister and I had received two hun-





and on or towards the South by

admeasuring square yards or thereabouts for a period of *One Year* certain at a Monthly Rent of Rupees *(150) One Hundred & Fifty* only, payable monthly.

SECOND.—That the rent is to commence from the *1<sup>st</sup>* day of *October* and is payable on the 1st. of each and every succeeding month, regularly, without any objection or abatement whatsoever; and that the first of such payment should be made on the *first day of November* and be continued till the expiration of the aforesaid period.

THIRD.—That the said *Lessor* agree and bind *themselves* to pay all the Municipal Taxes such as Police, Lights, Sweeper and Water rates and the said *Lessee* is not to pay any tax or ~~taxes~~.

FOURTH.—That the said Lessee agrees and binds *himself* ~~himself~~ *not* to make any changes, alterations, *S.A.*, additions, fittings, or fixtures, in or to the said premises during the aforesaid period without first obtaining a previous written consent from the said Lessor, and that all such changes, alterations, additions, fittings, or fixtures, so made shall become and be considered the property of the said Lessor after they are once made, and the Lessee shall have no liberty to remove them either before or after the expiration of the aforesaid period.

FIFTH.—That the said Lessee has full liberty to sublet or relet the said premises to any other party or

parties, only for the ~~term~~ *for the purpose of letting as a residence* ~~for the term of years~~ *after giving the proper notice to the Lessor on the same terms & conditions as are contained in this lease.* *S.A.*

SIXTH.—That the said Lessee agrees and binds *himself* ~~himself~~ *not* to give up peaceful possession of the said premises after the expiration of this lease, in the same good state and condition, ~~reasonable~~ *reasonable* wear, fire, and such other accidents excepted; and the Lessor shall have full liberty to inspect the said premises at any reasonable business hour after giving twenty-four hours' previous written notice to the said Lessee.



SEVENTH.—That the said Lessors ~~do~~ not to do any repairs to the said premises, during the aforesaid period, save and except tileturning and dammering the roof and the gutters as usual, before the approach of the Monsoon and all heavy repairs such as falling down of a wall, roof or timber or any part of the house and outhouses.

EIGHTH.—One month before the expiration of the aforesaid period either party is to give a month's written notice to vacate the said premises.

NINTH.—Soon after the execution of this agreement each of the parties agrees, and binds himself to pay, in a lump sum, the usual commission of P. Byramjee, house agent, which amounts to Rs. 36 — — — and the Stamp and registering Expenses to be defrayed equally by both parties, and the Lessor shall have the original and the Lessee shall be entitled only to the copy of this Agreement.

*Tenth. In case the premises hereby agreed to be demised are sold by the Lessors or their successors, the said Lessors have the liberty of putting an end to this agreement by giving three months written notice to the said Lessee, on the expiration of the time of such notice the said Lessee agrees & binds herself to vacate the premises without objection.*

*Eleventh. The said Lessors agree and bind themselves to paint the doors windows wooden*

northern eeking, Iron Railings to the windows and  
verandah & the porch on the ground floor. soon  
after the agreements are signed.

Witness to the signature  
of both the parties

D. T. B. S. Sawyer

Cross ands Kuluoches,  
Vipheuntastlucisave  
 Salom Armstrong.

dred dollars from our father in America, which enabled us to settle up all bills and to start anew. At the end of five months I was still without practice, and my dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Stone, advised me to make another venture; to start a hospital, and a medical missionary training school for nurses, in Bombay, just between the native and the European cities, so as to draw patients from both places. In company with these two dear friends, I drove up and down, in and out, through the streets of Bombay, in search of a suitable building. This we at length found in the wonderful building known as "Khetwadi Castle", No. 83, Khetwadi back road; only a few steps from Grant Road, within easy walking distance of Grant Road Methodist Episcopal Church and parsonage, only about five minutes walk from the sea; yet quite near enough to the native city for all practical purposes.

This splendid, great building we were able to secure for the very moderate rental of one hundred and fifty rupees per mensem. A proper lease was drawn up and signed by all parties concerned, and Khetwadi Castle was thus secured to me for a period of one year, with the refusal of it for a longer period.

The difficulty now confronting us was that of furnishing this immense building, but my dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Stone, again came to my rescue; purchasing, with their own private funds, sufficient coir matting to cover the floors of the entire castle, and kindly volunteering to

loan me their parsonage furniture until such time as it might be required in the new parsonage now in process of construction; when, as we all hoped, the newly founded hospital and medical missionary training school would prove so successful, that I should be able to furnish the castle by means of the income received therefrom.

In addition to all this, Dr. and Mrs. Stone proposed to board with us in our Castle home. They were already patients of mine, so they would be the first patients in my hospital; and the amount of their weekly board would be sufficient to supply a basis of support until other patients came in, and our work should thus become sufficiently established to be self-supporting.

Who can estimate the value of such friendships as these? No words can express the love and gratitude which I must ever cherish for these two most true and faithful friends.

Dr. Stone kindly advertised my new institution in all the leading periodicals of India, and thus the existence of "Khetwadi Castle Private Hospital for Women and Children" and "Khetwadi Castle Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses" soon became an established and well-known fact throughout India.

Patients and student nurses soon began to flock to Khetwadi Castle from all directions; until my training school numbered eight, as many as we required for the purpose of the hospital; and, as for patients—wealthy, high-

caste Hindu and Mohammedan ladies, Parsee ladies and children, Eurasian, English, European and American women from all parts, became patients in Khetwadi Castle Hospital wards; besides which, missionaries of all denominations were with us almost continuously, either as student nurses, patients or guests.

My office practice, too, became very large indeed, and my out practice almost greater than I was able to manage.

Thus the dear Lord prospered us in our Khetwadi Castle Home, Hospital and Training School.

## CHAPTER IX

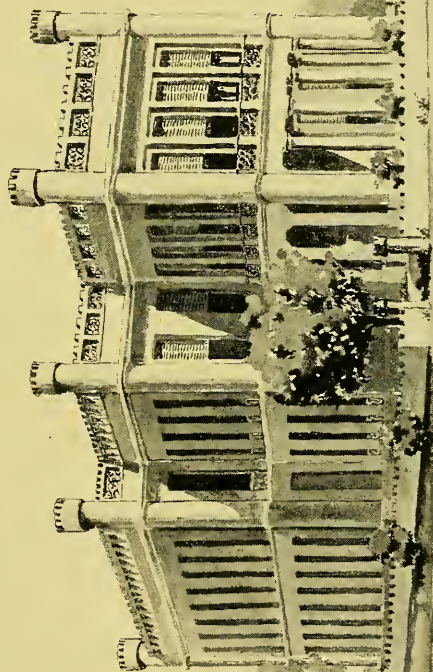
### KHETWADI CASTLE

In the beginning Khetwadi Castle was erected by a society of Parsee gentlemen, and was intended to serve the purpose of some Parsee public institution—just what sort of an institution I do not know. After the great building had been finished, however, there was a disagreement between the members of the society, the association disbanded, and the whole project of the institution was abandoned. The property remained in the hands of a number of Parsee trustees, who decided to rent the place until the association should be reorganized and the final proper use of the building decided upon. All efforts to rent this immense building, however, proved futile; it being far too large a structure for the purpose of a private residence, and each separate room being too large for any private family use. Thus it happened that this great building, though erected several years before, had never been used, except for a very short time, during which a Parsee family occupied it temporarily; and it was, therefore, practically new.

Khetwadi Castle was an ideal castle of immense proportions; having twenty-two very large rooms, in one of which five hundred people could be comfortably seated without removing



KHETWADI CASTLE







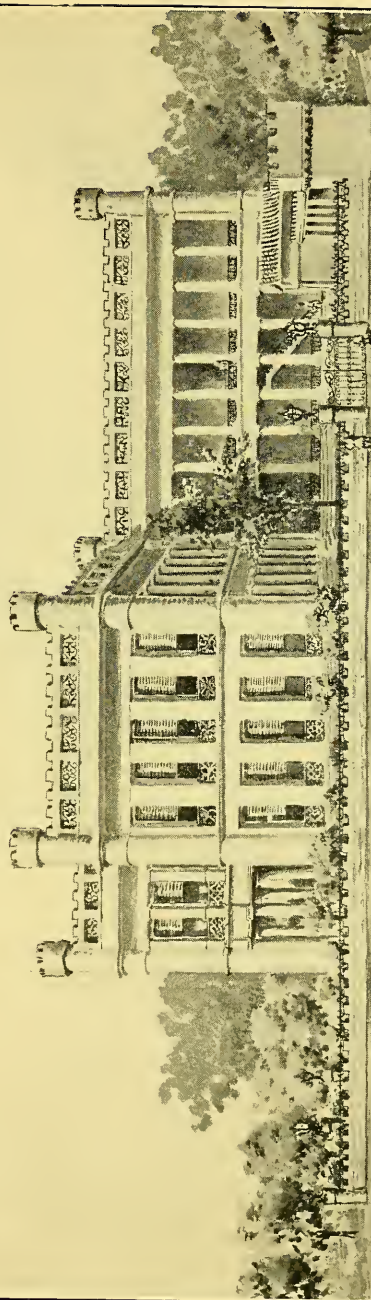
ordinary drawing-room furniture; in another, sixteen single hospital beds, with as many chairs and small tables, were easily arranged. And yet another room was sufficiently large to serve as a lecture, class, Sabbath school or prayer meeting room. As a matter of fact, any one of the twenty-two large rooms in the castle, with two exceptions, was sufficiently large for any such purpose. Indeed, the room which we utilized as a lecture room, was one of the smaller rooms of the castle. In addition to these twenty-two large apartments, there were, in the castle, fifteen bath rooms; besides, in the back yard were the servants' quarters, the carriage house and the stable.

In the castle there was one room which, but for its size, seemed like a penitentiary cell. Its two great windows, reaching from the floor to within a short distance of the lofty ceiling, had heavy iron bars extending across them at short intervals, thus rendering the room as secure as any prison cell could be. The two immense folding doors, which opened into this room, were also arranged to fasten on the outer side by means of heavy padlocks. What the purpose of such a room could be, in such an institutional building, I am at a loss to know.

There was also a secret room in the castle, which could scarcely be discovered by any person to whom the secret had not been revealed. It was situated in the long, L-shaped back wing, between an upper and a lower room—the ceiling

of the house being so very lofty as to render this arrangement possible. The room had no window whatever, and only one door, which opened at the side of the house, midway between the first and second stories, beneath the back porch, and about half way up an outside stairway. This door was quite unnoticeable; having no knob, latch or other sign of a door. A keyhole could be found, but only by careful inspection. When the right key was turned, the door flew open, admitting you to a large, dark, nearly square room, with a rather low ceiling. This room was used by me as a store-room, having lamps always ready in the place so that it could be lighted up easily.

The outer aspect of our Khetwadi Castle was very stately and imposing. It was a brick building, plastered on the outer side, according to Indian fashion, and painted a delicate straw color, with cornice and foundation of gray; the latter being painted in imitation of its stone foundation. The castle was, in height, two stories and a half only; but each story was so exceedingly lofty as to render the building as high as the majority of four story buildings in America. The main, or front, part of the castle was an immense square structure, with a large square veranda reaching out from the centre of its front, under which was the carriage drive, in the form of a half circle extending from the two front gateways. Above this veranda the building extended upward to the full height of the great



SIDE VIEW OF KHETWADI CASTLE, SHOWING THE LONG, L-SHAPED BACK WING AND VERANDAS

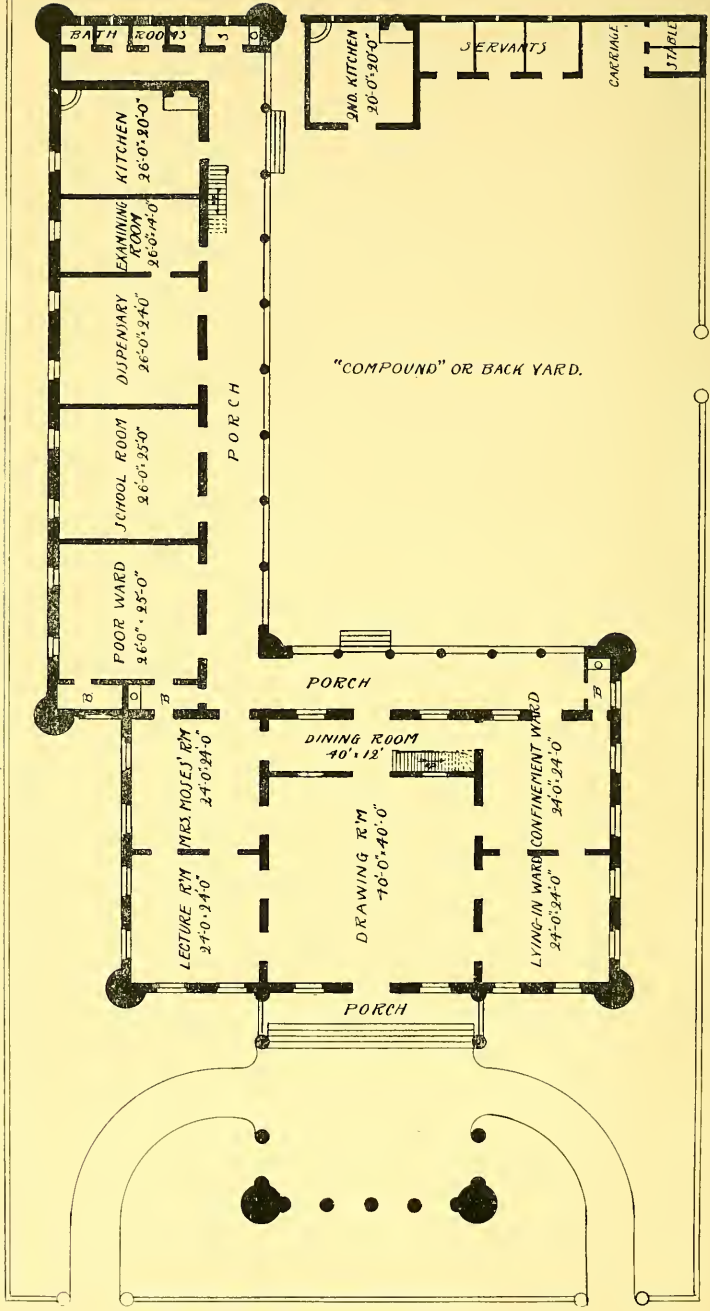


house, so that a fine light room was formed above the ceiling of this porch. At the back and right-hand corner of this front building extended a long wing, like the upper part of a capital L; and fine, broad verandas, both above and below, extended the full length of this wing and across the back part of the main building. The roof was flat, and finished around the edge with low square pillars and heavy iron railing; each corner of the house having an immense round pillar, giving the whole building a massive, castle-like appearance. The half-story was merely an immense garret; which was never finished, and never in use. It extended over the whole building, the wing as well as the front; but could only be reached by means of a ladder, and through a door above the veranda of the upper story. A rather low stone wall surrounded the building, allowing a roomy and convenient back yard, and an attractive and prettily arranged front, where several mango, custard-apple, and other ornamental trees, furnished shade; while perennial shrubs and flowers served to beautify the whole place.

Had Khetwadi Castle been planned and built expressly for me, and intended to serve the purpose of a home, private hospital for women and children, medical missionary training school for nurses, and a free dispensary and school for sweepers, such as mine, and in a country like India, it could scarcely have been more suitably, conveniently, or wisely arranged. I often re-

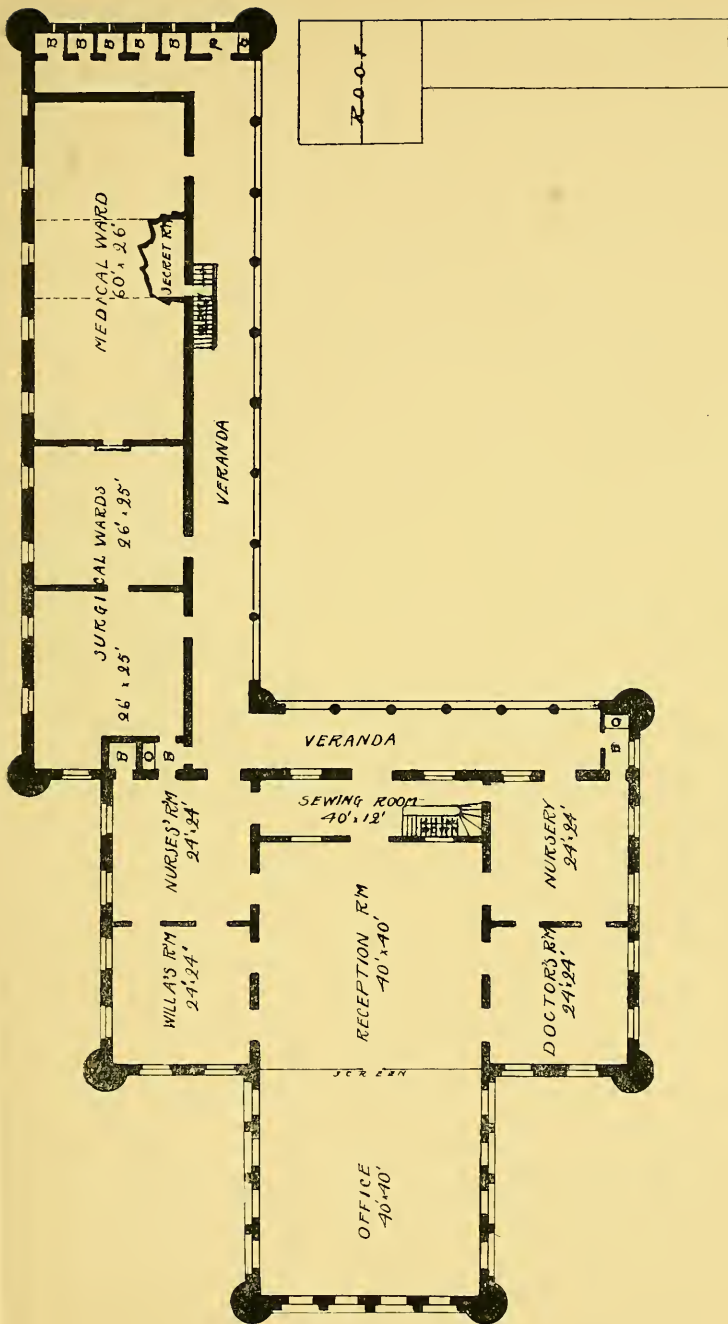
marked that it seemed as if it had been made on purpose for us; for every room just seemed suited to the use to which we appropriated it. Indeed, it almost seems as if it were so built and so intended, when we remember that, after our hospital was closed and we left Bombay, the castle could not again be rented; and was, later on, torn down and a smaller building erected in its place.





PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF KHETWADI CASTLE





PLAN OF THE SECOND FLOOR OF KHETWADI CASTLE



## CHAPTER X

### A RENEWAL OF HOSTILITIES

After our beloved Bishop Ninde, and his beautiful daughter, had set sail from Bombay for America, the missionaries of Bombay, without an exception, and the Methodist people of that city seemed, for a time, to have forgotten their prejudices against us, and were kind, courteous, and considerate toward my sister and myself, making us feel quite at home among them.

When Mr. Oldham wrote to Mrs. Nind, asking that I be appointed medical missionary in Singapore, she wrote a very emphatic and decisive refusal to give her consent to any such appointment; and, not only so, but she also wrote, as will be seen presently, to Rev. Mr. Rudisill, of Madras. This latter letter, as will also be inferred from Mrs. Stone's letter to Bishop Thoburn, was freely and extensively circulated among Methodist missionaries throughout India, greatly to my damage. About this time Bishop Thoburn sent his second installment of official letters to many, if not to all, of the most influential members of the South India Conference, charging me with debt and dishonesty.

Before we sailed from New York, I received news from Washington that father's pension was about to be granted. On the strength of this

assurance, I wrote letters to each of the friends to whom I was indebted, in which I told them to find enclosed a check for the amount due. All these letters I signed myself, and, addressing the envelopes, gave them into father's hands, so that he might enclose the checks, as explained in the last chapter of "Pork and Mustard".

From the time of our arrival in India, before settling in Khetwadi Castle, I had been running in debt for the board of my sister and myself; but father had received his pension, paid up all our debts in America, and sent us several hundred dollars. All this occurred *before* Dr. Thoburn wrote his second installment of official letters charging me with debt; so that, when these letters reached India, we were not at all in debt.

It was in reply to these official letters from Bishop Thoburn that my dear patient, Mrs. Kate E. Stone, wife of the Rev. J. Sumner Stone, M.D., who was then my pastor, wrote to Bishop Thoburn the full, and exhaustive letter, which appears in the following chapter.





REV. J. SUMNER STONE, M. D., AND MRS. KATE E. STONE

## CHAPTER XI

### AN APPEAL AND A VINDICATION

(From Mrs. Kate E. Stone to Rev. James M. Thoburn, D.D.)

BOMBAY, July 11, 1887.

*My Dear Dr. Thoburn :*

I am writing you to-day concerning Dr. Armstrong and her sister. Your official letter reached us last week, and I feel I owe it to you to write all I know of these ladies.

Most unfortunately for them, and I am sure with distress to yourself, you have met not their friends, but those who, if not enemies, have known little or nothing of them.

You were perfectly right in warning the mission against one you thought dangerous; but, Dr. Thoburn, don't you think you should have had more definite charges to warrant your writing an official letter?

I know it was asked of you, and not voluntary on your part, and not written without some investigation. But, Dr. Thoburn, had it been your sister's character so impunged, would it have been too long to have waited for a letter from one of so unimpeachable character as Rev. J. G. Miller, to whom we referred you? We referred you to him not because we could refer to none other, but because he had known her longer and better, and could have most exhaustively answered your scruples.

Don't think, dear Dr. Thoburn, that I am taking a stand against you—I have most genuine appreciation of your judgment, and I love you as a father; but I am here in the same house with Dr. Armstrong, I love her and have confidence in her; I have had opportunity in more ways than one of learning her history; and, knowing so much, I am able as perhaps no other can be, to detect the shallowness of the charges against her. I think I owe it to you as well as to her to sift the charges and show you how little they amount to, although they read so strongly.

I know there is no one in all the world who will more gladly rectify a mistake and right an unintentional wrong than yourself.

In the first place, Dr. Thoburn, you know it is exceedingly difficult to fight a *rumor*, and the character of a Christian worker who brings unexceptional testimonials ought not to be impeached by such.

The general charges of dishonesty and untruthfulness seem to be mere *rumors*.

The charge of debt to Dr. Kidder is the only direct and authenticated charge that has reached India. Dr. Armstrong did owe five hundred dollars to the Educational Fund, but she thought it was fully discharged when she came as a missionary.\* I send you a copy of her notes to Dr.

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\* It is specified in the document referred to as follows: "In the event of my entering and continuing in the foreign missionary work of the M. E. Church neither interest or principal is to be charged on my loans."



Kidder, and the conditions of the loans made. Dr. Kidder probably forgets that Dr. Armstrong wrote him immediately after her graduation and thanked him for his kindness and help; in her letter she stated when she expected to leave for India.

Just before leaving America she wrote to Dr. Kidder and left the directed letter to be forwarded to him, and until your letter came she did not know he had not received it. Her hand is so crippled (from constant use of the pen in years ago) that she cannot write at all now. Had she been able to write I think the case would long since have been straightened out.

2nd. Rumor of her indebtedness in Philadelphia: Dr. Armstrong was in debt to friends who had again and again rendered her assistance; but every debt was paid, or arranged to be paid, before she sailed. I have seen her receipts and with them have come the kindest of letters expressing affection for her, interest in her work, and *surprise at so early payment*; for almost if not all her debts were contracted with a full understanding that they would not be paid until she *was able*. There are none to whom she would more confidently refer you than her supposed creditors. I enclose copies of letters received from them.

3rd. Charges of untruthfulness: Can you authenticate any? Her circular sent to Dr. Kidder was not a circular but a stenographic letter. Her hand (from writer's cramp) was

then giving way. She thinks it did not read exactly as your letter gives it, but such a statement is not without foundation. Overtures were made to her by those whom she at least considered representatives of Boards. A Baptist Church in New York City offered to send her.

From an Episcopal Church in Philadelphia she received what she thought an unequivocal call:—A lady (she forgets her name) representing herself as a member of the Mission Board of such Church called, in her official capacity, upon Dr. Armstrong. She told her that two of their missionaries had failed them and asked if Dr. Armstrong and her sister would go in their places. The next call came through Dr. Bodley, Dean of the College, and Dr. Armstrong certainly considered it official. Dr. Bodley called Dr. Armstrong into her room and told her that she had received letters from the Missionary Board of the Methodist Church South asking for Medical Missionaries, and asked her if she would accept the call. Her father received a call for her from a Presbyterian Church Board in Omaha, which Board agreed to send her, her sister, and her nurse. She can't send names to authenticate this, but could in a few months, or as soon as it could be got from America. Bishop Warren, on the train between Plattsmouth and Lincoln, interviewed her and asked her to go as a missionary to the Freedmen in the South. This was in the year that the Nebraska Annual Conference was held in Nebraska City. Bishop

Warren will remember. She received through Mrs. Newman an official invitation to go to Salt Lake City. She received from Bishop Taylor several years ago an invitation to go to South America. She received a written application from Mrs. Alderman, Secretary of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to take Dr. Swain's place in North India. An authenticated copy of Mrs. Alderman's letter I enclose. Miss Belle Hart, Secretary of the Baltimore Branch, pressed her to go to China, but offered to send her to India if such were her preference. This was in January, 1886. Dr. Armstrong asked for an accompanying nurse, and Miss Hart said that as far as in her official capacity she could, she would promise to send a nurse with her. She (Dr. Armstrong) spoke to Miss Hart about her sister, and Miss Hart said that she couldn't promise authoritatively, but as far as it was in her power she would assure her that her sister should follow her when fully prepared. Immediately after Dr. Armstrong's graduation she was interviewed by Mrs. Price of Philadelphia. This was in March or April of 1885. Mrs. Price was chairman of the Committee on Candidates—of the Philadelphia Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. Price urged her to send in her application to that Branch immediately, saying, "You belong to us, having graduated here and holding your church membership in Philadelphia." In the

summer of 1886 the Corresponding Secretary of one of the Western Branches (Miss M. H. Walters, now missionary in Salt Lake City) spent several weeks with Dr. Armstrong, and repeatedly expressed a wish that she go out under that Branch.

Bishop Taylor sent her several letters inviting her to work in India, as well as elsewhere, and after the last General Conference he called upon her and told her that at any time he would be ready to send her, or herself and sister. Mrs. Hartsock of Baltimore Branch is an earnest friend of Dr. Armstrong, and she refers you to her. I enclose a letter from Mrs. Keen. Dr. Armstrong does not boast of these things, but these citations will show that she had a little ground for making such a statement, especially in a letter to intimate friends who know much of her history.

Dr. Bodley's charges do not harmonize with a letter which I send you.\* I do not think her words were malicious, but I think that she had read Mrs. Newman's letter and account of Dr. Armstrong's life. She knew that there were mistakes made in this letter, and thinking Dr. Armstrong was responsible for its publication and false statements, she had no other conclusion but that Dr. Armstrong was untruthful. Mrs. Newman's letter even made Doctor graduate at a wrong time. Dr. Armstrong was in no way responsible for Mrs. Newman's letter. She received the manuscript and word of its proposed

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\* See Chapter XV, in "Pork and Mustard."

publication from Mrs. Newman. She immediately wrote correcting mistakes, but received a letter (I send you a copy)\* telling her to her dismay that the letter had been published and circulated before her corrections had been received. What could she do? Mrs. Newman has been, and is, her warmest friend, but she depended on her memory for her data.

I have answered everything I think but Mrs. Alderman's letter attached to your official letter. The "Resident Physician" whom Mrs. Alderman interviewed was the self-same Dr. Whitney to whom she referred in her last sentence. The term of the physicians in the New England Hospital is not of long duration, and there is thus continuous change. Dr. Whitney's term was almost ended when Dr. Armstrong entered. Dr. Whitney was younger than Dr. Armstrong, a *scoffer* of *religion* and was very unfriendly. Her spite was augmented by a difference of opinion regarding the treatment of a patient, Mrs. Gardner of Hotel Berkely, Boston, to whom Dr. Armstrong refers you, and a letter from whom I enclose. The Resident Physician during almost the whole of Dr. Armstrong's term, was Dr. M. E. Pagelsen. She refers you to her, and I enclose a letter from her. She refers you also to Dr. Hobart, who is either at the New England Hospital, or can be reached by a letter forwarded from there.

Dr. Bodley, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, would satisfy you that at least one of Dr. Whitney's charges, that of

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\* See Chapter XXI, in "Pork and Mustard."

Medical incapacity, is absolutely false. In regard to Dr. Armstrong's soliciting the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to accept her, since her arrival in India, I will say, Dr. Armstrong has not made one such application. At Dr. Stone's urgent and repeated request, she consented to allow him to write to Mrs. Skidmore, and some time after, at our renewed solicitation, she wrote or dictated a letter to Miss Belle Hart, expressing her willingness to go under the Board. She did not do this until she knew her debts had all been paid, until her work in Bombay was opening out nicely, and when much pressure was brought to bear upon her by myself, my husband, Miss De Line, Miss Layton and others. We thought that the Methodist Church should have the honor and advantage of her work. Her work is opening up grandly, and has promise of being a mighty agency for the advancement of the Master's cause. Dr. Armstrong is not narrow minded, and is a help in every department of our work. The letter I send you is the one of Mrs. Alderman's, which Dr. Armstrong showed to Brother Oldham. She did not request him to ask for her for Singapore, and but partially consented after several interviews, during which he much pressed the matter, as he will testify. She knows of no other application. The Nizam's minister visited her at the house of Miss De Line, in reference to her opening out her work in Hyderabad City. Her work in Bombay has every promise of success. She is well located, and is getting into practice.



The private hospital is designed to furnish the basis for the training school, though it is hoped to make it self-supporting. Dr. Armstrong feels keenly the attacks made upon her, but she is not in the least embittered, nor has she lost confidence in the God, who is able to bring to pass her vindication.

My dear Dr. Thoburn, I dislike exceedingly to write such a letter, but don't you think after writing as you have, you owe it to yourself, to her and to the Master's cause, to make a thorough and exhaustive investigation, and give her the full benefit of her defence?

Her work in India may be much interfered with if she has to bear such suspicion. I send you addresses of her friends, with those marked by a star who have been her creditors. She has many more letters and references, but I select these. I think your wife boarded with the Mrs. Kirby referred to, when she was at college. I trust you will find reason to change your opinion of Dr. Armstrong, and if so, I know you will most eagerly undo any wrongs done her.

With most affectionate regards to Mrs. Thoburn and yourself,

Very sincerely,

K. E. STONE.

Here follows the list of names and addresses referred to in the foregoing letter:

Dr. Mary F. Hobart, New England Hospital, Roxbury District, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dr. M. E. Pagelsen, New England Hospital, Roxbury District, Boston, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Ellen K. Gardner, Hotel Berkley, Boston, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Mary Patterson Manly, Waban Cottage, Wellesley College, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dr. Sarah M. Wilbur, A.M., Westerly, Rhode Island.

Dr. Mary N. Baker, 303 Eighteenth Street, New York City.

\*Dr. A. Victoria Scott, 329 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. C. G. Boughton, 1118 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. George Griffin, 2011 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

\*Dr. Mary J. S. Dixon, 1603 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Dr. Kirby, 606 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

\*Miss Sarah R. Bowman, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Mary E. Hartsock, 99 Mulberry Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Mrs. La Fetra, Temperance Café, Washington, D. C.

Miss Sarepta Gould, Berville, Michigan.

\*I. T. Martin, Esq., 1514 Farnham Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Rev. Samuel W. Heald, Care Mr. I. T. Martin, Davenport, Iowa.



Mrs. Mattie B. Power, Second and High Streets, Keokuk, Iowa.

Mrs. I. S. D. Spurlock, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Mrs. D. C. Fleming, Weeping Water, Nebraska.

Mrs. David Newman, 1724 L Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dr. Charlotte N. Norton, 1730 D Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mrs. (Rev.) E. M. J. Cooly, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mrs. M. E. Roberts (widow), Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mrs. Sarepta Geiger, Lincoln, Nebraska.

\*Rev. J. G. Miller, South Pasadena, California.

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P. S. Since my "vindication" has been in readiness to be sent to you a letter touching the subject has been received from Mrs. M. C. Nind.† I send a copy of this letter in the same envelope with Mrs. Alderman's letter. What do you think of the comparison?

I shall not attempt to fully answer Mrs. Alderman's statements of "romance", etc. I could do so, I think, most satisfactorily, for the proofs are in my hands, with even the papers made out by the Homes from which the children were taken, and other papers signed by the parties to whom the children were consigned. It is an easily authenticated "romance", and the "truth" of it can be easily established. Mrs. Alderman's statements are at least *not strictly accurate*. Dr. Armstrong took eleven children at the one time, three from Philadelphia, eight from Chi-

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† This Mrs. Mary C. Nind is not the wife of Bishop W. X. Ninde, nor is she a relative of his.

cago. She slept *not at all on the train*, and ate but *once a day* when the children were sleeping. Memory is an exceedingly treacherous thing to depend upon, and it is not improbable that Mrs. Alderman's memory has made it *appear to her* that such statements were made as she represents in her letter to Mrs. Nind.

Doubtless in this way could be also explained her statements of "not wanting Dr. Armstrong", calling "as a matter of courtesy". She probably has forgotten the letter I send, but it is a rather emphatic denial to say, "It is an utter and unmitigated falsehood".

Dr. Armstrong spent the *first night* of her journey westward with Mrs. Hartsock in Baltimore, she spent also one night in Chicago. I cannot think it credible that any one could be tempted to tell such an easily detected falsehood as Mrs. Alderman represents. Her whole trip, as all must have known, occupied all the time from April 13th until June 1st, the time of her term at the Hospital. It was because of hard work during the whole of her vacation that she requested a month's delay in entering the Hospital. On her return trip she did make a multitude of calls—probably the number mentioned by Mrs. Alderman, as is easily conceivable when I tell you that she was gathering evidence to establish her father's claim to a pension. She visited very, very many—not only called upon these folks, but took their evidence. Each visit or call could really be multiplied by three, as the

affidavit of each had to be taken at an attorney's office—then each evidence had to be recorded by the county clerk in the county records. It wouldn't require very vivid imagination to fancy that her statement of visits might have a "word of truth in it". She lectured also at many places on her return trip, and stopped at Washington to have all her accumulated evidence examined and recorded. She acted as attorney for her father until just before leaving America. Mrs. Alderman's quotations are inexplicable to me.

I have been in the same house with "the woman" for eight months, and have had opportunity of observing her conduct under all circumstances; and I must say that I have met no one who has more unmistakably exemplified the spirit of Jesus. The Lord is manifestly owning her work, and I have no doubt that her work will be established and her name vindicated, notwithstanding the unaccountable attacks upon her. Mrs. Nind quotes you and Dr. Kidder as authorities in establishing Dr. Armstrong's unworthiness, while you quote her. Don't you see how probable it is that the devil has had a hand in scattering all this rumor, and that good people have been more cautious than charitable?

I have not been able to get this off as soon as I expected; since, as both your official letter and Mrs. Nind's were circulated in India, I thought it wise to send the vindication to each individual who had seen the charges; and I did not wish to have these good people wait two months, as

they would have done had I sent the vindication to you first. Since Mrs. Nind's letter has come, I have determined not to send Mrs. Alderman's letter, but to send an authenticated copy of the same. Dr. Armstrong speaks very highly of Mrs. Nind, and is at a loss to explain her letter.

Please investigate the matter fully and if, as I believe, Dr. Armstrong is the victim of malicious or careless tongues, it is in your power to vindicate her. I believe that if you knew her you would esteem it a privilege to stand by her. I have fullest confidence in her, and I have good opportunity to study her well; and I had been prepared to take a stand against her; for before seeing her I had been acquainted with the reports concerning her.

We were glad to hear of Crawford's improved health, and pray he may be completely restored. With much love to Mrs. Thoburn and yourself,

Very sincerely,

K. E. STONE.

NOTE:—The foregoing letter from Mrs. Kate E. Stone, to Rev. James M. Thoburn, D.D., was written July 11, 1887. This letter Dr. Thoburn never answered. At least, if he did, I am not aware of it; and I know that Mrs. Stone received no answer while she remained in India; nor were the papers which she forwarded to him, together with this letter, returned until many months after they were due.



Minneapolis Branch  
of the  
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society,  
of the  
M. E. Church.

} A copy of Mrs. Nind's letter  
A. W. Rudisill  
Copied by De Costa.

Mary C. Nind, Cor. Secy.

Minneapolis, Minn. June 8<sup>th</sup> 1887.

Dear Brother Rudisill,

Yours received acknowledging receipt of draft - glad to hear from you. I have now before me yours of April 20<sup>th</sup> and 23<sup>rd</sup>. Am sorry to hear of Mr. Cady's shattered health - and anxious return home - may the Great Healer mercifully restore and preserve precious, consecrated life.

We cannot employ Dr. Armstrong. Not one of the Board or Secretaries would sanction it - we have had a great deal of trouble with her at home, and should have absoled of me employed her. I understand that Miss Handley has said Mr. Alderman wanted to employ her under the auspices of M. E. Church, so I wrote to Mrs. A. to learn the facts in the case. I quote now from Brother, Mrs. Alderman as one of our society women, as John and Mary, but females and compare as St. Paul "Dr. Armstrong, let me premise by saying it is an utter and uncontrived falsehood that I wanted her. Let me tell you that one of these Armstrong fools was at the M. E. Hospital for Women and Children. As a matter of course, I took an early opportunity to call and see her; knowing she had the reputation of being a Methodist. I was so thoroughly disgusted with what I saw and heard that I had no inclination

to report the visit. Such tales of romance I have never listened to. Not a shadow  
of truth in them. But think of our heroine leaving Phila a charge of 18 nephews,  
to find homes in the far west, never shutting her eyes for 6 days or nights, nor  
eating a morsel, and then finishing lessons for each separately; attending to marking  
out papers of indenture and affidavits, looking after business matters for her  
father, those, making 250 business calls on the way back to Philadelphia, etc  
of which was accomplished in less than three weeks!!! I could never give my  
consent for her to be harbored by our Society, and I am sure my thank  
words can express that they are in L. A. I. She will walk with me to the  
under the reports since comes to Christ. She is a capable person which means she  
can do great harm - a great good. I would not write thus, but the case demands it.  
I fear that I may be quoted again as favoring the woman. If called for, please  
say to Mrs. Alderman (for he wrote me At P. M. for permission to employ him as a lawyer)  
for me "that he has been deceived if he accepts any representation that the Com. Sec.  
of A. S. Branch can asked Dr. L. to go as Missionary, or even, or even would accept  
him, if offered". Was my letter with this and much more I could add from  
Dr. Thoburn and others Dr. Kinder. They think not a dollar of any money goes to her  
or her set. I hope some one will be found next for the work and shall be glad to  
hear from you on this matter. Have no doubt Des Moines Branch will respond  
to your call when a suitable person is found, but they would not ex. a dollar for  
Mrs. G. We must be principally wise in declining the Lord's money. The  
work may have to be done at home to secure it. Am glad "Into the Light" impresses you so  
firmly it has been a great blessing to many the edition as nearly exhausted, as soon  
as I can send get out another. May the Lord make it as useful, yes, more so  
in India, than in America. Now with much prayer for you and yours of all sorts.  
Your fellow student.  
(Sd) George C. Stoddard





The following is the letter from Mrs. Mary C. Nind to Rev. A. W. Rudisill, referred to in the postscript of the foregoing letter from Mrs. Stone to Dr. Thoburn, and appearing in facsimile:

MINNEAPOLIS BRANCH  
of the  
WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
of the  
M. E. Church.  
MARY C. NIND, Cor. Secretary.

A copy of  
Mrs. Nind's letter  
To A. W. Rudisill.  
Copied by De Costa.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, June 8, 1887.

*Dear Brother Rudisill:*

Yours received acknowledging receipt of draft—glad to hear from you, I have now before me yours of April 20th and 23rd. Am sorry to hear of Mrs. Eddy's shattered health—and enforced return home—May the Great Healer mercifully restore and preserve precious consecrated life.

We cannot employ Dr. Armstrong—not one of the Board of Secretaries would sanction it. We have had a great deal of trouble with her at home, and should have abroad of we employed her. I understand that Miss Armstrong has said Mrs. Alderman wanted to employ her under the auspices of the New England Branch, so I wrote to Mrs. Alderman to learn the facts in the case.

Dear brother, Mrs. Alderman is one of our saintly women, tender as John and Mary, but fearless and courageous as St. Paul. I quote now, "Dr. Armstrong, let me premise by saying, it is an utter and unmitigated falsehood that I wanted her. Let me tell you that one of those Armstrong girls was at the New England

Hospital for Women and Children. As a matter of courtesy I took an early opportunity to call and see her, knowing she had the reputation of being a Methodist. I was so thoroughly disgusted with what I saw and heard that I had no inclination to repeat the visit. Such tales of romance I have never listened to. Not a shadow of truth in them. Just think of our heroine leaving Philadelphia in charge of eighteen orphans to find homes for them in the far west, never shutting her eyes for six days and nights, nor eating a morsel, and then finding homes for each separately, attending to making out papers of indenture and after all, looking after business matters for her father there, making two hundred and thirty business calls on the way back to Philadelphia, all of which was accomplished in less than three weeks!!! I could never give my consent for her to be harbored by our society, and I'm more sorry than words can express that they are in India. She will work mischief any where unless she repents and comes to Christ. She is a capable person, which means she can do great harm—or great good. I would not write thus, but the case demands it. I fear that I may be quoted again as favoring the woman. If called for, please say to Brother Oldham (for he wrote me *M. E. M.* for permission to employ her in Singapore) for me that he has been deceived if he accepts any representation that the Corresponding Secretary of the New England Branch ever asked Dr. A. to go as Missionary,

or even, or ever would accept her if offered.” Now my brother with this and much more I could add from Dr. Thoburn and others, Dr. Kidder, I beg that not a dollar of my money goes to her or her set. I hope some one will be found meet for the work, and shall be glad to hear from you on this matter. Have no doubt Des Moines Branch will respond to your call when a suitable person is found, but they would not send a dollar for Miss A. We must be prayerfully wise in disbursing the Lord’s money. We work very hard at home to secure it. Am glad “Into the Light” impressed you so favorably, it has been a great blessing to many; the Edition is nearly exhausted, as soon as I can must get out another. May the Lord make it as useful, yea, more so in India, than in America.

Now with much prayer for you and yours and your work.

Your fellow servant,  
(Sigd.) MARY C. NIND.

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The following is an exact copy of Mrs. Alderman’s letter, to which Mrs. Stone refers, a facsimile of which appears also in Chapter XVIII of “Pork and Mustard”; both facsimile and copy are here inserted to facilitate comparison.

HYDE PARK, MASS., June 24th, 1885

*Dear Miss Armstrong.*

Having learned of your graduation from the “Woman’s College” in Philadelphia at its late

commencement, and that you were to spend a year in some College or Hospital in Boston. I immediately went in search of you,—and was fortunate in finding a lady at the Dispensary of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, who told me that you were to come in June but from overwork you would not be able to come until later.—She could not furnish your present address, so I came home and addressed a note to Dr. Whitney Resident Physician asking for your address—which reached me last evening.—

We are under the necessity of supplying the place of Dr. Swain in Barcilly who has gone to Rajapatanah to establish an independent work. We must, if possible, send some one this Autumn about as early as will be safe.—

Now I know nothing of your purposes or plans for the future, but as you have been mentioned to me, as one who *might* be available for India. I am taking the liberty to address you upon the subject.—If this be a “call” to you, the matter of work here in the New Eng. Hospital, could be arranged in some way. Did you know Dr. Christiancy, personally? She has taken *charge* of the work in Barcilly, going from Moradabab as frequently as necessary,—to keep the work in “line”. She has a very good native woman in the Dispensary at Moradabad, who can get along very well, with the ordinary cases.—If you are able will you kindly let me know by letter, if you could help us “out” of this,—provided no previous arrangement can be



1852  
Dear Miss Brewster,  
New York, March 24, 1852

Having learned of your production from the Memoirs of Dr. Williams in Philadelphia, at its late Anniversary meeting, and that you were to spend a year in some College in the State of Boston I immediately wrote in search of you - and was fortunate in finding you back at the Dispensary of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, who told me that you were to come in June but from overwork you would not be able to come in till later - she would not furnish your present address, as I cannot remember and addressed a note to Dr. Whiting Secretary Physician asking for your address - which reached here last evening.

We are under the necessity of republishing the Plans of Dr. Brown for Health, but this going to Philadelphia to settle such an unheeded work. We must if possible, send some one this Autumn about as early as will be safe. Now I know nothing of your purpose

as plans for this Autumn - but as you have been mentioned to me, as one who might be available for ladies, I am taking the liberty to address you upon the subject - I think to a call to you, the matter of work here in the New Eng. Hos- pital, would be arranged in some way. Did you know Dr. Christian, - known ally? - He has taken charge of the book the Paracelsus going from Philadelphia on fragments of a volume, - it had the good in time. She has a very good collection now in the Dispensary at Philadelphia, who are getting very well with the ordinary cases.

If you are all well, I am kindly let me know by letter. If you could help us out of this - I should be very anxious to see you. He made Dr. Brown's a very simple but full. Dr. Brown's will be a member was our first Missionary and her name always leads the list of Paracelsus Missionary ladies. I hope you are improving in health.

Yours Most Sincerely  
In Christian love

Mrs. M. A. Alderman.



made,—This is a very important field. Dr. Swain you will remember was our *first* Missionary,—and *her* name always heads the list of *Medical* Missionary ladies.——

I hope you are improving in health.——

Yours Most Sincerely

In Christian love

MRS. M. R. ALDERMAN.

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The following are extracts from letters received from creditors, which Mrs. Stone forwarded to Dr. Thoburn, as stated in her letter to him:

PHILADELPHIA, February 23, 1887.

*Dr. Armstrong,*

DEAR FRIEND: Yours was received several days since, with enclosure, for which accept thanks. Your count covers all indebtedness. I return the note to you. I hoped you would call on us as you passed through Philadelphia. \* \* \*

I would like very much to hear something of your work in the East, but no doubt you have many letters to write. Do not forget to take care of your own health.

Yours truly,

M. J. SCARLETT DIXON.

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PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1887.

*Dear Dr. Armstrong:*

Your letter at hand this A. M. We received your check for amount due us in full—some time

ago; did not acknowledge, as we did not know your address. Accept our thanks for same.

I am very glad indeed to hear from you in that far off land; and we should be pleased to hear from you again, and your work in India. I hope you are pleasantly located, and enjoying the work so providentially assigned you. To have the ability to minister to the body as well as the soul, to heal and elevate poor suffering humanity at the same time, is certainly a great gift and privilege. I hope you may be very successful in your good and noble calling. \* \* \*

Mr. Chillman and Miss Wilson join me in kindest wishes and regards to you.

Hoping at some future time to hear from you, I close.

Very truly your friend,  
MARY E. STEWART.

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(Extracts from a long letter from Dr. A. Victoria Scott.)

329 SOUTH 12TH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

\* \* \* \*

I was surprised by your cheque for fifty-five dollars (\$55.00) and have sent receipt to your father. Please accept thanks for cheque, I did not expect it so soon. \* \* \*

I am glad to know you are happy in your work. That is what we all ought to be everywhere, and the busier we are, the happier we are. \* \* \*

Write me fully of your work, or write a letter to the Heathen Woman's Friend. Then all your friends can hear at once, for it is asking a great deal of you to write long letters to each separately. \* \* \*

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WEST CHESTER, Penna.,

June 1, '87.

*My dear Dr. Saleni :*

It was charming to get thy letter to-day, from far off Bombay, and I congratulate you upon being actually there. I hope the journey thither was not as fatigueing as one would fancy.

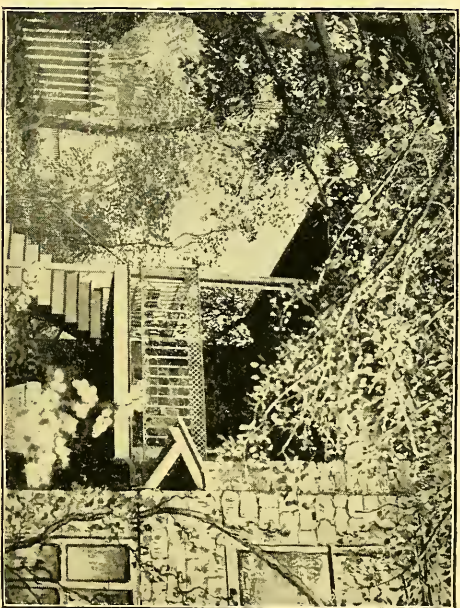
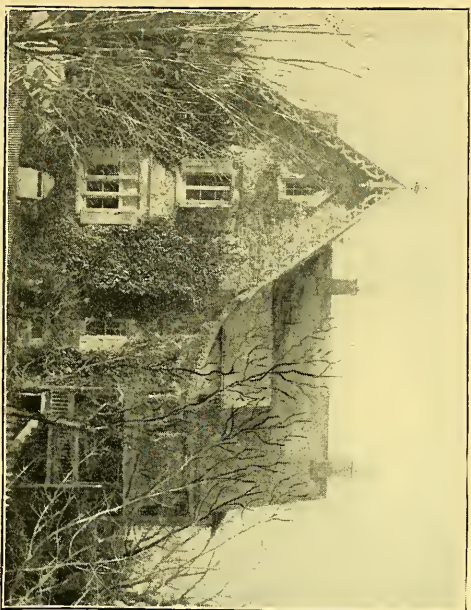
When we meet, (i. e. you come to see me) I shall hear all about the journey, as well as everything before and after it. Writing seems impossible to one of thy imperative duties, even if hands were not required to do it; but *now* is a good time to practice what I preach, viz. the proper use of Postals, as brief almost as a telegram, and much better than no letter. So promise me *one a month*, wont thee? But how long I am withholding answers to several questions. First about the check. It came all right in February, enclosing thy letter from New York, dated *November!* Perhaps they detained it needlessly in Washington; I do not know, but was most glad to hear from thee. I did not even know you had sailed. I wrote to Nettie Scott for your address just a short time before thy letter arrived from Washington; and she replied that you "*were* to sail for India, from New York, before

Christmas.” It was kind of thee to want me to see you off in New York. I should have *wanted* to do so, but could not, as I was just then in midst of moving here—a stupendous work for my aching body to undertake.

I shall never get rested from it. Help disappointed me, and callers hindered, until I was obliged to sit up two whole nights previous, to get everything ready for the chartered car—only thirty miles; but my numerous valuable breakables, and spillables, and crushables, had to be cared for. \* \* \*

Is it your father, with the fine beard in the beautiful photograph you sent me? He looks like a philosopher, and also a prophet! They are exquisite photos, and it was kind of you to send them. How long will you be in India? Already I am planning for the return, and my visit. \* \*

In my next I will write of my new home here, a sweet, Gothic stone cottage, which was built as rectory of the Episcopal Church forty years ago, and had to be sold, that they might build another rectory, near the new church. I had a legacy, and put it into this home for my old age; and I have *willed* it as a “Rest for Teachers”. My mission seems to be to buy and furnish it in as pretty and elegant a manner as possible, and I hope to live long enough to beg funds to carry it on when I am gone. I am also begging a Library for it, and in that room am getting quite a museum of odd things. Of course thee and Willa will each donate a book,



MISS BOWMAN'S GOTHIC STONE COTTAGE, IN WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA





after you return ? I especially want old books, that is, *which have been read*—and are worth reading again; and I want each one's name written in the book she gives. \* \* \*

Much love to you both from your attached,  
SARAH R. BOWMAN.

P. S. The reason that I did not write at once, when check came, was that I did not know your address; what you gave was crossed off, and under it was written "address changed".

S. R. B.

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(Letter from Mrs. Kate E. Stone to Rev. J. E. Robinson.)

GRANT ROAD, BOMBAY, August 3, 1887.

*My Dear Brother Robinson :*

Your letter of inquiries reached me yesterday when I was too busily engaged with home mail to give it immediate attention.

As I read it and took in its import and indefinite charges, my first feeling was of chagrin and humiliation that there could have been such action upon the part of a Christian, especially one of prominence in our church and missionary societies.

It seemed to me to be a despicable, underhanded and dastardly attempt to vilify Dr. Armstrong without giving her a chance to defend herself.

I may be expressing myself too strongly, but this is wholly an unofficial letter. I should feel the same, though perhaps express myself differently, were I writing to Mrs. Alderman herself.



Now :

1st. Who requested an official letter from any lady in America ?

2nd. Who in America could fancy it her bounden duty to write such a letter as you cite ?

3rd. Why should it be charge sufficient to prove Dr. Armstrong's *unfitness for mission work* if she *had* indulged in "romance" or exaggerated in regard to "sleeplessness" ?

4th. What proof, beyond her own sweeping statement, (which may go for its worth) has Mrs. Alderman that the taking of orphans West was all "romance" and her sleeplessness had "not a word of truth in it" ?

Now, Brother Robinson, did I not know one word about the case, these four considerations, together with my estimate of Mrs. Alderman's character from one sentence in her own letter, would make of no weight whatever her insinuations. You perhaps noticed the sentence in Mrs. Alderman's letter referring to the fact that Miss Swain was the first Medical Missionary sent out, and "*her name heads the list of Medical Missionaries*". My attention wasn't directed by any one else to this sentence. But as I read the sentence it seemed to me to contain a sly temptation to ambition held out to Dr. Armstrong to induce her to accept this position, and I involuntarily contracted a contempt for the Missionary Secretary who could hold out such a bait to a missionary. However, I fought my feelings, thinking I perhaps did the lady injustice, that

her words might have been unconsidered, etc. But the quotations from her now lead me to most unbounded contempt for one who could so quietly charge falsehood upon one whom she knew was already being persecuted on all sides.

After considering the matter fully I am rejoicing in the assurance that the Lord has permitted this evil that the wrath of man (or woman) may praise Him, and that Dr. Armstrong's character and value as a laborer in His vineyard may be more fully established and recognized.

1st. The littleness of the charges seems to me to indicate the extremity of her enemies and of the enemy of souls.

2nd. The completeness of the vindication possible throws the lie upon her assailants, and is thus a double weapon in her defence.

3rd. Surely the character of any future assailant will have to be established before her accusations have any weight.

If Mrs. Alderman should write such a letter against Mrs. Skidmore or Mrs. Keen, what weight do you suppose it would have? Judgment would at least be suspended until the explanation had been given. It seems to me Dr. Armstrong ought to be accorded the same simple justice.

Not one charge against her has in my opinion been substantiated, and yet she continues to be hunted to the death. I think it is a shame to Methodism and Christianity, yes, and humanity. If every thing said against her were true I yet

can't see how any one owes it to himself, or the church, to persecute one who is perfectly independent in her work—and doesn't in any way ask the church to assume responsibilities for her. She holds her membership in the M. E. Church. If charges are to be brought against her, ought not they to be brought in the Disciplinary way ?

Now for her vindication:—In the first place, let me explain that the whole conversation reported or quoted was invited by Mrs. Alderman herself—for this same Mrs. Alderman (who in Dr. Thoburn's official letter stated her almost total ignorance of Dr. Armstrong) not only wrote the letter you have read, and called at the New England Hospital as she herself states now, but she called several times during Dr. Armstrong's absence from the Hospital, as we can prove if need be. When finally Mrs. Alderman found Dr. Armstrong at the Hospital, she naturally inquired the cause of her month's delay in coming. I think this detracts a little from the statement, for if "romance" were recited, its recital was invited. It was a natural and true thing to tell under any circumstances, but was divested of all spirit of brag by the fact that it was given purely with the intent to refute a very common charge, then in circulation and even at the moment intimated by Mrs. Alderman, that Dr. Armstrong was exceedingly delicate, too much so to entertain the thought of going to India.

To answer this inquiry and half-charge of Mrs.

Alderman, Dr. Armstrong told her of her work among orphan children.

I am so glad the way has opened up for me to acquaint you with Dr. Armstrong's worth and true missionary spirit. I think nothing shows it more clearly than this work among ragamuffins.

Dr. Armstrong was at one time engaged in city missionary work in Chicago, and again in New York City; indeed wherever she has been she has had some such work. In this work she became especially interested in city waifs, and her heart was stirred with the conviction that if some childless homes and these waifs could be brought together the benefit would be mutual. She talked and wrote to her father about it so continually that finally her father agreed to take one boy himself, and her brother, fifty miles distant, agreed to take another. This was about five years ago, possibly six. These two boys turned out so nicely that the neighbors were incited to do likewise, and the two boys could have been given to others again and again. But Dr. Armstrong was now too busy with her heavy medical studies to attend to the work. When she graduated, however, there remained for her two months of vacation before her term at the New England Hospital would begin; and she determined that this was her one opportunity to do this missionary work. She knew it would be a tremendous undertaking to take wild, unrestrainable boys from the East to the West; but, having received word from her father that nine

families wanted each a boy, she determined to undertake it. She started on Monday morning from Philadelphia with three boys. She can refer you to the Philadelphia "Home", from which she got them, and to several who knew about the undertaking. Mrs. Hartsock in Baltimore will gladly substantiate the "romance".

In Washington the party stopped with Mrs. La Fetra, well known in church circles. Mrs. La Fetra will also substantiate the "romance". She was very kind to the urchins, and I think will express an opinion that it would be next to impossible to sleep when taking such a trip in such company.

At Chicago, Dr. Armstrong got eight more boys, and thus with a party of eleven boys, ages ranging from five to eight, untamed, untrained, wild as animals uncaged, she started on. Do you fancy that her story about sleeplessness on such a trip was without "a shadow of truth" in it. Such a party naturally attracted a little attention, and it would not be difficult to get multitudes to corroborate the statements I make. This is unnecessary, however, as the story can be fully established by the records of the "Home for the Friendless" in Chicago.

When Dr. Armstrong reached home these little ones all had to be given out to Christian families, papers of agreement had to be signed, papers descriptive of the children and their former life had to be got in readiness. In fact multitudinous duties grew out of the enterprise as

you can plainly see would be the natural result. The party started on Monday morning and did not reach its destination until Saturday night, the last thirteen miles of the journey was by coach. Four weeks was little enough for the work just mentioned; her vacation was but two months, from March 11th to June 1st. She hurried back to Philadelphia, but found herself so nearly prostrated that she requested and was granted a month longer before going into the Hospital.

Of course when Mrs. Alderman went to the Hospital again and again, she was told—"Dr. Armstrong is not well and will not be here until next month." To refute the charge of invalidism, which Dr. Armstrong thought was injuring her, she repeated this experience.

Before Dr. Armstrong and her sister came to India, this work was well organized. Their father's wife, their step-mother, has property; their father not only has his pension, but a little besides, and continues his practice of medicine, so the homestead was considered to be the girls'. They persuaded their father to dedicate it instead, as "The Park Hill Orphanage". He did so, giving house, furniture, horse and carriage, cow and one hundred and sixty acres of good land. This Orphanage is a *fact* of undoubted substantiality. I will send you the Constitution and By-Laws of it.\* They are the work of Dr. Armstrong. I will send many notices of the same. Thus is

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\* See Chapter XX, in "Pork and Mustard."



the statement of "romance" exploded. My soul burns with indignation, I fear I am not in condition to write calmly, perhaps not so syllogistically as I ought. It will be the eloquence of earnestness if not of logic, however, so please excuse it.

In regard to Mrs. Prescott, I did not write to you about that, for it was such a long story; but I verily believe that Dr. Armstrong's whole grievous experience has been in consequence of a school-girl squabble many years ago. Bishop Ninde heard the whole story, and not only knew Mrs. Prescott; but all other parties mentioned by Dr. Armstrong; and in Bishop Ninde's opinion Dr. Armstrong was fully justified in the course she took. Dr. Rudisill heard this story, and it was principally for his benefit that I sent Mrs. Hartsock's letter. It was such an ingenious, and yet so complete a substantiation of Dr. Armstrong's story, as Dr. Rudisill heard it. I knew that Dr. Rudisill had requested Dr. Thornburn's official letter, and I was especially anxious that this seemingly unconquerable prejudice should be overcome. I will send you copies of letters which will explain the story I think. Brother Jacobs is now in Bombay for a change, and is for the present stopping with us. We will give him verbal explanations of any thing he fails to see into. Dr. Rudisill already knows the story, and pronounced the vindication triumphant; so you are the only one who needs this letter. I hope it will be satisfactory. Hasn't



Dr. Armstrong had a history that reads like a romance? Has she not been persecuted most unaccountably? I think Mrs. Hartsock's letter\* referring to her privilege of fellowship with Christ in suffering almost ranks her with those martyred saints, whose physical suffering could scarcely be more painful than some of her experiences. Mrs. Newman's letter† appeared in one of the Church papers, I think it was the Central Christian Advocate. Dr. Armstrong never saw the article in print, and but a rough draft of it at all. I don't think we have a copy of it, but you could get it I think from some other source. I do not know what was the date of its publication. The book referred to by Mrs. Hartsock had the title of "Pork and Mustard", and grew out of manuscripts written from time to time by Dr. Armstrong. It contained an account of her call to India, four or five of her lectures, several of her poems, and all were gathered together, at the urgency of friends, into a book. She was afterward urged to write a description of her lecturing tour, and some of her tribulations or experiences in preparing herself for the field. In this part of the manuscript occurred the recital of her experience with Mrs. Prescott.‡ She was urged to put this in especially for the good it might do in opening up the eyes of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at large to the disaster and damage one member

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\* See Chapter XIII, in "Pork and Mustard".

† See Chapter XXI, in "Pork and Mustard."

‡ See Chapters VIII and XIII, in "Pork and Mustard."

could do in prejudicing the whole society, or at least in putting obstacles in the way of a candidate. All her friends urged the publication of these chapters with the exception of Mrs. Hartsock, who urged her "to take out" of her "book all that reflects on any body, and then I think 'Pork and Mustard' will taste good." The book was accepted by Walden and Stowe, and was to have been printed at the end of the year. Dr. Armstrong, however, felt as if she could not have the book printed, for she was one day ready to put in these chapters, and the next persuaded that they should be left out.

She finally withdrew it and it has never been published, but is here in manuscript.

Dear Brother Robinson, I wrote this letter a week ago, and am very sorry it has been delayed; but I have been so busy, and Dr. Armstrong has been so busy, that I found it impossible to get in readiness some of the proofs that I wanted.

Dr. Armstrong has been sick for two days—overtaxed herself in trying to resuscitate a dying child; and, then when faint and half sick, was exposed to the sun until she has been quite sick, and only to-night have I had the heart to harass her brain over this harrowing business. To her surprise, and to my delight we find in looking over her papers (so carelessly preserved) superabundant proof of all I have affirmed. I shall not expatiate on these proofs, they speak for themselves.

More than all this, it has been Dr. Armstrong's

custom to keep a half-hourly record of her life. She found it easier to do this than to keep a regular or ordinary journal. In this record book, which we have been looking into to-night, is a complete history of her trip West with the orphans.\* I want her to send it to you; but, in the form it is in, it contains so many private and personal matters that she cannot bear to send it. I will send one page however as a sample of the exactness of the record, and give you my word for it that it is only one page of a book of such records. I think the Lord Himself and none other led her to keep by her these letters and records. She destroyed many letters when she came to India, for they were bulky, but some she valued too much to destroy, and others she hadn't opportunity to review, and thus she has these with her.

Dr. Armstrong has confidence in Mrs. Nind, and thinks that Mrs. Nind believes everything she may have written against her. She thinks, however, that almost all Mrs. Nind's information is derived through Mrs. Prescott; and, in Doctor's opinion, Mrs. Prescott is false to the core. She is as decided in her denunciation of Mrs. Prescott as she is in her commendation and excuses of Mrs. Nind. I must confess the weight of testimony is against Mrs. Prescott. I wonder if she would be willing to submit to the investigation Dr. Armstrong has had to endure.

I am sorry, Brother Robinson, you did not send

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\* See Chapter XVII, in "Pork and Mustard."

the letter referred to to me; I might then have answered it more satisfactorily. I have reason to think that the letter has been circulating through the Conference—and I *guess* that it was written by Mrs. Nind to Mrs. Rudisill. I do not know, this is my guess. Am I right? I knew nothing of this until after I had written this letter, nor do I know much more now than I have guessed.

I neglected to say that, on her way back to Philadelphia, Dr. Armstrong lectured at many places. In Michigan she stopped to collect evidence to establish her father's claim to a pension. This business was tremendous, as she had to get many evidences, and these had to be taken to an attorney to be sworn to—then to the County Clerk to be recorded. She stopped at Washington and had the accumulated evidence recorded and the case called up. She was her father's sole attorney until a few months before she left for India.

Now, Brother Robinson, this is purely a personal and unofficial letter. It may help you to write your letter, and I will stand by you. If I were writing a letter home, however, I might write it a little differently.

Please return the letter as soon as possible, also the enclosed manuscript of which Dr. Armstrong has no copy.

I do wish I had seen Mrs. Nind's letter, or Mrs. Alderman's exact words. Did she say, as I infer from your letter, that the "trip West with

orphans ” was “ romance ”, or what ? And about sleeplessness, how could she make the statement that there was “ not a shadow of truth ” in it ? Did she mean that Dr. Armstrong *did* sleep—if so, how could she prove it ? Or did she mean Dr. Armstrong’s statement of the fact hadn’t truth in it ? I have an idea that Mrs. Alderman has, perhaps unknowingly, enlarged on Dr. Armstrong’s statement ; so, although it seems such a condescension to inquire into a charge of such littleness, yet I have questioned the Dr. about this. Doctor’s statement to Mrs. Alderman in regard to sleeplessness was, “ I slept not at all on the train, nor did I eat save once in twenty-four hours when the children were asleep.” When the party stopped in Baltimore and other places, as Doctor’s “ record ” will show, they were very well cared for. Mrs. Alderman’s fancy must be vivid—I fancy anything she may have said could be easily explained. Have you forwarded my letter ? If so, when ? We have not heard of anyone else getting it. I am anxious it should make the rounds of India early, as I want to get it off to Dr. Thoburn as soon as possible. If you have not yet forwarded it to Dr. Rudisill, please send it back to me first, as Brother Jacobs is here and will be for a short time longer. Please send it registered and I will refund the cost.

Please don’t quote me in your home letter ; use any proofs I may have given you—but, if my name is used, I prefer to append what is said in my letter to Dr. Thoburn.

If Dr. Fraser is still with you, remember me kindly to him. I received his very kind letter and partially answered it, but have not got it finished, and I fear it is too late to send it.

My husband sends salaams to Mrs. Robinson and the bairnies.

I would like ever so much to have a copy of your "strong" letter home. I think the ears of some folks in the home land ought to be burning hotly. Dr. Stone joins me in kindest regards. Hoping Dr. A's affairs will be sometime allowed to settle themselves.

Very sincerely,

K. E. STONE.







*Williamina L. Armstrong -*

## CHAPTER XII

### A YOUNG MISSIONARY'S UNWRITTEN LABORS OF LOVE

Having wandered with us through the great apartments of our Khetwadi Castle, you will crave an introduction to its inmates. First of all you must know my darling sister, Miss Wilimina L. Armstrong, eleven years my junior, who accompanied me to India, and whose heart was so well-nigh broken at the separation from father, home, friends and country; but who still, in her sweet young womanhood, had the courage to forsake all; and, at His bidding, to go out to the foreign mission field unaided and alone, but for the one senior sister who had been a kind of mother to her from the days of her early childhood.

She had spent three years in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, but was too young to graduate, and in India was not willing to assume the role of doctor, even though many uneducated medical students, with much less knowledge of that great science than she had acquired, were there practicing the profession and receiving handsome fees for their professional services. To be a quack she could not, or rather, would not, in any land. Anxious to do something by means of which she might

be able to pay her own expenses, and having, while in Philadelphia, graduated from the Mount Vernon Institute of Elocution and Languages, she, through the kind introduction of our mutual friend and pastor, Dr. J. Sumner Stone, obtained a position as teacher of Physical Culture and Elocution in four of the English Government schools of Bombay. This position netted her a sufficient sum to cover all her own expenses, and enabled her to pay to me a reasonable sum for her board; which, of course, was a great help during those early days of struggle.

These positions my sister held, giving the highest satisfaction to the school authorities, pupils, and all concerned, until her injury by a serious sun-stroke. After her recovery from this, I prevailed upon her to resign the position, which she did. She then began independent mission work in the slums of Bombay English and native cities; going, sometimes in company with another missionary worker and sometimes with Staff Captain Blanche B. Cox, to the darkest depths of native and European Slumdom. She visited unhappy prostitutes in their wretched brothels, carried the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, singing songs of Zion, offering up earnest petitions to Almighty God, warning, reasoning, entreating, giving tender assurances of love, sympathy and interest, reaching the helping hand to the lost and perishing; and thus spending and being spent for God and humanity. These visits were paid, for the most part, in the late evening, or

even at the dead of night, and were not without peril to the sweet young life thus given to the Master's service.

In addition to this work my sister soon gained a large number of wealthy, high-caste, zenana lady friends, whom she visited with more or less regularity. These homes she visited ostensibly as a friend, but *really* as a missionary, and as a zenana worker. First of all she had gone in company with various other zenana missionary workers, and had acquainted herself with the character of their labors, until she became quite familiar with all phases of that department of missionary effort. Having thus become familiar with the work, and also with many wealthy zenana ladies, she built up for herself a regular mission field of her own, among the high-caste, wealthy zenana ladies of Bombay; a large number of whom were sufficiently familiar with the English language to be able to converse with her in her mother tongue. Where they were not thus well informed, however, it made little difference, as my sister very soon gained a sufficient knowledge of the Hindoostani, and Marathi languages, to be able to carry on conversation in them.

Who can estimate the ultimate results of my sister's missionary labors in Bombay? Were any souls saved? Were any zenana ladies convinced of the truth of the Christian religion? I know not; and yet how could it be otherwise? God has a record which will be revealed on His great day of accounts, and which must show results.

No reports of any kind were ever kept or forwarded to any society or board in America, or elsewhere, by either my sister or myself. While there we had little leisure for letter or report writing. Our hands, hearts, brains and time were full, and much more than full with the many duties, responsibilities and labors which pressed upon us through every hour of every day.

Is there any gauge by which influence can be measured? Are there any scales in which kind words, loving deeds, sweet smiles, earnest prayers and the fragrance of a pure, fresh young life can be weighed? If so, then, perhaps, my sister's labors may be computed, and the results of them estimated.





MRS. MARY ESTHER ISAAC MOSES



## CHAPTER XIII

MRS. MARY ESTHER ISAAC MOSES

The regular missionary of the Parent Board, and the teacher and zenana missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, immediately after their arrival in India, must decide upon some one Indian language which is to become their own; and the first duty which devolves upon them is to master that Indian tongue. This done, they are given a field of labor where the majority of the people speak the language with which they have familiarized themselves. With a physician, a medical missionary, the case is different. A pastor may select his own church, or it is selected for him with reference to the language spoken by a majority of its communicants; a teacher may gather pupils from whatever caste or language she may decide upon; a zenana missionary may visit such zenana homes as she may select, where the inmates speak a language which is familiar to herself; but a physician must treat the patients who come to the office, must go to any and all homes where called, must attend upon the crowds of dispensary patients that daily flock to the dispensary; and all this without regard to wealth, caste, language, or any other distinction. In the one city

of Bombay twenty-seven different languages are spoken. It would be folly for any one to undertake to master so many languages in a single lifetime; and yet it often happened that, during one afternoon, I treated patients in my office who spoke a dozen or more different tongues, or nearly as many languages as there were patients. The best, and only thing which remained for me to do was to secure the services of a competent linguist, who would serve me in the capacity of interpreter. Such an one I found in the person of Mrs. Mary Esther Isaac Moses, a young widow, scarcely past her twentieth year. Her husband had been an engraver, a sculptor, and a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church; but, after a lingering illness of three years duration, he died of consumption. The young widow, married when a girl of thirteen years, was left without means with which to support her five children, two of whom, the twins, were born shortly after the father's decease.

Mrs. Moses speaks twelve languages—seven fluently, each as if it were her mother tongue. So fluent is she, so ready, and so efficient in every way; that, during my six and a half years residence in India, meeting people of many languages, I scarcely ever realized that I did not myself understand their various dialects. Certainly, I never felt a lack nor met an embarrassment on account of not being familiar with the languages of the people.

Often and often educated natives, princes,

nawabs, rajahs, dewans—native gentlemen well versed in English, as well as in many languages of their own country, after conversing with me for some time, and listening to me as I conversed with their wives through my interpreter, would turn to me impulsively and, with a gesture of surprise, exclaim: “Of what nationality is this woman? She speaks to me in my own language as if it were her mother tongue—better than I know how to speak it! She knows all the languages that I know, and more than I know! I cannot make her out. Does she know all language?”

As the life of Mrs. Moses is so closely interwoven with the following history, a brief review of her early years cannot, I think, fail to interest my readers.

Mary Esther Isaac was born August 15, 1866, in Bombay, India. She is of pure Jewish parentage, although her ancestors have lived in India for many generations. At the time of the Neroan persecution her forefathers came from the Holy Land and settled in India. So that, while she is an Indian, in a proper sense of the term, yet she is not a native. Just as you and I may call ourselves Americans, and correctly so, although we are not American Indians. Nor have any of Esther's ancestors intermarried with the natives of India—that is to say, with Hindus or Mohammedans. They have always married and intermarried with Jews.

Esther's mother is a well educated woman,

speaking many languages. Years ago, in Bombay Jewish school, she taught Hebrew, and also several of the languages peculiar to the people of India.

Her mother's mother was a woman of great strength of character, energy, piety, and good judgment. When she became a widow, she, Esther's maternal grandmother, was employed as nurse in wealthy Bombay families, and several times travelled through Europe in charge of English children, or adult invalids. Once she came to America in charge of the small children of an American missionary, whose wife had recently died of cholera, in India.

In early infancy Esther went to live with this grandmother, her father having died, and her mother being left with a large family to support by means of her own industry.

Whether Esther inherited the strength of character, mental calibre and courage of her grandmother; or whether she acquired such qualities by observation and intimate association with this strong and gifted woman, we cannot say; but, certain it is, that she does possess in a great measure the traits and characteristics of this ancestor.

From infancy she wore the costume peculiar to the children of Bombay Jews; but, at the age of seven, she began to wear European dress.

During early childhood little Esther attended an interdenominational mission school. When this school was disbanded, and while Esther was

still a mere child, she was taught by private tutors. At the age of ten years she was sent to a Roman Catholic Convent. Not that her parents were Roman Catholics, they were Christians; but there was no other school to which they were willing to send her, and her mother and grandmother were anxious to give her the best possible opportunity for acquiring a thorough education. At the convent she was a general favorite, and proved to be so apt and efficient in the sick room that to her was entrusted the care of the sick, even while she was still a mere child.

When Esther reached the age of thirteen years, her mother came to the convent for her, stating to the Mother Superior that her stepfather was very ill and called for her incessantly, and that she could not refuse him a sight of her child. The Mother Superior seemed to suspect that this was merely an excuse to get the child away from the convent, and she used every argument available to persuade the mother to allow Esther to remain. Not succeeding in this, however, she finally gave her consent; and, with many tears and regrets, parted with the bright-eyed little girl, whom she had learned to love so well.

When Esther arrived at her home, her stepfather seemed to be as well as usual, and she could not at first understand for what cause her parents had brought her home from the convent. They informed her, however, that she was soon to be married, explaining that a very worthy

man, who was a Christian, and a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, wished to make her his wife; and they thought it was the best thing that could possibly happen to her; and so they had arranged the matter, and she was to be married in a few days.

It never occurred to Esther that she could in any wise frustrate the wishes of her parents, and disobedience was a thing which had never entered her thought. Of course she had no feeling, or sentiment of any kind, in the matter. Her parents represented to her the many great and pleasant advantages of a marriage with this Christian gentleman; and she was presently taken to the bazaar to purchase her trousseau. This naturally afforded her much pleasure, and all the pretty new articles which were purchased quite diverted her thought from her school life, and she soon became absorbed in the strange, new prospect before her. That evening a gentleman called at the house, and was introduced to her as Mr. Ballajee Moses, to whom she had been betrothed. He was a man of thirty-two. She could not then remember of ever having seen him before; although her mother told her that he had met her many times in her childhood, and had admired her; and had long wished to have her for his wife. She describes herself as being shy, reserved, and silent in his presence; but says that he treated her as a father might treat his dearly beloved child; and says he was always very kind, indulgent and considerate to-



ward her. There was never any love making or courtship between them. In a few days after Esther's return home from the convent, a party of friends gathered, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the now sainted George Bowen; under whose ministry Mr. Moses had been converted, and whom he ever afterward held in profoundest reverence, seeking to imitate him in all the details of his own life. Mr. Bowen seemed to Mr. Moses a pattern of true, manly and Christian perfection. He undertook no business, decided no matter of importance, settled no disputed theological question, without first consulting his friend and religious father and teacher, Mr. Bowen.

Mr. Moses proved to be a very grave, silent, studious man—the veriest book worm. He spent every spare moment in Bible and theological studies, much time in his devotions; and seldom left home except at the call of business, or to attend the means of grace. Esther, on the contrary, was but a child, full of life, hope, spirit, fun, and eager to see and know something of the world. It was impossible for her to be altogether happy in so uncongenial a companionship; and yet, as the years passed by, the genuine kindness, forbearance, patience and fatherly care of her husband served to soften her heart toward him; and, according to her own confession, she had just begun to really care for him when he died.

During the summer of 1886, as above stated,



after a lingering illness of two years duration, Mr. Moses died of consumption; leaving Esther a widow at the age of twenty, with five children; and without any means of support. His small savings, through his own generosity, had, for the most part, been given out in loans to his poorer relatives; who, apparently, never intended to return the money. The small balance which remained was consumed during his long illness; and the people who owed him money refused to settle their accounts after his decease. Thus the young widow was left destitute.

Through the influence of her friend, the Rev. George Bowen, she obtained a position as teacher in a Methodist Mission School, in Bombay. This school, as a matter of fact, was actually organized by Mrs. Moses herself. Her position here, however, did not prove to be permanent; and, seven months after her appointment, just as she had gotten it well organized, the school changed hands, and her services were no longer required.

It was just at this juncture that I arrived in India, and discovered my need of an interpreter. The missionaries, in whose school she had taught, recommended her to me as a very fluent linguist; but instructed me that I was not to pay her a larger salary than ten rupees per mensem; and further advised that I insist upon her wearing a saree (native costume) instead of the European dress, which she was in the habit of wearing. They assured me that ten rupees a month was a

sufficient amount with which to support herself and family in native style; and that, if I were to give her a larger salary, it would establish a bad precedent, and would spoil her as a servant. They also explained to me how much better it was, in their opinion, for a native woman to wear the native costume; and told me that she was utterly destitute, had an aged mother and five children to support, and that if I insisted upon her giving up her English dress, and taking to the native costume, she would be obliged to do so. I told my advisers that I could not dictate to the little woman in regard to her own personal dress; that it made no difference to me whether she wore European or native costume, as long as she interpreted for me correctly, and proved to be an efficient and satisfactory assistant. I told them I could not on any account agree to dictate to her in such a matter, or even to mention, or advise, that she change her manner of dress.

It is with real pain and sorrow that I recall the fact that I did not, also, refuse to heed the advice given in regard to salary. In justice to myself, however, I must say that I did not then know the value of a rupee, nor how far it would go toward the support of a family. I was new in India, I had not long handled Indian money; and as to the prices of food, and the like, in India, I never did learn them. When my missionary friends assured me that ten rupees would afford an ample support for my

little interpreter, her mother and five children; I never thought of questioning the truth of the matter. I supposed they *knew*; and so I offered Mrs. Moses ten rupees per month, which she accepted. During the first year of Mrs. Moses' stay with me she was silent, reserved and non-committal. When she came to me for instructions in regard to her work, I would beg her to take a chair by my side; but she never consented to do so, always standing in my presence. Soon after I opened my Hospital, and Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses, in Khetwadi Castle, Esther's youngest born, the second of the twins, who were born shortly after their father's decease, died; the first of these had died about the time of her coming to me, or prior to that date. Silently and sadly she allowed the second little form to go from her.

I have since felt that I was, in some sense, almost guilty of its death. There were, at the time, so many burdens pressing upon me, my responsibilities were so heavy, and my labors so exhausting, that I had little time to think of the wee baby at Esther's home, left in care of its aged grandmother. Indeed, I think I never remembered about it at all. Esther came to me in the early, early morning, and often remained until late at night. I really needed her every moment. I could not speak to a servant without her. I could not treat a patient, see a native caller, go to the home of a native patient, or conduct my medical work in

the hospital, dispensary, office, or out-practice, without her—for she was my tongue.

At the end of the first year of Esther's stay with me, I knew her no better than on the occasion of her first visit. During all the intervening months I had felt, more and more, that I did not; and, somehow, *could not* know her. Silent, almost sad, she seemed; uncommunicative, though always respectful.

One day, about this time, I discovered that she had something upon her mind which was troubling her greatly, and I tried to draw her out to speak more freely to me. At length she said, "Doctor, would you mind going around to see my little boy? I fear he is very ill, and that he is not able to be brought here to the hospital to see you." I said, "Certainly, Mrs. Moses, I shall be glad to do so. Why did you not tell me before? You know that I attend the poor for nothing all around; and that every day people are coming to me, whom I treat without charge. You know, too, that I always attend my own servants gratuitously. Of course, I shall be most glad to do anything in my power for you."

A short drive brought us to a *chall* in the outskirts of the native city. Here we climbed a long flight of narrow, rickety stairs; and, finally, came to the two small rooms which constituted the home of my interpreter. Her aged mother was here—a very tall, very silent, old woman; straight as a pole, with eyes that seemed to

search to the very depths of your soul; yet having something about her lithe, almost stealthy carriage and tread, which would make you feel strangely.

There were also in the room two little girls, aged four and six respectively, and one boy of three years, with a tremendously protruding abdomen, and little, slender, pipe-stem limbs. He had great black eyes; straight, jet hair; scrofulous running ears, and a suspicious squeaking noise in the chest, which at once made me think that he would soon follow his father to the grave, with the same disease that had carried him thither.

As gently as possible, I told his mother of my suspicion; and was somewhat surprised to see her quite overcome with grief. In trying to comfort, I told her that I did not consider the child past all help, though in a dangerous and critical condition of health; but with proper care, I thought, he *might* recover. I then advised her to give him plenty of good, fresh milk, fresh eggs, beef steak, good butter and, indeed, the very best and most nourishing food, and plenty of it. To my still further surprise Mrs. Moses became more agitated than ever. I think I never saw a mother, or a mortal, who seemed so utterly crushed and broken-hearted as did she upon that occasion.

At a loss to understand the cause of her uncontrollable grief, I said to her: "What is it? Why do you weep so? We will do the

best we can for the child, and I hope that he will yet recover." Between her sobs she then said, "But, Doctor, don't you know? Don't you see that I *cannot* feed him as you say? To save his life, I *cannot* give him the good food that you have ordered."

Then I understood. I saw, for the first time, the true situation; and realized that it was my own fault. Certainly, if she could not supply her child with properly nourishing food, such as would restore his health, and prolong his life, it was because I did not pay her a sufficiently large salary to enable her to do so. Then I began to realize that ten rupees a month (\$3.25) was not money enough with which to support a family consisting of two adults and three children; but that they were actually suffering for food.

I can never express the sorrow and grief I felt at this discovery; and I immediately began to cast about in my mind as to what I could do to remedy this condition of things. I saw that the child was already too far gone to be easily, or readily restored to health; that he would need the most exquisite care and attention in order to bring him through. Presently I said to her, "Now, Mrs. Moses, just give this little boy to me; and, if anything can be done to save his life, it shall be done." She was silent, but wept no more; and I was still at a loss to know her mind. The following day my little Mrs. Moses came into the office leading her



only son, the wee boy, whom she called, "Sonnie", though his real name was, Victor Earnest; but whom I always afterward called, "Moses".

It was several years after this before I knew or understood what a struggle, what pain and agony, that little mother had suffered before she could surrender to me her only son; but I am glad to know that she never since has had cause to regret having done so. I took him to my own room, bathed and clothed him with my own hands, and in the best and most healthful manner possible. Then I ordered for him condensed milk every two hours, eggs, beef tea, chicken broth, and all the most nourishing articles of diet that could be obtained for his regular meals.

Besides this, I prescribed tonic medicines; and, within a few short months, I had the happiness of seeing the protruding, enlarged abdomen subside, and become normal; the emaciated muscles of his limbs enlarge, and grow round and firm; the scrofulous discharge cease, and all unnatural sounds in the chest disappear. Of course I assured my little interpreter that the child was still her son, and should always be that, calling her "mamma"; but that I should call him my boy, and love him as my very own, which I did, and do.

Almost immediately after taking little Moses to my home and heart, I had a room in our Khetwadi Castle cleaned and fitted up for Mrs. Moses, and her aged mother; and I then invited her to come and bring her family, and live in my



home. Later on, I gave to Mrs. Moses another separate room for herself; and they were all very comfortable with us. Prior to this, however, Mrs. Moses placed her two little girls in the mission school of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bombay; so that only herself, the little boy, and her mother remained with me.

Still later, I insisted upon having Mrs. Moses board with me, and sit at our family table, as did all the members of my Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses; and, although the old lady, Mrs. Moses' mother, never did come in and sit with us at our family table, yet we used always to send her food on a tray to her own room; and thus I made sure that no member of the family suffered for want of food, or comfortable abode; even though I did not increase the salary of my interpreter.

Gradually, from this time, Mrs. Moses became, while in my presence, somewhat more communicative and less formal, reserved and silent. Often, as we drove from the house of one patient to that of another, she would question me in regard to the case, or the treatment. If it were a new case which we had just visited, she would often say, "Doctor, what is the disease? What caused it? What remedy was it you used? What result do you expect?" Of course, I soon became interested in my little interpreter. I love medicine, and cannot choose but be interested in any one who takes an interest in the work in which I am, myself, so deeply interested. Nat-

urally, therefore, I began to teach her; and, during my medical rounds, the time was well filled in with medical talks. I explained to her the course of the various, and most common diseases, the method of examination, the diagnosis, treatment, prognosis, effect of treatment, care of the sick, and everything in connection with my work.

The members of my Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses usually gathered together in my office, or in the lecture room, during the afternoon or evening, for a medical lecture from me. On such occasions, Esther would usually be in the room, either cleaning instruments, putting them away, or otherwise employed. Several of my student nurses were Eurasians; one or two of whom were somewhat indolent, and would not exert themselves sufficiently to remember what was told them; so that I was often obliged to tell them the same thing over and over again before they would remember it. This became very trying to me; and, sometimes, more with an object of putting my student nurses to shame, than with any expectation of getting the correct answer, after a question had gone the round of the nurses, and not one of them could answer it correctly, I would call Mrs. Moses and put the question to her. At such times I was often surprised by getting a perfectly correct and accurate answer.

One day I sent Mrs. Moses out on an errand; and, during her absence, I needed something which I had given into her keeping. In my search for it, I went to her room and, finally,

opened one of her bureau drawers, where I thought possibly she might have put the article in question. Instead of finding what I wanted, I came across a large package of papers, which had been carefully pinned together. They consisted of pieces of brown wrapping paper, the white margins torn from newspapers, and all sorts of scraps. Upon examining this curious assortment more closely, I found that, upon these papers were written all sorts of medical questions which she, from time to time, had put to me; and underneath each question was the answer which I had given her. This opened my eyes still further to the fact that my little interpreter was really a student, and was interested in the work which so engrossed my own life.

Upon her return I asked her if she would not like to become a member of my Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses. At first her face was lightened up with a great joy; this expression, however, presently gave place to a look of sore disappointment and sorrow, as she said, "O Doctor, I would love to do it, but I cannot." "Why, Mrs. Moses," said I, "what is there to prevent you from being a member of the school?" "Why," said she, "I cannot pay the fee." "Oh, never mind that, I never thought of you paying any fees, I didn't ask you to become a member of the class with any such thought as that. I should never charge *you* any admission fee; or any fee whatever, for anything in connection with the school. You are not like

the other girls, you are here in my service; and if I choose to make you a member of the school, and to teach you, why, that is nobody's business; and I shall be delighted to have you come in and take the course. Moreover, if you excel the others in the studies of the two years course, you shall have the gold medal, which I have promised to the student who stands the best in all the branches of study and work at the end of the two years."

From this time my little interpreter's heart seemed to open toward me like a flower toward the sun; and all her nature seemed to grow more sweet and beautiful day by day. She not only became a member of my Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses, but she *did* win the gold medal; standing, at the end of the two years, far and away above any other member of the class, and excelling all others in every particular.

She was the one student nurse in whom I could place perfect confidence, and upon whom I could rely at all times and under all circumstances. The most difficult medical, surgical and obstetrical cases were placed in her nurse care; because I knew that I could trust her to carry out every direction in its minutest detail. She never failed me, never disappointed me, never ran any risks, never forgot or omitted any duty. She was ever faithful, true, thoroughly trustworthy, reliable and efficient.

Gradually, I began, more and more, to realize what a treasure I had in my little interpreter,

Mrs. Moses; and to appreciate her real worth and value, not only as an interpreter, but as a hospital nurse, and a general medical and surgical assistant. From appreciating and valuing her, on account of her real worth and ability, I came gradually to love her tenderly as a woman; and still later on, as my very own child.

During the spring of 1889, when I fell so seriously ill in Khetwadi Castle, I began to see that my love for her was fully reciprocated. Night after night she watched over me, I could not persuade her to lie down. She would rub my aching limbs, press my temples, apply hot fomentations, and labor over me continually, almost night and day. When I was suffering, as she rubbed me, she would turn her face away; and, presently, I would see or feel the hot tears as they rolled down her face and dropped, perhaps, upon my hand or hair. Not a word did she say, always seeking to conceal her anxiety; yet, from time to time, I discovered it, and knew that her heart was mine.

When, finally, I decided to leave Bombay, after all the illness, suffering and trouble there, I did not at first know whether she would consent to accompany me to Lahore, or whether she would feel that she must remain with her mother and little girls in Bombay. In my own mind I decided that, in the latter case, I would not take away her dear and only son; but would leave him with his mother, in Bombay. He had, by this time, grown quite well and strong, and I

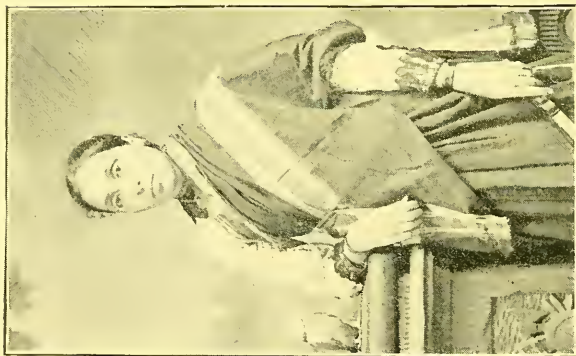
had become wonderfully attached to the little fellow, and he to me; so that I could not think of parting from him without pain; yet I knew that it would cause his mother greater pain to have him go; and so I decided to leave him.

When I first told Mrs. Moses about my plan of going to Lahore, asking her if she would accompany me, she gave me no definite answer; and until the very day before starting I did not know whether or not I should have my little interpreter with me. She had never in her life before been outside of Bombay. I was, therefore, somewhat surprised when, on the very eve of starting for Lahore, she packed her box, and prepared to accompany me.

Enough about Mrs. Moses for the present. You shall hear more of her, later on.







(MISS) SUNDERBAT POWAR  
A Converted, High-caste Hindu



REV. GEORGE BOWEN

## CHAPTER XIV

### OUR KHETWADI CASTLE HOUSEHOLD

Sunderbai Powar first came to me as a patient, and occupied one of our hospital beds until fully restored to health. She was, at that time, one of the assistant zenana missionary workers in the zenana missionary home, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Bombay. Later on, however, after having left the mission house, and having made her home for a time with our dear friends, Rev. William and Mrs. Carrie Bruere, who were in charge of the mission work of one of the native churches of Bombay, she entered our Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses, and became an inmate of our Castle.

Sunderbai! How I love the name! Its meaning is, appropriately, "Beautiful lady". Such was our Sunderbai Powar in very truth. Beautiful in face, form, and feature; beautiful in character, beautiful in heart, and beautiful in life. A *lady* in the truest, highest, best sense of the word. Sunderbai Powar was, and is, a beautiful native Christian woman.

Rukhmabai is the young, high-caste, Hindu woman who had the courage and strength of character to refuse to go from her father's home to the house of her mother-in-law, to live with the

fast, dissipated man to whom, without her consent, she had been betrothed and wedded in her early childhood. During the great legal conflict which ensued, she enlisted the interest and sympathy of all Christian people throughout the world, while being the object of almost universal contempt, if not actual enmity, of Hindus throughout India. She, also, for a short period, was a member of our Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses, though never an inmate of our Khetwadi Castle. Living at her own home, which was but a short distance from our Castle, she frequently came to our training school class, in order to gain what information she might be able to glean from lectures, bedside and clinical instruction, surgical operations, etc. Soon, however, her great law suit coming to an end, she was sent, by kind and interested friends in Bombay, to London, England, to attend Medical College. There she took a thorough medical training; and, in due time, graduated with honors; afterward returning to India to practice her profession.

Miss Lillian Lucy Seitz, an Eurasian girl, was really the first regular student to enter our Woman's Medical Missionary Training School. She was admitted July 25, 1887; and entered the school with the intention of taking a full four years course, but soon became dissatisfied, and voluntarily withdrew before the expiration of two years. Poor Lillian! Had it been possible for others to do her studying for her, as they

did a large share of her labor, so that she could have acquired the necessary information, discipline, and experience without personal effort, she would have remained until the completion of her course; but her distaste for study and, indeed, for labor of any and all kinds, together with her appetite for novel reading and the like, proved, in her case, as such taste must ever prove, disastrous to success.

Nurse Charlotte Gomes was a Hindu girl, who had been adopted in early childhood by a Church of England missionary lady, with whom she had acquired the rudiments of an ordinary education. She was a pretty, bright, affectionate native girl; and soon became an excellent nurse, and much beloved by all, patients, servants and nurses.

Nurse Tansley was an English girl, and came to India as an officer in the Salvation Army. For reasons of her own, unknown to me, she left the Army; and, later on, became a member of our Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses, and an inmate of the Castle. We all loved Miss Tansley. She made herself generally useful, although she never seemed well adapted to the routine work of a hospital nurse; and, before she had been long with us, Bishop Thoburn came to India and offered her a position in a small inland mission station, which she accepted. Afterward, however, Miss Tansley returned to Bombay and married the husband of one of my Khetwadi Castle

patients, who had died while under Miss Tansley's nurse-care.

Mrs. Smith, a young English widow, from Madras, was one of our very latest comers, joining the Medical Missionary Training School a short time before my serious illness, which resulted in the closing of the institution. She was intelligent, competent, efficient; and would, I feel sure, have made an excellent nurse.

Birdie, "My Birdie"—her real name was Miss Isabella Jane Belcham; but I always called her "My Birdie". So small and delicate she was; but, withal, having such a sweet, womanly dignity, and possessing such rare qualities of mind and heart that, "To know her was to love her". "Birdie" was, in fact, my housekeeper, hospital nurse and general assistant; well-nigh invaluable to me she proved to be. Of pure English parentage, "Birdie" was born in India. The Sepoy Rebellion occurred during her early infancy, and her mother concealed herself, together with this infant daughter, in a field of standing grain. It was late in the evening and dark; and, as the murderous sepoys passed by, the mother was unable to quiet the crying of her baby. This attracted the attention of the sepoys who were intent upon massacre; whereupon the mother distinctly heard one of them exclaim, "That is the cry of an English child!" In answer to this remark another sepoy exclaimed, "Don't you know the cry of a native child? That is not an English baby, but a native child, crying." The murderers

then passed on, and the mother and babe escaped unhurt.

Our dear friend and guest, Miss McNeal, an efficient missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a most earnest, consecrated and capable Christian woman, temperance worker and evangelist, was for several months a member of our Khetwadi Castle household. While with us she continued to carry on her beautiful mission work among the English soldiers of Bombay; holding Bible readings, prayer meetings, and various other religious services at regular and frequent intervals in the lecture room of our Khetwadi Castle. How thoroughly we appreciated and enjoyed her gracious presence it would be difficult to tell.

Dr. and Mrs. Stone remained with us until the late autumn, when their new Grant Road Methodist Episcopal parsonage was completed. No words can express how sadly we missed them from our home circle; but their leaving India to return to America during the following February was, to me, a terrible blow. Indeed, when they left India I felt that I sustained an irreparable loss; and was again a stranger and alone in a foreign land.

In the course of my life I have often known the pain of being separated from dear friends; but never did I suffer more keenly than on this occasion.

Rev. George Bowen, our beloved friend and counselor, was not at this time a member of our



Khetwadi Castle household, nor indeed ever, until he came there a patient ill unto death. He was, however, our frequent visitor, and so dearly beloved by us all that we counted him as one of us. It was his custom to dine with us every Friday at 6 o'clock P. M. At 3:30 o'clock every Friday afternoon Brother Bowen gave a Bible reading in the lecture room of our Khetwadi Castle, for the benefit of my student nurses. My sister and I, however, were in the habit of attending this Bible reading service; and many of our dear missionary friends, of Bombay, made it a point to be present. What an inspiration, help and blessing these Bible readings were, none who attended them could ever fail to remember. Most punctually and regularly dear Brother Bowen came to fill this appointment. I believe, from the time the hospital was opened, on the 15th day of June, 1887, until Brother Bowen's fatal illness, he never once failed to be present at the hour appointed.

On the 25th day of January, 1888, Mr. Bowen left Bombay for Poona, for the purpose of attending the South India Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a most beloved and revered member. Elected to the presidency of the Conference\*, he assumed its duties and responsibilities with his usual earnestness; although he was at that time extremely feeble, and just recovering from the

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\*See "Within the Purdah", page 178, for picture of this Conference.



effects of a fall from a tramway car, which had fractured his thigh bone and rendered him comparatively helpless for a time. Now, however, he was able to move about even without his cane, which for some weeks past had been substituted for crutches. During the Conference he was also suffering from a heavy cold which he had recently taken. In spite of all this he was, as usual, abundant in labors, and most efficient in all.

On the following Sunday morning he preached to the Conference, delivering one of his deeply spiritual sermons on the subject of "Union with Christ"; and at noon he preached in Marathi to a mass-meeting of school children.

Conference adjourned Tuesday evening, January 31st. That night, in company with several other missionaries, Mr. Bowen left Poona for Bombay, by the 11 o'clock train; taking, as usual, an intermediate railway compartment, which was most crowded and uncomfortable. During the following day he was called upon to baptize several children in Grant Road Church. That same Wednesday evening he participated in the farewell meeting tendered Dr. and Mrs. Stone, who were about to take their departure for America, delivering the farewell address; and afterward he administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

All this served to complete the work of prostration, and that night Mr. Bowen was taken seriously and fatally ill. The following day, Thursday, in compliance with Mr. Bowen's own

request, Dr. Stone sent for me. The medicine which I prescribed afforded such immediate relief that he expressed his surprise at the benefit experienced. In spite of all that could be done, however, he grew rapidly worse, and on Friday Dr. Stone suggested that he be brought to Khetwadi Castle Hospital; to which he readily and cheerfully agreed. Ordinarily prone to chafe under any special personal attention, he yet quietly and gracefully submitted to the vigilant watching and nurse-care which was so constantly afforded him in the Hospital. Of course we had given him the best and most pleasant private room in the Castle; and not only did the nurses do everything in their power for the promotion of his health and comfort, but my sister constituted herself his special attendant, and it was her gentle hand that smoothed back his soft locks, bathed his face and hands, and arranged his pillows. She sat like a guardian angel by his side—anticipating every possible wish. What mortal could resist her tender and gracious ministrations? When our beloved Brother Bowen was admitted to the Hospital, his friends and my friends said to me, “You will have a hard time with Brother Bowen, he will never submit to be taken care of, and nursed, as you nurse your patients.” But he did. When my sister said, “You know I am just a little girl, and you are like my father,” he seemed glad to have it so; and happy to fall into such loving, tender hands.

Friday night the nurse on duty took him beef tea, chicken broth, milk, or some sort of nourishment every hour—something different each time, of course; and on the following morning she reported that he had spent a wakeful but a restful night. Saturday he seemed better in every way, expressing himself as being much easier, and quite on the mend. He seemed to think that he would be able to attend to “The Guardian”, of which he was editor, during the coming week.

At 11 o'clock Saturday evening I paid him my last professional visit for that day, examined his tongue, pulse, temperature, and inquired as to his various symptoms. He assured me that he was feeling extremely well, and quite at ease; and I left him, going straight to my room, with the comfortable assurance that he was in a fair way to rapid recovery, there being no symptoms of a serious nature. During the night he took his nourishment regularly, at the hands of the night-nurse, every hour until 6 o'clock Sunday morning, when he refused it; saying that he felt so easy and so restful that he preferred not disturbing himself to take the nourishment until the next hour. At 7 o'clock the day-nurse, Mrs. Moses, went to his room with a cup of broth, and was startled by his deathlike appearance. After watching him for a moment, she rushed away in search of me. I went to his room immediately, but only to find that our beloved friend and counselor, George Bowen, had gone to his

eternal reward. During the short period between 6 and 7 o'clock on that beautiful Sabbath morning, while the weary soldier lay asleep, his great heart stood still, and "He was not, for God took him". What further remains to be said? "*A Prince and a Great Man Has Fallen*"—such words as these served as a title to many an article written in his memory. Rather let us say, "*A Prince and a Great Man Has Risen*".

It seemed to us that the room, and the whole Castle, became sacred—a holy place, since, from within its walls, such a spirit had taken its flight heavenward, to God.

## CHAPTER XV

### SEVEN ADOPTED INFANTS

You wonder how it happened that I adopted seven native children while in India, and why I took so many of them during their early infancy—having at one time five under six months old? No, I did not go about searching out orphaned, deserted children whom I might adopt as my own. I had no lack of labor, care, or responsibility; and I found plenty of use for all the money I was able to earn. You think it was an unwise thing for me to undertake so much at one time? It may have been so, I never had any wisdom to spare, nor have I ever been overstocked with worldly prudence. Many of my friends thought it unwise, and some of them criticised me severely afterward, when it was too late to undo what had already been done.

When I fell ill, and was confined to my room for a period of three months, one of my student nurses went to the house of a friend to spend Sunday, and was exposed to a very malignant form of measles, which was epidemic in Bombay at the time. After being thus exposed she returned to the hospital and entered the nursery. The babies soon fell ill with measles; and I myself was so ill, at the time, that my sister judged it unwise to mention the matter to me, fearing

that my anxiety for the children might increase my own peril. So it happened that the babies were all seriously ill before I knew anything about it. I then had them brought into my room and placed upon my bed, while I, sitting bolstered up, did what was possible for their relief. Two of the little ones, however, died that same day, and another the following day—one, little Aaron, having died previously. Thus four of my dear little foundlings were taken from me.

When this happened some of my friends were kind enough to say, "It serves her right, she had no business undertaking so much! What did she want of all those babies, anyhow?" Small comfort, you say? Yes, small comfort, but that is a commodity which does not always come when we most need it. Perhaps I did deserve to suffer for my lack of wisdom; and yet, dear friend, if you had been there in my place, hearing a divine call constantly sounding in the ear of your soul, feeling a responsibility resting upon you for the salvation of souls, and seeing suffering and want all about, I think, if you have a heart in your bosom, you would have done the same.

I did not wish to adopt orphan children. I did not search for them, nor in any wise seek them out; but when they came to my door, as they did; and when, in each particular case, it came to be a question of allowing a young life to perish at the hands of a murderous mother; or that



of suffering an innocent babe to be kept in a condition of chronic starvation, and carried about in the bazaars, with its little naked, emaciated body exposed to public view for purposes of alms-winning; then I did not know how to refuse.

To describe each particular case would be to write a volume; but when such cases as these were presented to me, I could not forget the words which our Lord spoke, as coming from the King at the last great day, when He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me"; and I could not turn them away.

A few of the circumstances surrounding the early life and adoption of these children, briefly related, may not prove altogether uninteresting.

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#### MASTER EDWARD TRUMAN AARON

Edward Truman Aaron was born in Bombay, December 7, 1887. His parents were both Mohammedans, but his father had died prior to his birth, leaving his mother a widow and destitute. She sold her baby, on the front veranda of Khetwadi Castle, for twenty rupees, to one Kalu Kisson and his wife, Lukshimbai, both of whom were of the sweeper caste. These people, however, soon grew weary of his care, and begrudged the money spent for his food.

He was brought to me on three occasions in a condition of chronic starvation, nigh unto death.



Each time we nursed him back to life and health, afterward restoring him to his foster parents. On the 27th day of December, 1887, however, I adopted him, paying his foster parents sixty rupees to cover all expense incurred on his account.

Adoption papers were written and signed May 21, 1888, and he was afterward baptized by Rev. William W. Bruere. Little Aaron, as we called him, was at that time so emaciated, wrinkled, shriveled, dark and ill that he looked as much like a mummy as a living infant. We gave him every care, and he gradually improved, living until May 28, 1888, when he died in convulsions.

#### *Legal Agreement*

We, the undersigned, Kalu Kisson and Lukshimbai, do hereby agree, and promise, concerning the child, Edward Truman Aaron, as follows: First,

That, having this day received from the hands of Saleni Armstrong, M.D., the sum of sixty rupees only, that sum being equivalent, or nearly equivalent, to the amount of money which we have actually expended for the above named child, Edward Truman Aaron, we do hereby relinquish all claim upon the child, and do solemnly promise to make no further trouble whatsoever in regard to him, Edward Truman Aaron. Secondly,

That, at no time, or under any pretence whatsoever, will we undertake to influence the child against the home of its adoption, or by any





MASTER VICTOR ERNEST MOSES

means to entice it away from the same.

Thirdly,

We do further agree to make no trouble, by hanging about the place, making frequent or long visits, or asking for additional sums of money.

Signed this second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Signed,

KALU KISSON,  
LUKSHIMBAI.

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MASTER VICTOR ERNEST MOSES

Master Victor Ernest Moses is the only son of Mrs. Mary Esther Moses, by her first husband, Abraham Ballajee Moses. Victor was born in Bombay, November 23, 1883, and is a Ben Israel, his mother being of pure Jewish descent, though her ancestors have resided in India for many generations; while his father was a Ben Israel, as indicated by his name, Abraham Ballajee Moses. I adopted little Victor, whom I used to call "Moses", on the 17th day of September, 1887; but the legal indenture papers were not signed until October 27, 1888. He was baptized by Bishop C. H. Fowler, in the great front hall of our Khetwadi Castle, on February 7, 1889. He is now attending college in America, with a view to returning as a missionary to India. He is a beautiful boy, and an earnest, devout Christian.

*Legal Agreement*

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT made the twenty-seventh day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, BETWEEN MARY ESTHER MOSES, the widow of Ballajee Moses, late of Bombay, Jew inhabitant, deceased, of the one part, and SALENI ARMSTRONG, of Philadelphia, America, but now residing in Bombay, of the other part:

WHEREAS, it has been agreed between the parties hereto, that Victor Ernest Moses (the son of the said Ballajee Moses, deceased, and Mary Esther Moses) now of the age of five years, or thereabouts, shall be adopted, educated, and maintained by the said Saleni Armstrong, and that the said Mary Esther Moses shall have no further claim to the said Victor Ernest Moses.

AND WHEREAS, in pursuance of such agreement, the said Victor Ernest Moses has, prior to the execution of this agreement, been given into the charge of the said Saleni Armstrong, NOW THESE PRESENTS WITNESS, and it is hereby mutually agreed and declared between and by the parties hereto as follows, that is to say:—

1. The said Saleni Armstrong shall maintain, clothe and educate the said Victor Ernest Moses in a suitable manner, until the said Victor Ernest Moses shall be of full age or shall be able to earn his own livelihood, and for the purpose of his education, or otherwise, it shall be lawful for the said Saleni Armstrong at any time to send

the said Victor Ernest Moses to America or elsewhere.

2. The said Mary Esther Moses shall not be entitled to the custody of, or to make any claim whatsoever over or in respect of, the said Victor Ernest Moses at any time.

3. In the event of the said Mary Esther Moses desiring at any time to resume the charge and custody of the said Victor Ernest Moses, it shall be lawful for, but not compulsory on, the said Saleni Armstrong to give up the charge of the said Victor Ernest Moses, and to hand him over to the custody of the said Mary Esther Moses; and in such case the responsibility of the said Saleni Armstrong, under this agreement, shall at once cease and determine.

4. In the event of the said Saleni Armstrong being willing at any time, at the request of the said Mary Esther Moses, to hand over charge of the said Victor Ernest Moses to the said Mary Esther Moses, the said Mary Esther Moses shall first reimburse the said Saleni Armstrong, with interest, all charges and expenses incurred by her on account of the said Victor Ernest Moses, whether incurred for clothing, maintenance, education or otherwise howsoever; and shall also pay to the said Saleni Armstrong, in addition, a reasonable remuneration for the care, trouble and attention bestowed by her in and about the bringing up and education of the said Victor Ernest Moses.

5. The sum payable to the said Saleni Armstrong, under clause four of this agreement,

shall not exceed in the whole the sum of rupees fifty per month, and shall not be less than rupees twenty-five per month.

As witness the hands of the parties the day and year first above written.

Signed,

MARY ESTHER MOSES.

SALENI ARMSTRONG.

Witnesses,

ISABELLA JANE BELCHAM,

WILLIMINA L. ARMSTRONG,

HELEN RICHARDSON,

HANNAH WALKER.

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ANGIE F. NEWMAN

Angie F. Newman, whose original name was Annie Kemp, was an Eurasian child, born in Bombay, November 5th, 1885. Her mother's name was Sarah Petronilla Kemp. She and her husband, whose Christian name I do not know, were both Eurasians. After Mrs. Kemp's husband died, she became dissipated, immoral, and incapable of taking proper care of her baby daughter. In compliance with the importunity of interested missionary friends, I adopted little Annie, on the 9th day of August, 1888. She, too, was baptized by Bishop Fowler, February 7, 1889; but was stolen from me in December, 1889, by her disreputable, fallen, drunken mother, and sold outright—body and soul—to the highest bidder.







MASTER JAY GEE MILLER

## MYRTLE EVANS

Myrtle Evans was born in Bombay, May 23, 1888, in Miss Richardson's Reformatory Hospital. Her mother's name was Sarah Petronilla Kemp, Myrtle being half-sister to our little Angie.

Myrtle Evans was an illegitimate child, born about two years after the decease of Mrs. Kemp's legal husband. The child's father was an European Turk.

I adopted Myrtle August 9, 1888, when she was less than three months old, together with her half-sister, Annie, whom we named Angie F. Newman, after my beloved mother-friend, Mrs. Angie F. Newman, of Lincoln, Nebraska. The adoption papers, however, were not signed until October 30, 1888. Myrtle was also baptized, with the other children, by Bishop Fowler, February 7, 1889.

Little Myrtle was a remarkably beautiful and attractive child; but, to the sorrow of all who knew her, she died April 6, 1889, of a malignant form of measles.

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MASTER JAY GEE MILLER

Jay Gee Miller was born in Miss Richardson's Reformatory Hospital, in Bombay, December 18, 1887. His father's name is unknown to me, but his mother's name was Mary Brunton.

For his own sake I adopted the child when he was about three months old, I have not the ex-

act date; but the papers of indenture were not signed until October 7, 1888. He, too, was baptized by Bishop Fowler, together with the other children, on February 7, 1889. He is now with me in America, attending public school; and, though still quite young and not sufficiently matured to plan for his future life, we hope and trust that he may yet be fitted for efficient mission work among the people of his own country.

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#### TRUMAN MARTIN

Truman Martin, whose original name was Frederick Percy Storrer, was a legitimate child, of pure Irish parentage. He was born in Bombay, June 11, 1888. His father, Henry Storrer, had previously deserted his wife, Truman's mother, Elizabeth Storrer, leaving her destitute, with five children to support. This she found impossible to do, except by means of wet-nursing. The poor, stricken mother was deeply grieved at the thought of parting with her beautiful baby boy; but, in order to save her other children and herself from starvation, she finally reluctantly consented, in accordance with the importunity of her friends, to part with her youngest born. She was, at that time, residing in Poona; and her friends wrote me begging that I take the child, which I finally consented to do; and, October 2, 1888, he was formally delivered to my care, the legal papers of indenture being signed October 13, 1888. Frederick was baptized by Rev. I. Anderson, A.M., Junior

Chaplain, Church of Scotland, in Poona, June 29, 1888. He was a sweet, lovely baby, but died of measles, on the 6th day of April, 1889.

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#### ESTHER MILLER

At the dead of night Mrs. Isaac, the aged mother of my dear Mrs. Moses, came to our Castle door and begged the servants to call the doctor. I was summoned, and she presented to me a wee infant seven days old, which she had until now kept concealed behind her *sari*. She said, "Dr. Sahib, three times I have rescued this child from the grave, three times its mother has undertaken to butcher it, each time I have snatched it away and saved its life. Now she is going away and she will surely kill it. She is determined to do so. I cannot take it, there is no one else who will. If you will take it you can save its life." I took it. I could not refuse. What would you have done ?

The above circumstances occurred on the first day of October, 1888, the wee baby, whom we named Esther Miller, having been born September 24, 1888, seven days prior to this event.

The name of Esther's mother was Pauline DeSouza. She was a Goanese. Esther's father, however, was a wealthy Parsee, having a wife and children of his own; but Pauline DeSouza was his domestic servant. Little Esther Miller, named for a dear friend in America, was baptized by Bishop C. H. Fowler, on February 7, 1889. She died of measles on the 5th day of April, 1889.

## CHAPTER XVI

“IN HIS NAME AND FOR HIS SAKE”

In the dim and quiet chamber  
Of our Castle, in Bombay,  
One by one my four sweet babies  
In their last, long slumber lay.

There was Esther, tiny Esther,  
Who had never seen the morn  
Had her mother's murderous purpose  
Been achieved, when she was born.

But they wrested from her bosom  
Quick the child whose life was doomed;  
And they brought her to the Castle—  
Knowing, I her care assumed.

Wealthy Parsee, Esther's father,  
With a wife and children true;  
But our little foundling's mother  
Was his servant, faithful, too.

Goanese, this servant mother,  
Tall and dark and handsome she;  
But with sullen, angry bearing,  
Such as one might fear to see.

Swarthy, shrivelled, Parsee baby,  
Fruit of human sin and lust;  
Wee black eyes and hair as dusky,  
What a mite of mortal dust!

But we rubbed away the wrinkles  
From her limbs, so thin and bare;  
And we gave to little Esther  
All a mother's tender care.

Lacked she not for warm embraces,  
Nor for kisses on her cheek;  
Nor for any tender token,  
Which a mother's love might speak.

Lacked she not a creature comfort,  
In the nurs'ry large and bright,  
Anxiously we tended o'er her  
Every hour, by day, by night.

Every need, before she felt it,  
Was supplied with gentle care;  
For I thought—unto the Master  
I will glad this burden bear.

Then I learned to love my baby  
For her own dear, little sake;  
And when Jesus took her from me  
Oh, how sore my heart did ache!

Only six months had been numbered  
Since they brought her to the door  
Of our great Khetwadi Castle,  
On fair India's coral shore.

Only six months since I took her—  
Naked infant, seven days old—  
When the pale horse to our castle  
Came with rider, swift and bold.



Vain we strove his course to hinder,  
Entered he our nurs'ry bright,  
Bore away our baby Esther  
Through the darkness of the night.

Bore away to realms of glory  
Other infant foundlings, too,  
Each of whom I'd watched and tended  
With affection warm and true—

Watched and tended for the Master,  
“In His Name” and “For His Sake”;  
Trusting that the service rendered,  
Even thus, my Lord would take.

There was Truman, dear, sweet Truman,  
(Parents both from E'rin's shore)  
Fair and fragile as a lily,  
All his pains he patient bore.

Left alone, his widowed mother,  
With four other children dear,  
She must needs give up her baby  
That she might another's rear.

Thus our little Truman's mother  
Kept starvation from her brood,  
While some wealthy lady's infant  
Thrived upon her baby's food.

Who can know the bitter anguish,  
That did rend her mother-heart,  
When she signed the legal papers  
Which must sever them apart?

What suppressed and smothered sorrow  
Trembled in her tender breast,  
When a stranger's infant suckled  
Where her own was wont to rest!

Who can know the pain, the torture,  
Who can count the tears she shed,  
When the bitter tidings reached her  
That her darling babe was dead ?

God alone such grief can measure,  
He alone her tears can count;  
May He send such peace and comfort,  
As can flow but from His fount!

Pass we on to Myrtle's cradle:  
European-turk was she,  
With a mixture of Eurasian,  
Hence the olive cheek you see.

Ask me not about her parents,  
So unworthy of the name,  
Not a word could say of either  
But would cause a blush of shame.

Never came a sweeter baby  
Into this great world of woe;  
Clinging arms, and nestling figure—  
Oh, I loved her, loved her so!

Great brown eyes so full of meaning,  
Eloquent with love they seemed;  
When she saw me toward her moving,  
How her face with rapture beamed!

Soft brown curls which clung and clustered  
O'r her olive neck and brow;  
Dimpled chin and cheek and shoulder,  
All forever quiet now.

Mellow cooing, rippling laughter,  
We may never hear them more;  
For the Lord Himself hath called her  
To His bright, celestial shore.

Did He know her clinging nature,  
Beauteous face and graceful mien,  
Would involve her in more danger  
Than we e'er could have foreseen?

Did he take her from the trouble,  
And the sorrow of this life;  
E'en to save her from its perils,  
From its dangers, and its strife?

We will trust it all to Jesus,  
Feeling sure He knoweth best;  
And we'll question not His dealing,  
But in His great love we'll rest.

Next we come to little Aaron,  
Whom his widowed mother sold—  
Sold away her new-born baby  
For a tiny bit of gold.

Less than seven paltry dollars—  
Price for human infant paid;  
E'en upon our Castle threshold  
Such a deal as this was made.

But the people who had bought him  
 Soon grew weary of his care,  
 And begrudged the small allowance  
 Daily spendend for his fare.

Then they brought him to the Castle,  
 Starving, dying of neglect;  
 There was no one else to save him,  
 How could I the child reject ?

“ In His Name ” I paid the money—  
 Rupees sixty, all they sought;  
 Just three time what he had cost them,  
 But I reckoned gold as naught—

Naught, when measured in the balance  
 'Gainst a human being's life!  
 And our babe had well-nigh perished  
 At the hands of this man's wife.

Long 'twould take to tell the story,  
 How we nursed him day and night—  
 Oiling, bathing, rubbing, feeding;  
 Aye, it was a desp'rate fight

To restore the little body,  
 Wasted till no flesh was there.  
 Milk we gave him through a dropper,  
 Thrice each hour, with tenderest care.

So unlike a human infant,  
 Wasted, wrinkled, wan was he;  
 But for many months, untiring,  
 He was nursed most tenderly.

Then an angel from the Father  
Came, one hot and sultry night,  
Bore away our baby Aaron  
To the realms of endless light.

Then I sat alone in sorrow,  
Disappointed, sore bereft;  
Those wee forms all sweetly mantled  
For the tomb, by fingers deft.

Then I questioned—"Why this sorrow,  
Why this grief and why this pain?  
Did I take these foundling children  
That *I* might some bliss obtain?"

Nay, but then, I'd learned to love them,  
And the sacrifice was sweet;  
And, somehow, I hoped to make them  
For the Master's service meet.

"All my labor has been wasted!"  
Thus, in bitterness, I thought;  
"All the wealth of love I lavished,  
All my hours, spent for naught!"

Pond'ring still in prayerful sorrow,  
To my heart contentment came;  
For I knew that I had done it  
"For His Sake" and "In His Name".





THE HAMAL



THE BUTLER,  
Serving Soda Water



## CHAPTER XVII

### OUR SERVANTS

There were seventeen of them—besides my dear little housekeeper, Miss Isabella Jane Belcham, whom I always called “Birdie”, and Mrs. Moses, my fluent interpreter.

Our quiet and dignified butler, who stood at the head of our large staff of domestic servants, was so competent, so kind; and, withal, so gentlemanly, that he commanded the respect of everybody about the place, servants, nurses, patients and guests. I never saw his equal, as butler, in any country. Never was his voice raised above his low-pitched, subdued ordinary tone; and yet the other servants fell into line, and obeyed his orders like well trained and marshalled soldiers of the regular army. A look, a gesture, or a whispered word was sufficient, and the *hamal*, boy, and other servants instantly obeyed. Nothing pleased him better than a house full of distinguished guests, and a big *Khana haziri*. On such occasions it was only necessary to inform the butler of the number of guests to be served, and he could be relied upon for the rest. During the entire term of his service in Khetwadi Castle, which extended over a period of nearly two years duration, I never once needed to say, “Butler, why did you do

thus?" Or, "Why did you not do so and so?" He knew his work far better than I could tell him, and I never found occasion to reprove or correct him.

The butler was a Hindu priest, and stood at the head of his caste. He was well educated in his own native tongue; and had sufficient knowledge of the English language to be able to converse fluently, and to read and write fairly well in that tongue. During his leisure hours he could usually be found sitting underneath the hall stairway, in a quiet corner, reading our English Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, or some other religious work which he had borrowed from me, or from some member of our household. Finally, however, our good butler fell seriously ill, and then his faithful assistants, rather than allow me to engage another servant in his place, did extra work, in order to hold his position for him until he should be sufficiently recovered to resume his former duties.

When he grew seriously worse I had him brought and placed in one of our hospital beds, and he was nursed and cared for as a regular patient. During this time he confessed to me his faith in the Christian religion and in the Lord Jesus Christ, but explained that he had maintained silence in regard to the matter for the sake of his wife and family. When he knew that death was near he decided that, for their sakes and especially for the sake of his wife, it would be best for him to die in his own home; and so

he was carried on a stretcher to his distant house in the native city, where his father's family resided, and where his own goods were stowed.

After his removal I visited him several times every day until his death. During my last visit I asked him if there were any requests which he would like to make before his death; to which he replied, "No, Doctor Sahiba, only this, pray for me. *Not here*, not now, because, if before all these people I profess my belief in your religion, they will persecute my wife and give her trouble after I am gone; but at home, at your family altar, and in private, pray for me—I know you do. I want you to know that I believe in the Christian religion, and that I die trusting in Jesus Christ." These were his last words to me, and so he passed away.

The *hamal* was a middle aged, care-worn native man, whose duty it was to attend upon the door, set the table, wash the dishes, dust the furniture and the like. "The boy" was a mere lad, but bright and intelligent. He waited upon the table with the hamal, and made himself generally useful about the place, cleaning lamps, running of errands, washing windows, etc.

Domingo, the cook, was a Goanese and a Roman Catholic. He never left the kitchen for any purpose whatever, except once daily, in the early, early morning, to go to the bazaar for the purpose of purchasing food for that day's consumption. His little assistant, a young native boy of his own caste, carried the provisions from

the market to the Castle, and waited upon his master, the cook, in various and sundry ways.

The *Ayah* (child's nurse, or lady's maid) is the only female domestic servant in India, except, indeed, it be the sweeper servant who may be either a woman or a man. In our Khetwadi Castle we required, and usually had in our employ, several *ayahs*. There were two child's *ayahs*—one who did day duty in the nursery, from 6 A. M. until 8 P. M.; and one who did night duty, from 8 P. M. until 6 A. M. These day and night *ayahs*, however, required constant assistance, and even more constant watching. They could not be trusted to attend to the little folks in accordance with instructions; and, as long as I was able to be out of bed, a night never passed during which I did not myself personally visit the nursery once in every two hours, or oftener, in order to make sure that all was well there. We had seven children in the nursery, all of whom were under three years of age, five of them being less than six months old. It required more than two hands, night or day, to supply the numerous wants of the nursery, and more than one nurse to preside successfully over our seven adopted babies. As often as possible I myself bathed the children in the evening, and my sister, Birdie, or some one of the nurses, looked after the bottles, and attended to the preparation of the condensed milk every two hours during the day. There was also the tall *ayah*, who assisted in the care of the children

during the day, besides serving in the capacity of chamber-maid in the hospital.

“The black *Ayah*” was a small, lithe, live, wide awake, dark-faced little woman, so full of energy, wit, good humor and kind-heartedness as to render her a general favorite among the servants, and a source of entertainment and amusement to patients, nurses and guests alike.

No one ever seemed to know just what her specific duties were; but that she was needed, always and everywhere, was apparent to all. Without anybody seeming to be aware of it the black *Ayah* really bossed, or perhaps it would be better to say led, the whole staff of servants in Khetwadi Castle. It was she who invented, suggested, and guided every new thought and enterprise. Had the black *Ayah* been less kind-hearted and generous, and more malicious, she would have proved a mischief-maker and gossip of the worst type. As it was, her influence always seemed to be exerted in the right direction, and tended to harmony and good-feeling rather than the reverse; and this, notwithstanding the fact that she as a great talker—the one servant about the place who carried all the news and spread all tidings abroad. Prompted by her kind, friendly heart, she always seemed to place the best construction upon whatever incident she wished to relate, and to attribute the best motives to all parties concerned; and, though a gossip, yet she seemed to be a harmless one. As a matter of fact we all liked the little,

ugly, black *Ayah*, and admired her in spite of her plain face and many personal eccentricities.

Bhanna, our good, one-eyed coachman, was a character; and to describe him would be a difficult task indeed. Though having marked characteristics of his own, and possessing a rare personality, yet, somehow, he seemed to be a very part of his rig—one and inseparable from his horse and carriage; while our horse Tom seemed to partake of the nature and *personnel* of his master Bhanna. They were both tall, lean, agile, spirited and quick in every motion. Bhanna loved his horse with an affection which was as genuine as it was deep.

Bhanna had been Tom's master during his own young days, when Tom belonged to a dashing young officer in the English army; and when he was so full of life and spirit that no coachman, save Bhanna only, dare undertake to lead him to water, or to ride or drive him. With pride Bhanna would tell of the devastation to carriages, and the peril to life, which had come about through the uncontrollable feats of his favorite horse, Tom. His pale cheek would flush with pride, and his one dark eye flash, when he recounted the various instances in which Tom's strength, energy, and high spirits had proven too much for his master and disastrous to his carriage.

Now, in his old age, for Tom was decidedly old and could no longer be fattened, he was still so spirited that I had found great difficulty in



engaging any coachman who would venture to drive him, much less undertake the constant care of him. Bhanna, however, as soon as his eyes fell upon the horse, recognized his old army officer's blooded steed, the pride of his own prime; and he at once begged for the position of coachman of the Castle. What a faithful servant he proved to be! I feel sure that Bhanna would have suffered for food himself rather than neglect Tom. Always ready, willing, obedient and loyal, Bhanna was an exceptional servant.

When called to visit an out-patient, night or day, I usually stepped to the upper veranda and called to Bhanna, "*Gari taiyar curro*" (make ready the carriage); to which Bhanna would instantly reply, in his own peculiarly pleasant voice with its rising inflection, "*Hai, Dr. Sahib, gari abbi taiyar hai!*" (I am here, Dr. Sir, the carriage is now ready.) And this in spite of the fact that he had not yet started, or was only just starting, to harness the horse. The reply was simply intended to convey the idea that the work would be done so quickly that it was equivalent to being then ready. And, indeed, it took Bhanna but a very few moments to prepare for a drive. Often, before I myself was fully ready, the carriage would be driven around to the front door; and, in his green and scarlet uniform, Bhanna would stand at the door of our handsome little brougham, waiting for me to come.

Bhanna was not long with us until he gave



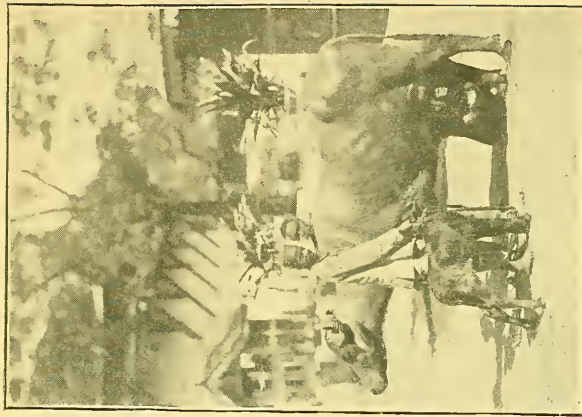
his heart to the Lord Jesus, and became an earnest Christian man, being baptized by our beloved Bishop Fowler, on Sunday, February 3, 1889, while the Bishop, Mrs. Fowler and their son, Carl, were guests in our Khetwadi Castle. The Bishop presented Bhanna with a Bible in the Marathi language, of which he was very proud; though he was quite unable to read. Afterward Bhanna often asked our good butler to read his Bible aloud to him, which the butler always seemed glad to do.

There is not much to be said about our little *Malee* (gardener) a quiet, slow-spoken, sad-faced; but, withal, rather ill-tempered servant, who attended to our *compound* (front and back yard, or lawns) and provided flowers for our dining table and hospital wards.

Nor is there much to be said about the two *Dirzees*, who sat in the sewing-room, and plied the needle from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 o'clock P. M., preparing wardrobes for the seven small children who had, so recently, come to us without an article of clothing. It was no small task to provide even the simplest, plainest garments for so many little folk, all at one time. Nor did it involve any trifling expense; although the clothing which I provided for them was of the plainest, and simplest description, though necessarily of a good quality; and, of course, in a climate like that of India, a large number of changes was really necessary for each child. The *Dirzees* were both elderly men; quiet, sedate, industrious, and good seamsters.



TWO MALEES [NATIVE GARDENERS]  
IN THEIR GARDEN



THE GHOWLEE OR DOODWALLA  
MILKING HIS BUFFALO



The *Chowkidar* (night watchman) was, like the coachman, tall, lean, strong and active. He kept guard of Khetwadi Castle and its inmates from late evening until early morning, walking up and down, around and about the Castle, to see that nothing went wrong; pounding his heavy cudgel upon the ground at frequent intervals, by way of notifying his mistress that he was really awake, and attending to his duty; occasionally, by way of variety and for the same purpose, shouting out in such a manner as to awaken the neighbors, if they were not accustomed to such weird midnight screams. During the day-time the *Chowkidar* was supposed to sleep; but, as a matter of fact, he was often up and about; ready, if necessary, to go of an errand, post letters, etc.

Concerning the *Dhobie*, or laundryman, an English writer has said: "I am an amateur philosopher and amuse myself detecting essence beneath semblance and tracing the same principle running through things the outward aspect of which is widely different. I have studied the *Dhobie* in this spirit and find him to be nothing else than an example of the abnormal development, under favorable conditions, of a disposition which is not only common to humanity, but pervades the whole animal kingdom. A puppy rending slippers, a child tearing up its picture books, a mungoose killing twenty chickens to feed on one, a freethinker demolishing ancient superstitions, what are they all but *Dhobies* in embryo?"

“Destruction is so much easier than construction, and so much more rapid and abundant in its visible results, that the devastator feels jubilant joy in his work, of which the tardy builder knows nothing. As the lightning scorns the oak, as the fire triumphs over the venerable pile, so the *Dhobie*, dashing your cambric and fine linen against the stones, shattering a button, fraying a hem, or rending a seam at every stroke, feels a triumphant contempt for the miserable creature whose plodding needle and thread put the garment together. This feeling is the germ from which the *Dhobie* has grown. Day after day he has stood before that great black stone and wreaked his rage upon shirt and trouser and coat, and coat and trowser and shirt. Then he has wrung them as if he were wringing the necks of poultry, and fixed them on his drying line with thorns and spikes, and finally he has taken the battered garments to his torture chamber and ploughed them with his iron, longwise and crosswise and slantwise, and dropped glowing cinders on their tenderest places. Son has followed father through countless generations in cultivating this passion for destruction, until it has become the monstrous growth which we see and shudder at in the *Dhobie*.

“But I find in him, at least, an illustration of another human infirmity. He takes in hand to eradicate the dirt which defiles the garment. But the one is closely mingled with the very fibres of the other, the one is impalpable, the

other bulky and substantial, and so the torrent of his zealous rage unconsciously turns against the very substance of that which he set himself lovingly to purge and restore to its primitive purity. Indeed, I sometimes find that, while he has successfully wrecked the garment, he has overlooked the dirt! Greater and better men than the *Dhobie* are employed in the same way.

“Such are the consolations of philosophy,

‘But there was never yet philosopher

Who could endure the toothache patiently,’  
much less the *Dhobie*. He is not tolerable. Submit to him we must, since resistance is futile; but his craven spirit makes submission difficult and resignation impossible. If he had the soul of a conqueror, if he wasted you like Attila, if he flung his iron into the clothes-basket and cried *Vae victis*, then a feeling of respect would soften the bitterness of the conquered; but he conceals his ravages like the white ant, and you are betrayed in the hour of need. When he comes in, limping and groaning under his stupendous bundle and lays out *khamees*, *pyatloon*, and *pjama*, all so fair and decently folded, and delivers them by tale in a voice whose monotonous cadence seems to tell of some undercurrent of perennial sorrow in his life, who could guess what horrors his perfidious heart is privy to? Next morning, when you spring from your tub and shake out the great jail towel which is to wrap your shivering person in its warm folds, lo! it yawns from end to end. There is nothing



but a border, a fringe, left. You fling on your clothes in unusual haste, for it is mail day morning. The most indispensable of them all has scarcely a remnant of a button remaining. You snatch up another which seems in better condition, and scramble into it; but, in the course of the day, a cold current of wind, penetrating where it ought not, makes you aware of what your friends behind your back have noticed for some time, *viz.*, that the starch with which a gaping rent had been carefully gummed together, that you might not see it, has melted and given way.

“The thought of these things makes a man feel like Vesuvius on the eve of an eruption; but you must wait for relief till *Dhobie* day next week, and then the poltroon has stayed at home, and sent his brother to report that he is suffering from a severe stomach ache. When the miscreant makes his next appearance in person, he stands on one leg, with joined palms and a piteous bleat, and pleads an *alibi*. He was absent about the marriage of a relation, and his brother washed the clothes. So your lava falls back into its crater, or, I am afraid, more often overflows the surrounding country.”

As a matter of fact, while all *Dhobies* may not be equally destructive to clothing, the *Dhobie* of Khetwadi Castle was not one but many, since we were ever searching for a better one; which, however, we never succeeded in finding.

The *Gowlee*, or *Doodwallah*, that dignified per-



sonage who walks into the back yard, erect as a palm tree, with a tiara of graduated milk-pods on his head and preceded by a snorting buffalo, is Gopal himself. The buffalo represents absolute milk and the pyramid of brass *lotas*, from the two-gallon vessel at the base to the one-quarter seer measure at the top, represent successive degrees of dilution with gutter water, taken from the roadside ditches. If interrogated as to the lack of cream from the milk received on the previous day, Gopal assures me that he supposed we needed milk for coffee and tea, not for butter making. That kind of milk has no butter in it, but if I want milk for butter-making he will supply me with a different kind of milk; which, however, will cost me something extra. His resources are very great, and he has various and sundry kinds of milk—there are kinds from which butter cannot be made, and there are kinds from which butter can be made. I tell him that I want the kind from which butter can be made, although I do not wish to make butter. Indeed, I ask him for the best quality of milk which he can give me. He then empties into my vessel a quantity of milk from the large copper vessel, at the base of his pyramid, assuring me that this is the best and richest milk that can be had anywhere. I bring my milk tester and pour a small quantity in, and then assure him that he has added precisely such or such a quantity of water to this milk. Whereupon he looks at me in amazement; and,

holding up both hands, declares that I am a goddess, that I have some witchery by which I can discover water, and the precise amount of water which has been added to the milk. After this I am able to induce him to bring his buffalo and milk it in my presence, which he does; and, if I continue to test his milk on each particular occasion, and to watch him while the cow is being milked, I will in all probability obtain good pure milk; but if, after the first two or three days of this method, I become careless, and trust to my *Doodwallah's* integrity, leaving him to himself, or to be watched by one of the servants only, I will very soon find that my milk is not the kind which will produce cream, or from which butter can be made; and, if I test it, I will find that it contains one-fourth, or perhaps one-half gutter water.

In addition to the foregoing domestic servants there is the *Matar* and *Matranie* (sweeper man and woman), who, in Bombay, are supplied by the English Government, and one of whom comes to the Castle two or three times per day, and carries away all filth and rubbish from the premises, sweeping up the back yard each time.

We do not in India board any servant; but, in the metropolitan city of Bombay, where English customs prevail to such a great extent, and where the rules of caste are less strictly observed than, perhaps, in any other part of India, the servants usually supply themselves, and often their families as well, with food from your



MATRANIE

MATAR

[Sweeper servants engaged in their ordinary occupation of carrying away the filth of the city.]



pantry. To partake of European food, from dishes used by Christian people, is supposed to break the caste of any native in any part of India; and, if this practice were reported at any caste meeting, the party thus transgressing the caste laws would be disgraced among his people, and would be considered to have broken his caste. Nevertheless this practice of petty larceny, among the servants of Bombay, is so universally practiced that it is tacitly approved of by them; and a servant is considered to have a right to whatever food he may need from his master's supply closet. Indeed, when the matter comes to the knowledge of the master and mistress, they are apt to overlook it, and they certainly will do so if they are generous, kind-hearted people, and consider how very small is the salary paid to their servants, and how insufficient it must be for the needs of a family.

Every morning immediately after breakfast, before any member of the family had left the table, and after all our domestic servants had gathered in and taken their seats around us on the floor of our pleasant dining-room, it was my custom to conduct family worship. Usually I read some passage, a chapter or more, from God's Word in my own English tongue, after which Sunderbai Powar, or Mrs. Moses, would read the same, or some other scripture lesson, in the Hindoostani language; so that all the servants could understand. However, nearly all our servants in Bombay were sufficiently familiar with the English language to be able to understand,

and even to speak in that tongue. After this a verse or two of some Christian hymn would be sung, sometimes in English and sometimes in Hindoostani, and then I would lead in prayer, my words being repeated by Sunderbai, or Mrs. Moses, in Hindoostani, sentence by sentence. At other times Sunderbai, or Mrs. Moses, would themselves lead in prayer in the Hindoostani language. At the close of the extemporaneous petition the Lord's prayer was always repeated in concert by all the members of the family, the servants often uniting with us. We never, while in Khetwadi Castle, had family worship in the evening, as we found it difficult if not impossible to get the members of our family together at any evening hour.

On Sunday afternoons, in the lecture room of the Castle, a regular Bible reading and prayer service was conducted for the benefit of the servants. This meeting was generally led by Sunderbai Powar; but I often attended it, and addressed a few words to the servants, and prayed with them. At other times I invited Mr. Bruere, the pastor of the native church, or Mrs. Bruere, or some other missionary, to conduct this service. The servants were all in the habit of attending this meeting regularly, none of them habitually absenting themselves, with the exception of the cook, who was a Roman Catholic, and the sweeper woman who did not live on the premises, and who could not be allowed to attend a meeting with high caste natives.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR OUR SERVANTS

During the evening of December 25, 1888, my sister and I gave a Christmas dinner to our servants. Everything had been previously arranged, and we had gone to as much trouble, labor, expense and painstaking as we could have done had the dinner been intended for a company of distinguished guests.

Of course there was no dining table needed, as our servants would not sit upon chairs at a table to partake of food. Therefore the dining table was drawn together as much as possible, and placed against the wall at one end of the room; while the servants sat around on the floor in a half circle. A large quantity of the best Indian rice had been cooked in the manner peculiar to India, and with it was served chicken curry, egg curry, fish curry and meat curries, prepared in the most delicious manner. Besides this we had other, ordinary kinds of food, such as we would use upon our own table, not omitting the inevitable Christmas cake and Christmas pudding. We also had fruit, nuts and sweets in abundance. My sister, Sunderbai, Mrs. Moses, several of our Christian nurses and I constituted ourselves servants to our servants on that occasion, and served them.



When all was ready, and a plate piled with delicious food had been set on the floor in front of each servant, but before any one had partaken of it, the black *Ayah* spoke up and said, "Now Bootlair, since the Dr. Sahib has given us this dinner, you should say grace as the Christians do." This she said in great seriousness. Then the servants all bowed forward until their heads nearly touched the floor, and the Butler returned thanks in a few, simple appropriate words, as any Christian gentleman might do in any Christian home. Of course my sister and I were greatly surprised at this; but among the servants it caused no embarrassment or constraint; and, immediately afterward, thinking they would better enjoy the dinner and visiting without me, I was about to leave the room, when the black *Ayah* detained me. She had risen to her feet, bowed in a low *salaam*, and began singing a sweet, sad, Hindoostani air, which she continued to its close.

Then she spoke again in words to the following effect: "Dr. Sahib, we have worked in many an English home, we have served many English masters and mistresses; and, when their great day comes, they usually send to us a little money, or a new *sari*, or *pugrah*, or some present, because it is their big day; but they do not come to see if we like it, or if we had need of it—they do not care whether we are happy or not. Never before in our lives did any master or mistress come down to make us a dinner, to

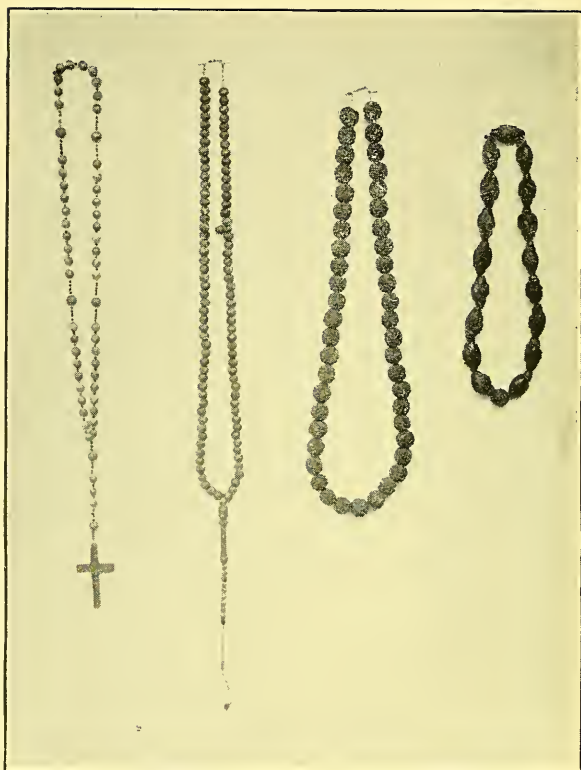
serve us with their own hands, or to enjoy seeing us happy. None of them ever cared if we were so or not. This is the greatest day of our lives. We will count our children's ages from this date, and will reckon all things good that come to us in our future lives as dated from this hour." When she had thus spoken she bowed low again and took her seat. Then the Butler stood up and said that the *Ayah* had spoken out of her own heart, but that she had expressed what they all felt.

I could not then leave the little company until I had answered their kind, appreciative words. I began by telling them about the great Father of us all; and how, when we had fallen into sin, He gave His Son to suffer and to die, in order that we might be brought back to Him, to His love, and to His home. This He did, not for me only, not for English people only, not for missionaries only, but for them just as much as for us; they were each and all His children, just as we were, and He loved them just as deeply, just as truly. I said, my gift of this dinner to you is nothing, it is the least thing that I can do; but He, the great God and Father of us all, so loved us that He gave His well beloved and only begotten Son, that we might not perish but might have everlasting life. The Lord Jesus Christ was born on this Christmas day; and ever since that time Christian people, the world over, have kept this day in memory; and, because God gave His Son for us, we have learned to

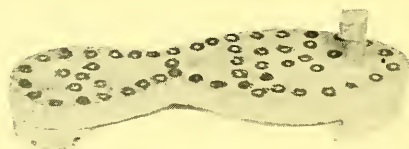
give good gifts to our friends, in memory of His great, best gift.

I cannot now remember all that I said on the occasion of that Christmas dinner; but I do know I said words to the above effect; and that I also exhorted them earnestly to accept God's great gift in the person of His Son, and to love Him because of this gift, and to accept the salvation that the Lord had purchased for them by His suffering and death. After this my sister, my nurses and I withdrew, leaving the servants to enjoy their dinner together, as we afterward learned they did most thoroughly.





ROMAN CATHOLIC ROSARY, MOHAMMEDAN PRAYER BEADS,  
HINDU PRAYER BEADS, BUDDHIST NUN PRAYER BEADS



SANDAL OF A HINDU FAKIR, OR RELIGIOUS DEVOTEE

## CHAPTER XIX

### HINDUISM, MOHAMMEDANISM, ROMANISM

It is a curious and an interesting fact that in India, among the Hindus and Mohammedans alike, we find superstitious prejudices and religious ceremonies and customs, in many respects, similar to those prevalent among the Roman Catholic people of our own country. Beads of prayer very like the Roman Catholic rosary are used by both Mohammedan and Hindu people.

Before us we have the picture of a Roman Catholic rosary, a string of Mohammedan prayer beads, and a string of Hindu prayer beads, all of which were purchased at the same place. The Mohammedan and Roman Catholic rosaries are so similar as to be indistinguishable, except for the cross, which is attached to the end of the Roman Catholic string, but not to that of the Mohammedan. These beads of prayer are used for the same purpose, and counted in the same manner by Hindus, Mohammedans and Roman Catholics.

The fourth rosary in the picture before us is a rare trophy from China, whence it was brought by Rev. and Mrs. Woodall, missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China.

The beads were presented to Mrs. Woodall by a Buddhist nun, whom she and her husband had befriended during a time of extreme emergency

and distress. Each bead is made from a very hard kind of nut, being exquisitely carved by hand into a Buddhist idol, and each bead represents a different deity. They are said to be very rare and costly.

During prayer the worshiper is supposed to hold between the fingers the bead representing the particular deity whom she, or he, wishes to supplicate.

The Buddhist nun, to whom the beads belonged, was clad in a single gray garment, which fell, robe-like, from the neck to the ankles. Her head was shaven and the scalp was marked, on the top of the head, by curiously shaped scars, where it had been branded by a hot iron.

Mrs. Woodall assured me that, in China, the Buddhists have nuns, monks, priests, and monasteries, similar to those of the Roman Catholic Church.

Hindus and Buddhists everywhere inflict upon themselves penance, and their priests require it of them.

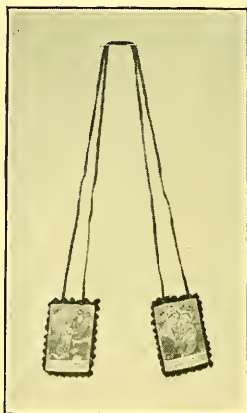
The sandal in the picture is rudely made from an ordinary block of wood, and is the kind worn by the Hindu *fakir*, or religious devotee. The tall, button-like projection near the toe of the sandal, passes between the great and second toes, being grasped by them in such a manner as to hold the sandal beneath the foot. The upper surface of the sandal is covered with small indentations, where sharp pebbles are placed, which serve to lacerate the feet of the wearer, as he makes his







TWO SILVER CHARM-CASES, SHOWING THE PROTECTIVE  
DOCUMENTS WHICH THEY CONTAINED



A DOUBLE, ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARM, OR SCAPULAR

journey to some distant shrine or holy river. Thus his feet are torn and bruised, and become inflamed and ulcerated, until, perhaps, he faints by the wayside, on account of this self-inflicted torture.

The two silver charms represented in the picture were presented to me by Hindu servants after they became Christians, and had been worn on their persons from early childhood until the date of their conversion. They are pure silver cases, or boxes, which fold over at one end, and can be opened at discretion. These boxes contain a bit of paper, which has been written upon by a Hindu or Mohammedan priest, in an unknown tongue. This writing involves heavy expense to the parent of the child who is to wear the charm; but, when a son is born to any father in India, his life is considered to be so precious that the father will go to any expense, and make any sacrifice, in order to obtain charms of this sort, with which to protect the health and life of his son. Such a charm worn about the neck, on the arm, or on any part of the person, is supposed to protect the individual thus adorned from the evil eye, from cholera, small-pox, leprosy and the like.

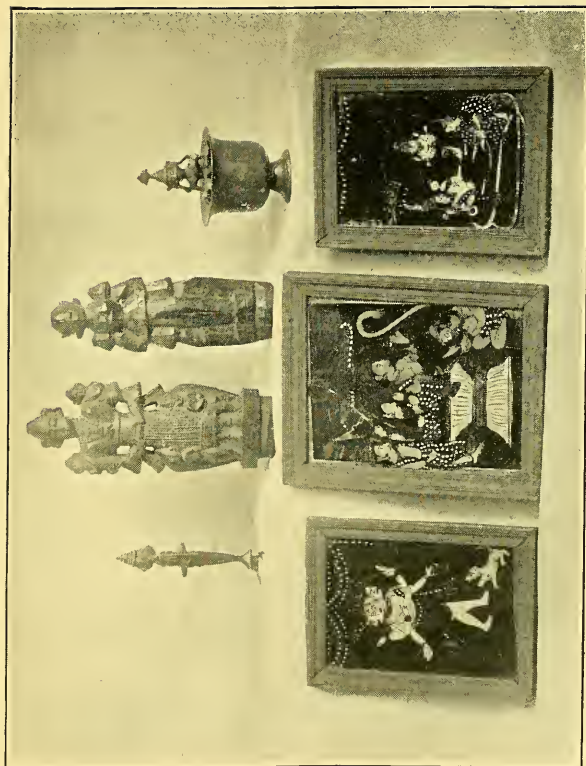
The silver cases containing the charm-paper, which has been written upon by the holy priest, may be made of almost any shape or size; but must be pure, unalloyed silver, and sufficiently large to contain the document. Young sons of wealthy Hindu and Mohamme-

dan parents are usually adorned with a large number of these charms, and each one is supposed to protect the child from some special harm. From wealthy parents the priest exacts enormous fees for his service of writing the protective words, and for performing the peculiar ceremonies necessary to make the charm effective.

The curious double charm, represented in the picture, is an old, well-worn Roman Catholic charm. The circular tape is sufficiently large to pass over the head, so that one charm hangs over the breast, and the other down the back. On one of these charms there is a picture of the Virgin Mary, holding in her arms the infant Christ, while both hold in their hands a double charm, like the one before you. Beneath the picture are the following French words, as nearly as they can be deciphered: "M. E. garde-le comme un gage e ma protection speciale."

The second charm has a picture of the Virgin Mary with the infant Christ, and a Roman Catholic priest kneeling before them, and reaching up for the charm, while angels, or demons, fill the air above them. Beneath the picture are the following French words: "E te le donne comme gage de pion amour et de ma protection."

The Hindu idol and worship, even, are not unlike the Roman Catholic Crucifix and manner of worship; for, while the Roman Catholic assures you that he does not worship the Crucifix, but only the Christ which it is supposed to repre-



HINDU IDOLS



sent, he does no more and no better than the heathen Hindu, who, if he be educated and well informed in regard to his own religion, will assure you that he does not worship the curious idols represented in the picture before us, but only the deities which these images represent to him.

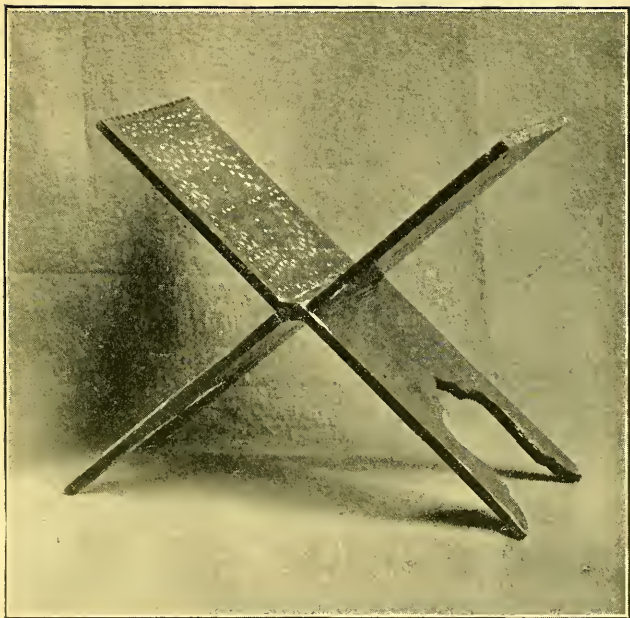
Among Hindu and Mohammedan people the masses are kept in ignorance, the priest only being allowed the advantage of a liberal education; and upon him devolves the duty of expounding to the ignorant worshiper the import of their religious books. As the laity in the Roman Catholic Church are not permitted to study our Holy Bible; so the Mohammedan common folk are not permitted to peruse their sacred Koran; so the Hindu masses are not allowed the privilege of reading their sacred books—the Veda, Rig-Veda, Yojur-Veda, Sama-Veda, and Atharva-Veda.

The picture before us represents an old, well-worn Mohammedan Koran stand. It is made of wood, and exquisitely painted by hand, so that the original material is entirely covered with the painted blossoms. It has the form of a camp-stool, and can be folded up and made quite flat.

The Koran is considered to be so sacred a book, that it must not be touched by the hand of any ordinary Mohammedan, even though he be able to read, and is permitted by the priest to do so. He may, however, study his sacred book on



special and stated occasions. This little stand is so arranged as to facilitate the reading of the Koran, while its sacred pages are protected from the contaminating touch of an ordinary mortal. The priest brings the Koran and lays it upon this little stand. Then the favored Mohammedan, who is thus permitted to peruse its pages, may bend above the open book and read without touching it. It is not often, however, that this privilege is granted.



A WOODEN, HAND-PAINTED KORAN STAND



## CHAPTER XX

### PATIENTS OF KHETWADI CASTLE HOSPITAL

Our Khetwadi Castle Hospital was capable of accommodating fifty patients comfortably; and, while it was never full, yet there was usually a goodly number of patients within its wards. To recall the name of each patient—to enumerate them, giving even the briefest synopsis of each particular case, would suffice to fill a volume, and would prove a heavy task. A few special, interesting cases, however, I will briefly mention.

There was the wife of Ellapa Ballaram, a wealthy Hindu architect of Bombay. My treatment of her really began on the 6th day of April, 1887, before the opening of my Khetwadi Castle Hospital. Later on, however, she came to my Hospital for treatment. She was my very first regular, pay patient in Bombay. Ellapa Ballaram was an exceptional Hindu in having but one wife, though wealthy and living in a fine residence in the English part of Bombay. His house was richly and elegantly furnished in English style; and here his one wife presided as the sole mistress. In this house there was one large apartment full of Hindu idols, and my little patient spent several hours of every day doing *puja* (worship). She was a very pretty and other-

wise attractive little woman; and her husband once said to me, "I like my wife because she is so pious." This confession was made to me in confidence. It is by no means considered to be essential in India that a man should "like" his wife; nor is it a matter that can be taken for granted. Indeed, it is quite exceptional for a native gentleman to be fond of his wife.

Mrs. Isa Dass was also a little high-caste, wealthy Hindu patient. She was admitted to our Hospital wards for a surgical operation; and had to be kept in strict seclusion during the whole term of her stay with us.

Mrs. Nanabhoy was a dear, little Parsee woman, who came into the Hospital for the purpose of an operation; and who became so much attached to us all, and enjoyed herself so well, that she remained long after complete recovery. Her husband was a wealthy, well-educated Parsee, reading and writing the English language, and speaking it fluently. He seemed anxious that his pretty little wife should gain similar accomplishments; while she, on her part, took a child-like delight in learning to sit upon a chair at the dining table, to use her knife and fork in eating, to converse in the English language, etc. Indeed, the nurses assured me that she protracted her stay with us for the express purpose of learning English; and familiarizing herself with European manners and customs. She was a bright, sunshiny, happy-minded, affectionate creature, and endeared herself to every-



MR. AND MRS. NANABHOY, OF BOMBAY



(MRS.) SHEWANTIBAI TRIMBUG KANALE





body in the institution. Her portrait scarcely does her justice, though that of her husband is excellent.

(Mrs.) Maneekbai Munchershaw Mody and her aunt were also wealthy Parsee ladies, who were admitted to the wards of our Khetwadi Castle Hospital for the purpose of surgical operations; and who proved to be most agreeable and delightful inmates of our Castle home.

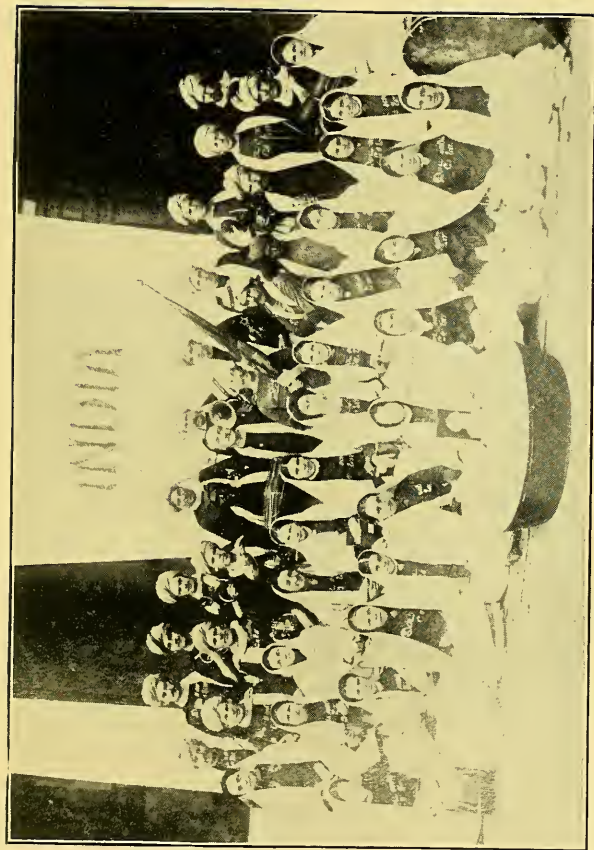
(Mrs.) Zehaira Beebee Tyabjee and her sister-in-law, (Mrs.) Zubedah Beebee Ali Akbar, were two very pretty and attractive young Mohammedan women; the daughters of two of the wealthiest Mohammedan men in Bombay. They were, each in turn, occupants of one of our private Hospital wards for a considerable period. Each made a perfect recovery, and left us reluctantly, having won the esteem and affection of us all.

(Mrs.) Shewantibai Trimbuck Canaran is a well-known native, Christian lady of Bombay. Her parents were Brahmins, but became Christians many years ago. For some years past she has been engaged in mission work in the native city of Bombay. She was also one of our surgical patients.

During the early spring of 1888, I was employed as attending physician to the women of the Salvation Army, in their Bombay headquarters; and all the "Lassies" of the Army, in Bombay, were under my professional care. On the 10th day of April, of that same year, Staff Captain

Blanche Cox, having been previously stricken with small-pox, was brought to my Hospital, and placed in the large upper, back ward of the wing, where she was isolated with her nurse, Mrs. Moses. Four days later Captain Minnie Johnson was placed in another bed in the same ward, on account of the same dire malady; and, two days later, Miss Frida Lantz and Miss Annie Hindmarsh followed. The first two of these became seriously, horribly, and dangerously ill; but all four ultimately made a perfect recovery, having no pock-marks or other signs of the fell disease to remind them and their friends of the terrible suffering and peril through which they had passed.

Mrs. Moses, who had small-pox during her early infancy, remained with my small-pox patients for a period of several weeks, until all possible danger of contagion was past. Night and day she nursed these four patients, never leaving the ward for any purpose. She received her food, and the food for her patients, through a trap door in the floor of the veranda, where it had been placed by a servant, leaving the trays and dishes in the same place again to be received through the same trap door later on, by a servant who would come for them after she had returned to her ward. How accurate in following out all instructions, how vigilant, how attentive, how careful, and how tender she was, only those who were thus cared for can fully understand. The adjoining ward was empty and under-



"THE LADDIES AND LASSIES", Officers of the Salvation Army in Bombay

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER

STAFF CAPTAIN BLANCHE B. COX

CAPTAIN ANNIE HINDMARSH

CAPTAIN MINNIE JOHNSON

CAPTAIN FRIDA LANTZ



going constant fumigation. Every morning and evening, before visiting my small-pox patients, I changed my apparel, and passed through this room which was being fumigated; and, after finishing my visit, I returned the same way, bathing and changing my clothing before visiting any other patients in the Hospital or elsewhere. Thus we made sure that the disease should not be spread by us—nor was it.

At this time, however, small-pox prevailed to an alarming extent in Bombay, and many cases were daily reported; besides these there was a still larger number of cases among the natives, in the native city, that were attended to secretly, and never came to the knowledge of the city authorities. Indeed, you were liable to meet a small-pox patient on the street at any time, or to sit beside one in the tram car. The natives take no sanitary precautions whatever; and when they are smitten with small-pox, cholera, leprosy, or any serious malady, they say, “*Yih hamara kismat hai; hamara munh men likhha hai.*” (This is my fate, it is written in my face.) They consider that no one is at fault, and never blame themselves for any misfortune which may befall them.

Miss Blanche Cox was born of wealthy, aristocratic parents in London, England, was converted in a Salvation Army meeting, united with the Army, and soon became private secretary to one of General Booth's daughters.

Later on, she went to India; and, at the time

of which we are writing, she was a tall, slender maiden, scarcely out of her teens, with a face as fair, mien and manner as graceful, a smile as sweet, and a personality as fascinating as was her mind gifted, her heart pure and unsullied, her character beautiful and her nature simple, childlike, and affectionate. Altogether Miss Cox was, and is, a charming woman. How courageously she bore her terrible sufferings, never seeming to consider the danger of disfigurement to her beautiful face.

During her long and tedious convalescence, for her health had been seriously impaired by previous fastings and hardships in the Army, a friendship as warm, tender and close as mortal friendships can be, grew up between my dear patient and her doctor. Seven years afterward, to my surprise and delight, Miss Cox visited me in my home in Omaha, Nebraska; and I, in turn, visited her in her Salvation Army headquarters in Denver, Colorado.

Frida Lantz came to India from Sweden, her native land. I know but little of her parentage. She was left an orphan in early childhood; but she loved the land of her birth, and often sang to us sweet, sad melodies in her native tongue, afterward expressing her heart's deep longing for her native land. Fair of face, as the children of that northern clime are wont to be, delicate in form and constitution, she seemed as frail and lovely as a lily; to know her was to protect her. Instinctively all felt like







Yours in constant sympathy.  
Blanche B. Cox



To my D<sup>r</sup> - through whose skill & love life was  
given back in Khetwadi Castle - Bombay.  
Blanche -

STAFF CAPTAIN BLANCHE B. COX, IN INDIAN COSTUME



shielding Frida from every sorrow, every hardship, every anxious thought. Dear, sweet, gentle child; we could not help feeling sorry that it had ever fallen to her lot to be sent to India as a Salvation Army officer. The work seemed too arduous, too difficult, and the responsibilities far too heavy for her sympathetic, affectionate young heart.

During convalescence Frida often entertained the patients in her ward, and her nurse and doctor also, by singing some of her sweet, native airs, Hindoostani *bhajan*, or Christian hymns in her pretty, broken English. Her voice was very tender and melodious, and her whole soul seemed to go out in the words of the hymn which she sang. A bird with joyous song, a drooping flower in the valley, a tender clinging vine in a native forest, a laughing child at play Frida seemed to be; but never a strong, self-sufficient, competent mortal, able to battle through life's rough tide. She always seemed to be sighing for the presence of her beloved doctor, and when the latter could not, on account of many pressing duties, be with her, then Frida wrote tender love-lines, or painted pictures of blossoms to present to her when she should next visit the ward.

"Hindmarsh" was quite a different sort of a maiden; and it never occurred to any of us to address her as "Captain", or, "Miss Hindmarsh", or even, "Annie"; just "Hindmarsh" seemed to be the only word that expressed the little woman who bore that name. She, some-

how, seemed made of a stronger, hardier kind of material; though, perhaps, not less charming than either of the two beautiful girls above described. She was not really pretty of face, nor delicate and graceful in form, but just a *good-looking*, attractive, winsome maiden—full of spirit, energy, and zeal in the Master's service—unselfish, kind-hearted, merry, generous, and, well, self-sufficient. It was not everybody who loved Hindmarsh; she would be liable to make enemies as well as friends, but we, at the Castle, loved her dearly.

Miss Minnie Johnson was not with us so long as the other three Salvation Army officers. Though very ill in the beginning, she recovered more quickly, and left the hospital before any of the others were able to go. She was afterward married to a Salvation Army officer; but both she and her husband soon left the Army, uniting with one of the church missions, just where, or what particular mission they became members of, I do not know.

There was another Salvation Army officer, whose name I have forgotten; but who, for a short time, was a patient in one of the wards of our Khetwadi Castle Hospital. She was a little native woman, and a convert from Hinduism. She had become a raving maniac, and no one about the place could manage her except Mrs. Moses, whose wonderful tact and skill did not fail her in this most difficult case.

It was my custom to read the Scriptures, sing



TWO PICTURES PAINTED BY FRIDA LANTZ FOR HER DOCTOR





a Gospel hymn and offer a prayer in each of my hospital wards every Sunday evening. My Hindu, Mohammedan and Parsee patients seemed to appreciate and enjoy these services quite as much as did the Christian patients. Indeed, our dear little Zubedah Beebee was never willing to wait until Sunday; but often, during the week, she would beg me to pray with her; and when I did so, kneeling at her bedside, she nearly always wept, holding my hand tightly within her own two tiny palms, and seemed to make the prayer her own. Afterward she used to say, "How beautiful it is to hear you pray, it does me good, it makes me better."

During the two years, less fourteen days, from June 15, 1887, to June 1, 1889, while our Khetwadi Castle Hospital was open, we treated a very large number of patients, and a great variety of diseases; indeed, nearly every disease to which mortals are heir, from the simplest form of malarial fever to the terrible cholera scourge, including small-pox, leprosy, insanity, malignant remittent fever, typhoid fever, guinea-worm, abscess of the liver, cancer, tuberculosis, and the even more horrible, and unnameable diseases.

Within our Khetwadi Castle Hospital wards were, from time to time, patients of almost every nationality:—Hindu, Mohammedan, Eurasian, Parsee, American, English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, Swede, Turk, and Jew—the rich, the poor, and the middle classes; represent-

ing every grade and caste of society from the poorest sweeper to the wealthy, high-caste Brahman; missionaries also of almost every denomination, from the simply appareled, plain-spoken Friend and the Salvation Army officer attired in the costume peculiar to the native of India, to the Church of England zenana missionary and the wife of the Church of England clergyman—all were treated in the wards of our Khetwadi Castle Hospital.

## CHAPTER XXI

### TWO DEATH-BED SCENES

It was a perfect night in February, 1888. The full moon, serene and fair, was at her zenith. The sky was clear as Bombay skies, during the cool season of the year, ever are. The stars seemed to vie with each other in brilliancy, and the verdant earth to rival the heavens in beauty. The tall palms, graceful custard apple, and luxuriant mango trees cast their shadows upon the cool, fragrant ground, shrouding it in a mantle of lace; while the banana trees, forming the hedge, cast shadows upon the earth that seemed like grim and ghastly spectres of darkness. It was the midnight hour, and the great city of Bombay lay asleep. The streets were silent, save for an occasional thump of the watchman's cudgel upon the resounding sod, his weird hourly shriek, or the screech of a night owl, perched upon some neighboring tree.

Within Khetwadi Castle all was silent as the tomb, save in one medical ward, where low-pitched voices might occasionally be heard; while softly clad, and silent-footed nurses moved noiselessly about through the dimly lighted halls, and into the chamber of death.

Mrs. L—, a middle-aged English woman, one of the medical patients of our Khetwadi Castle

Hospital, was about to pass into eternity. She had been with us only a few days, being most seriously and fatally ill when first admitted to the hospital. From the beginning, her sufferings were so great that, even had she wished to do so, it would have been well-nigh impossible for her to make any intelligent preparation for the great change that awaited her. Her husband stood at the foot of her bed, and her nurse, Mrs. Moses, waited near by, while I sat at my patient's side, holding her hand and counting the weak, fluttering pulse.

Suddenly the dying woman turned to Mrs. Moses and said, "Do you love Jesus Christ?" Mrs. Moses replied, "Yes, Mrs. L—, I love Jesus Christ." Then to her husband she put the same question. When he assured her that he did love Jesus Christ, she turned to me; and, with the same eager, anxious expression upon her face, she said, "Doctor, do you love Jesus Christ?" To which I replied, "Yes, dear, I do love Jesus Christ. Do *you* love Jesus Christ?" The face of the poor, dying creature now became livid; while an expression of mingled anger, hatred, remorse, despair and horror transfixed her countenance; as, staring downward into empty space, she hissed, "*No*, I do *not* love Jesus Christ!" With these words upon her drawn, stricken lips, and her face expressing all the bitterness and hatred that can be depicted upon a human countenance, she turned her eyes upon her husband; while he, overwhelmed with grief and

horror, crouched upon the floor, buried his face in his hands and cried aloud.

The end, however, did not come until the evening of the following day. In answer to an urgent professional call, I had gone to visit an out-patient, taking my interpreter, Mrs. Moses, with me. During my absence my sister remained in the ward with Mrs. L—, who still lingered on the border line of eternity. She, my sister, having witnessed this last, dreadful struggle, describes it as follows:

“I sat by Mrs. L— all the afternoon alone; occasionally moistening her lips with orange juice which I prepared and strained in the room and kept ready. She seemed to have no pain, and lay much of the time in a sort of stupor. Her pulse was very weak, and her breathing so light that sometimes I had to watch closely to see it. Once she fixed her eyes earnestly on my face and I inquired of her, ‘Do you want anything?’

“‘No.’

“Are you comfortable?

“‘Yes.’

“Still she searched my face.

“Would you like to have me read a chapter to you?

“‘No!’ she exclaimed very emphatically, ‘I don’t want any *Bible!*’ and her brows knit and there was a look of intense dislike on her face. I put my hand on her forehead and smoothed her hair. The look wore away and presently

she lifted her eyes to mine again and said, 'I am going to die?'

"Yes, very soon.

" 'I know it.'

"Do you not wish for any prayer?

" 'No. I don't want any prayer. I used to pray and read the Bible, but that was a long while ago—a *long* while ago, when I was young—in Sunday school. I don't want any now!'

"This was toward evening, and just when she closed her eyes her husband came. He had been working all day and watching with her all night till he was almost overcome with weariness and anxiety. He asked if he might lie on a couch, which was in the same room with her, and sleep; and I answered him that I would waken him if any change came. In a few seconds he was in a deep sleep.

"As I watched her face it seemed to me that I saw a subtle change passing over it. After about an hour she awakened and cried out to me, 'Oh, *carry* me!'

"*Dear Mrs. L—*, I am not able to do that, but I will lift you a little, and we will see if that will not make you more comfortable. I lifted her shoulders and changed her pillows.

" 'No, I want to be carried—I want you to hold me in your *arms*!'

"But you are so heavy, dear! Shall I call Mr. L—?—he is right here.

" 'No!' imperiously 'I want *you* to carry me!'

" 'Miss *Armstrong*!'

“ Yes, dear.

“ ‘ I want *you* to carry me ! ’

“ But I am so little, and you are so big !

“ In an instant she seemed to forget all about it and was unconscious again.

“ I had used up all my oranges and had sent for more. When the little black *Ayah* brought them, I began to make one ready.

“ ‘ Oh, carry me ! Oh, I want orange, orange, orange, I want orange ! ’

“ I glanced at her face while I hurried the preparation of the orange. It had changed markedly, and even as I went toward her with the juice she became unconscious again. After making sure of this, I went to rouse Mr. L—. He slept profoundly, but I shook him till he appeared to be awake. Then the bed began to shake and I beckoned Miss R—, who was just then passing the door, to come in. She came at once but was so terrified that she could not help me, and I asked her to send the black *Ayah* instead. Before the little black *Ayah* reached me, the patient was in struggles the most violent I had ever seen. It was all I could do to keep her on the bed. As soon as the *Ayah* came I aroused Mr. L— again, bidding him come quickly if he wished to see the end.

“ Mrs. L — had no apparent consciousness during the physical struggles of her death ; but the contortions were so violent that it seemed we were seeing the soul literally wrenched from the body by some invisible force.



“ After awhile the resistance of the body grew weaker and weaker and finally ceased. The pulse had become irregular as well as weak, and the respirations were far apart. A third time I stepped to Mr. L—, shook him desperately and said in his ear, Come, she is dying! In a dazed way, with the help of my hand, he rose up, came with me and stood near her head. I said to him, Look to her eyes for recognition—if she is conscious it will be for a moment only.

“ We waited a few seconds when, suddenly, her eyelids flew open, and her eyes fixed a strange look upon a point which seemed to be ten or fifteen feet distant, half way upward and to her right. The expression was a concentration of unutterable horror. I saw a look of anger sweep her face, chased by a look of terror beyond description. Beneath it her whole face changed, and she pressed her head backward into the pillow and all her body united in the same impulse, even to her hands and her feet, and she became locked in that attitude; then the look in her eyes began to deepen till it seemed that we saw into the secret depth of her soul. All that I have ever conceived of rage and fear in possession of a human consciousness could not, of itself, produce in a face an expression equal to what we saw in hers.

“ Her eyes seemed to widen more and more, and to grow more transparent, and to reveal more and more of the awfulness and utterness of the

anger and terror in her. Her husband cried out her name again and again and then—‘Oh, my God! My God! It cannot be! It cannot be!’

“I was fixed to the spot and dumb—thinking Oh, why did I call him! Why might I not have known!

“While we watched her, suddenly, the light of life went out, and left that awful look frozen on her pitiful face. We led him out of the room. He was stupefied. The face never regained its old look—never grew quiet and peaceful and sweet as the faces of most dead do. It had to be covered away from the sight of the living at last, still frozen in *that awful look*.”

That night, when I returned home from my out-visit, my sister related to me the above-described, painful experience; and my own heart was filled with horror, when I beheld the look of anguish on the face of the corpse. Yes, even when shrouded for burial, and lying in her coffin, the dead face still bore that expression, horrible to see; and friends, gathering for the funeral service, begged that the coffin lid be screwed down, and regretted having looked upon the face of the departed even for one brief moment. Strangers, friends and kindred alike, shuddered with horror when they beheld the almost fiendish expression graven upon the countenance of that dead woman.

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During the month of July, 1888, one of the leading missionaries of the Church of England,

of Bombay, came to see me in regard to one, Shewanthibai, a little Hindu girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who had been a pupil in one of the Church of England girls' mission schools of Bombay; but who was now ill with consumption, and was not expected to live until the morning.

He said he felt it to be only right and fair that I should know in advance the facts concerning Shewanthibai, and that she was considered to be a very troublesome patient. She had, within the last year, been admitted to nearly every hospital in Bombay, except my own, and had been successively dismissed from each, on account of her ill-temper, dissatisfaction with the care she received, and general bad conduct. Only a few hours before his call at my office she had been sent home to their mission, from one of these city hospitals. At the mission there was no suitable place for her, and no one who could properly be expected to give her the care she so much needed. She might die at any moment; indeed, it seemed unlikely that she could live until the following day. Would I admit her to my hospital, and allow her to die there? And could she come at once—to-night? It was already 11 o'clock at night; but I agreed to admit the poor little Hindu girl to one of my medical wards, and undertook to care for her as long as she lived.

Accordingly, Shewanthibai was, presently, brought in a carriage to Khetwadi Castle, and carried in the arms of Bhanna (being a low-caste

Hindu, she was not kept in seclusion) to one of our beautiful, large, upper medical wards; and put in charge of the night-nurse. I immediately examined her, and found her emaciated to a skeleton; and very feeble indeed, but not actually dying, as I had expected her to be. I ordered warm baths, oil baths, and alcohol baths, to be given alternately, at suitable intervals; also, small quantities of nourishing food every hour, in addition to the needed medicinal treatment.

On the following morning, instead of dying, our little patient declared herself to be very much better; and thus, hour by hour and day by day, she continued to improve, increasing in flesh and strength, until she and her friends believed her to be making a perfect recovery, and scarcely credited my words when I assured them that her disease was incurable and that, though now she *seemed* better, yet her condition was such as to render it impossible for her to make any permanent recovery. Not only did our little patient improve in her general health and strength, but she very soon gave her heart to God and became an earnest, devout Christian. It seemed to us incredible that she could ever have been peevish, or in any wise ill-tempered. She became the very soul of cheerfulness, and was like a ray of sunshine in her ward—dearly loved by patients, nurses, servants and all. However ill she might be, however great her sufferings were, to my inquiry she would always answer, “I am better, so much better, Dr.

Sahib.” Always, always *better*, according to her own report; she was happy, cheerful, unselfish, and deeply grateful for every service rendered. I had, of course, given her a good place in the hospital. Indeed, all patients who were admitted to Khetwadi Castle Hospital were treated alike, and were given all needed care and every possible attention. No trouble, no labor, no expense was spared in the care of our sick.

At the expiration of one month, as Shewanthibai continued to improve in health, strength, and in every way, her friends being persuaded that she would ultimately recover, the Church of England missionary sent a messenger with a carriage to convey her home to the mission. I happened to be out at the time; and, when the news was conveyed to my little patient, she became dangerously excited, wept bitterly, and begged the messenger to wait until the return of her doctor. When, finally, I did return, I was immediately summoned to her ward, and Shewanthibai, calling me to her side, threw her arms about my neck and, weeping, begged me not to send her away, not to allow them to take her from my hospital; saying, “Oh, Dr. Sahib, don’t let them take me! Don’t send me away! I just want to die here. It won’t be long. Won’t you let me die here? I have been so happy here! You say I must surely die. I want to die, I don’t want to live; but, Oh, let me die here!”

I could not resist her pathetic pleading, and, of

course, I assured her that she should remain, that nobody should be allowed to take her from us. Then she fell back, trembling and exhausted from this undue excitement and much weeping, but happy in the assurance that she would be allowed to die in her own pleasant ward, and among the friends whom she had learned to love so dearly. Then I went to my office and wrote a note to the Church of England missionary, telling him that I would make no further charge for Shewanthibai's board and treatment in the hospital; but that we could not turn her away, nor suffer her to be taken away, as she had begged so hard to remain, that I had promised to keep her.

For several weeks after this our little Shewanthibai lived on, the very light and joy of all about her, happy, contented, cheerful, "better"—the very soul of gratitude and affection. But the day of her departure finally came, when she must leave her dear hospital ward, and beloved hospital friends, not to return to any earthly home, but to take her joyous flight to the place prepared for her in her Father's house, among the many mansions.

She recognized the approach of the death angel, but felt no fear. All day, all night, we labored over her—for two days and two nights we looked for her death every hour. During the whole of that time, though necessarily very weak, her sufferings were not great; and she seemed in a transport of joy and delight. She wished us to be singing, or praying, or read-



ing passages from the Bible almost continuously. She would say to my sister, or to one of the Christian nurses, "Won't you sing to me? Sing something that has *glad* in it."

At the conclusion of the hymn she would say, "Read to me," always meaning Bible reading. Often she would ask me to pray; and so one or another of us was singing, reading the Bible, or praying with her almost continually night and day, during the last forty-eight hours of her life.

All through the last night I sat by her side and held her hand, or allowed her to hold mine; and, occasionally, I would say to her, "How is it with you now, Shewanthibai?" And she would answer, "Oh, I am happy, so happy." Then again, later on, I would say, "Are you still happy, Shewantibai?" To which she would answer, "Very, very happy." And thus it was throughout the whole night.

Finally, when she could speak only one word at a time, and that with difficulty, just before her spirit took its everlasting flight, I said to her, "Shewanthibai, are you still happy, are you still trusting in the Lord Jesus, do you feel his presence with you now?" To which she replied, looking upward, her face radiant with a holy light, "Yes, Dr. Sahib, I am happy, so happy!" With these words upon her lips she passed away; but the poor, wan, emaniated face did not seem like the face of a corpse; it was still radiant with the light of her "*glad*", departing soul. Every line in that tiny, dark, dead face was a



line of beauty; and we all gathered around and gazed upon it, and seemed spell-bound, and unable to tear ourselves away.

On the day of burial that wonderful expression of rapture still suffused her "glad", joyous countenance, having become a settled expression of unutterable joy and repose, making her seem like a sleeping child in a happy dream. Strangers, who never knew Shewanthibai in life, begged for another, and another look upon the face of the corpse. Friends who knew her before her conversion wondered, and were unable to explain the strange change in the expression of her face, and that look of joy which they had never seen there in life. Those of us who had witnessed the new birth, and who had known the beautiful Christian life that had sprung up and blossomed in our midst within the few short preceding weeks, understood it all, and felt that we had seen, as far as mortal eye *can* see an immortal soul, her spirit take its flight to realms of endless bliss.

At last we reluctantly suffered the cruel lid to be fastened down upon its rude, pine coffin, hiding from our gaze the sweet, young face, which was more beautiful in death than it had ever been in life—which, though bronze in color, irregular in feature, and emaciated to a skeleton-face, yet had been rendered most exquisitely lovely by the imprint of its beautiful, departing spirit, in its transport of delight at being called home.

## CHAPTER XXII

### OUR GUESTS

While residing in Khetwadi Castle, my sister and I enjoyed the privilege of entertaining a very large number of missionary guests.

In the great, European, metropolitan city of Bombay there are several fine, English hotels; but the rates charged for entertainment greatly exceed the limits of any ordinary missionary's slender means; and, at that time, there really was no place where missionaries could be comfortably entertained without having to pay an exorbitant charge. The private homes of the resident missionaries of Bombay were usually sufficiently large to accommodate their own families, and necessary missionary assistants; but not large enough to enable them to entertain several missionary guests, at any one time.

When missionaries are about to return to America on sick leave, or on any other account, it is usually necessary for them to spend a few days, or, perhaps, even a week or more, in Bombay before sailing, in order to make necessary preparations for the long, homeward journey.

When missionaries first arrive in India, and before proceeding to their several respective appointments, it is often necessary for them to remain in Bombay for a few days, or even a week

or more, in order to get news as to their exact local appointments; or, to prepare for a long residence in some inland town where clothing, suitable for such a climate, cannot be easily obtained.

Khetwadi Castle was so commodious a building that, while our regular, ordinary family, including student nurses, adopted children, patients and servants, was always very large, yet it seldom happened that the Castle was so full that we could not accommodate several guests in addition.

Thus it happened that I frequently received a hasty note from the leading missionary of some established mission in Bombay—Methodist Episcopal, Wesleyan Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Quaker, Christian, or Church of England—stating that there were several of their missionaries who wished to remain in Bombay for a few days, but whom they were unable to entertain on account of the crowded condition of their missionary bungalow; and asking if I would kindly receive and entertain these friends until they were ready to take ship for America, or to start for their inland appointment, or appointments. Never did I refuse such a request. First, because I could conveniently and easily entertain them all in my large house. Secondly, because my heart bade me do so, and I felt it a privilege and a pleasure to receive such guests at any and all times, and to give them the freedom of my home. And, lastly, because I knew the need, and sympathized deeply with

each particular missionary in this peculiar situation; and I felt a real pleasure in affording them the little help which they so sorely required at the time.

Thus our Khetwadi Castle was scarcely ever without a guest; and sometimes we had a large number of missionary friends with us for a considerable period of time.

During January, 1889, while the South India Conference was in session in Bombay, I entertained fifteen American missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church in my own home, for a period varying from ten to thirty-one days—several of the missionaries leaving before the others were ready to go.

Six of these missionaries, however, namely, Doctors Sheldon and Ernsburger, the Misses Blair and Black, and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Simons, insisted upon reimbursing me in full for their board during the entire period of their stay in Khetwadi Castle. This I, at first, refused to accept; but, when they told me that Bishop Thoburn had especially requested that they pay me a reasonable sum for their board, I accepted the money. Of course I did not keep a boarding house, and never received any money for the entertainment of any missionary except in this one instance, nor did I take these six missionaries with any such intention, or expectation.

I wish also to state, in this connection, that each of the above-named six missionaries contributed something, a trifle, toward the main-

tainance of my free dispensary for sweepers; which was the only amount of money ever received by me from any source, for this or any other missionary enterprise, or charity, which I carried on during my six and a half years missionary labors in India.

Among the many loved and honored missionary guests whom it was our privilege to entertain in our Khetwadi Castle, I am tempted to mention a few.

Two American missionaries en route from New York to the inland China mission, after a furlough in the home land, were with us for a period of two weeks.

Two stately and beautiful Quaker ladies, in their plain habit, stopped with us en route to their inland mission field.

Miss Robinson, an American missionary of the Christian Church, was with us for an extended period of several weeks, and won the love and admiration of all.

Rev. George F. and Mrs. Kate D. Hopkins spent three days with us in Khetwadi Castle, en route to his appointment as pastor of the Cawnpore English-speaking Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Mr. Hollister was with us during an annual session of the South India Conference, in Bombay.

Dr. Wycoff, a medical missionary of the Boston Faith Mission, came to us as a patient, and afterward became a guest.

Rev. and Mrs. Winters were both patients and guests within the Castle.

Rev. and Mrs. G. I. Stone were also, on several occasions, patients within the wards of our Khetwadi Castle Hospital, and beloved guests in our home.

Rev. William W. and Mrs. Carrie Bruere were likewise, at various times, patients and guests; as were Rev. B. and Mrs. Laura Mitchell, Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Jacobs, Rev. D. O. and Mrs. D. Stone Ernsburger, Miss Rumsay, of the Church of England, Miss Ellen Hall and Miss Louise Evans, Friends, and many others.

Bishop and Mrs. Fowler, and their son, Carl, were also our guests in Khetwadi Castle, in the latter part of January and until February 9, 1889, during his Episcopal visit to missionary conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Besides our many missionary guests of various nationalities, coming from all parts of India and from many a foreign shore, and representing nearly every Christian denomination, we had a large number of transient visitors. Several noble, self-sacrificing laborers in Bombay missions, who received small, insufficient salaries, and who were sacrificing their all in the service of our blessed Lord, were frequent guests at the Castle; and our servants had standing orders to prepare a comfortable meal and serve it at once, whenever any one of these missionaries called—no matter at what hour they might come, day or night.





BISHOP C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.





[MRS. MOSES WRITES TO FATHER]

KHETWADI CASTLE,  
KHETWADI BACK ROAD, BOMBAY,  
FEBRUARY 22, 1889.

*Dr. W. L. Armstrong,*

DEAR SIR: Doctor is sorry not to have written to you for so long a time, but she has been very busy lately. Bishop Fowler, his wife and son have been staying here during Conference; as have, also, four lady Doctors, and several other missionaries. Three of the Doctors were Homeopaths: Doctors Sheldon, Merrill and Baldwin.

Miss Armstrong is quite well, and is visiting the *chawls*, gathering the children for Sunday school, and inviting others to the church; so she is doing grand missionary work for the Master.

Doctor is well, and so are all the children. The children were baptized by Bishop Fowler on Thursday evening, the seventh day of February.

The coachman was converted a few weeks ago, and he was also baptized by the Bishop, on the Sunday before the children were baptized; so that we have had a good time lately.

Doctor was very pleased when the coachman gave his heart to God, and publicly confessed Him by being baptized.

The house has been whitewashed and done up; but, instead of looking better, I think it is worse. Some of the rooms were done over three or four times, and now the dining-room, private room and veranda walls are falling off, leaving great,

bare patches. The natives are so long at anything; then, when it is done, it very seldom pays for doing; but it is one way of teaching us patience. It is rather trying for Doctor, as she likes things to look well when they are done. Doctor will be able to write to you soon, as the company is all gone now; but it was almost impossible while she was so busy.

The butler was taken ill last week; and we are all very sorry. He does his work so well, and cannot be spared; but the *Hamal* tries to do his best while the butler is ill. When the *Hamal* came here he was very dull and stupid, but he has improved so much, that no one would think him the same person; and he is so obliging.

Mrs. Smith came here on the fourteenth of this month, to be trained as a nurse. She seems a very nice person, and willing to learn. Doctor also expects several other new students soon.

With tenderest love from Dr. and Miss Armstrong,

M.<sup>rs</sup>E. MOSES.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### A FREE DISPENSARY ON WHEELS

Down through the lowest slums of Bombay native city, where the streets, reeking with filth, are so narrow as to be scarcely more than lanes, where the gutters are most shallow, stagnant and foul, where the sun never shines except with a deadly ray at the noon hour, where the heat is well-nigh unbearable, the stench sickening, and where the awful, squalid poverty of the people is so appalling as to beggar description; there it was my custom, during my early life in Khetwadi Castle, before other pressing duties rendered such work impossible, to pay daily visits; and to drive up and down in my carriage through these narrow slum streets, examining patients at the door of my carriage, or on their own wretched doorsteps, and dispensing medicine along the way.

The people were too poor to pay even the smallest trifle for medical advice, examination, treatment or drugs; but their need was so pressing that it was a real delight to me to be able to supply, even in small measure, the terrible want.

The guinea-worm is one of the commonest ailments from which these poor people suffer; and, during my visits to these wretched slums, I was called upon to remove a large number of them every day.

The worm is found deeply imbedded in the flesh—usually in the muscles of the leg, or thigh, where it has grown from a germ. It is white and flat like a tape-worm; and, like a tape-worm, long and thin, being about as large in circumference as a knitting needle, only flat, and much longer. Indeed, it may be several feet in length. After having thus developed within the muscle, it finally makes its way to the surface; and appears on the foot, ankle, leg, or thigh, looking and feeling much like a boil. This must be poulticed, being very painful, hot, and inflamed. After the poultice has been applied for some days, the centre or head of the boil (which is really not a boil at all) may be pricked, and the head of the worm will then appear. This head must be grasped with a pair of dressing forceps, or tweezers of some sort, and gently drawn out.

This little operation requires exquisite care, as the worm is apt to pull itself away, drawing back from the forceps; and, if forcibly drawn upon, the worm is liable to break off at or above its neck. In this case the body will shrink back into the patient's muscle, where it will decompose, and thus give rise to serious trouble, as it cannot again be found without great difficulty, requiring to be cut down upon through the muscle to its deep-seated bed. With care, however, the worm may be gently drawn out. This is done by wrapping the head about a match, pencil, or something of the kind, and gently turning the piece of wood around and around until the worm

can be drawn no further without considerable force.

When this happens the stick, or pencil, must be tied fast in position until some hours later, or perhaps until the following day, when the match can again be rolled around and around, drawing the worm out a foot, two feet, more or less, until it becomes firm again. Sometimes this operation of removing the guinea-worm requires several days before the whole worm can be extracted. Sometimes it happens that several members of the same family are thus afflicted, or one person may have several guinea-worms at one time.

The disease is so common in Bombay native city that, during this street dispensary work, I was usually called upon to remove a worm at every second or third door on each side of the street. Besides the guinea-worm, there were many horrible cases of leprosy; and the poor, unhappy victims did not hesitate to implore temporary relief from their loathsome sufferings.

My first visits to this part of Bombay native city were paid in company with Rev. A. W. Prautch, a missionary of the Parent Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but, later on, I went alone, accompanied only by my interpreter or a nurse.

During this medical work in the slums, I never did any regular street preaching; but, now and again, wherever opportunity afforded, I pointed individual patients to "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

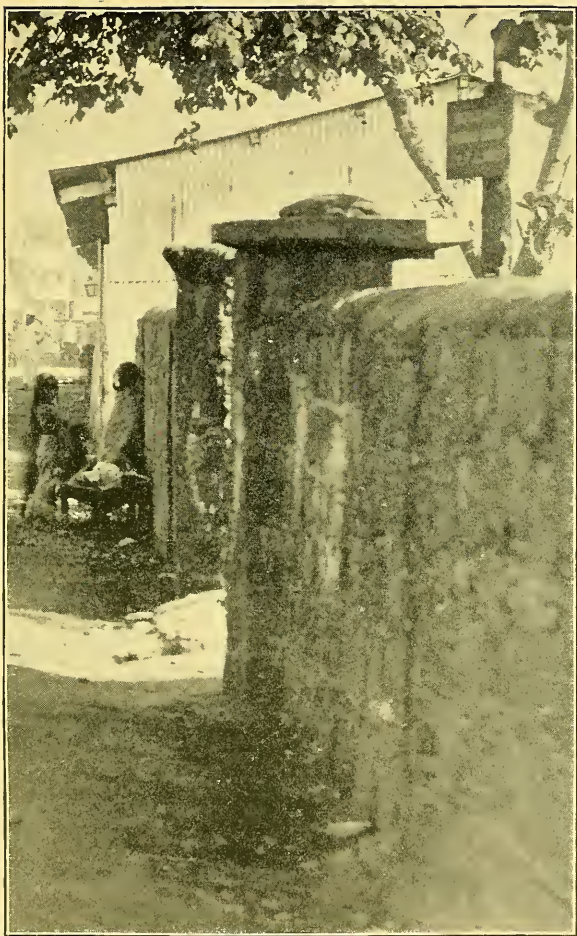
## CHAPTER XXIV

### A SWEEPER DISTRICT

As Her Majesty, the gracious Empress of India, has provided asylums for the insane, hospitals for the diseased, places of refuge and restraint for the rabid; and quarantine hospitals for poor mortals who are stricken with leprosy, cholera, small-pox, and other fatal and contagious maladies, in order that their neighbors and friends may escape infection; so has she provided "Districts" for her sweeper population, in order that the higher caste community may escape the contamination of their touch.

During the early spring of 1888 my friend, a Methodist Episcopal missionary of the Parent Board, Rev. A. W. Prautch, during one of his frequent calls at the Castle, informed me that the poor sweepers, in each of their several districts, were dying at the rate of from eight to twelve per day, from a very malignant form of remittent malarial fever, brought on by the crowded condition of their districts, insufficient food, and from many other unwholesome and baneful conditions peculiar to their surroundings and manner of life. He begged me to visit one of the districts with him, assuring me that nothing was being done for their relief; and that there was no source from which they could re-





ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE BOMBAY SWEEPER DISTRICTS



ceive medical aid. I promised to take him in my carriage to one of the sweeper districts on the following morning at six o'clock. Upon this visit I wish to invite you, dear reader, to accompany us.

Promptly at five o'clock, as usual, my good butler brings the *chhota haziri*, consisting of a cup of hot tea and two thin slices of dry toast stingily spread with buffalo butter. Half an hour later Mr. Prautch arrives, and finds me ready and waiting. Tom, my horse, harnessed to the brougham, stands at the front hall door; while Bhanna, tall, lank and wiry; but quick and supple as a wild panther, and able to see more with his one eye than most men can see with two, waits with his hand upon the carriage door.

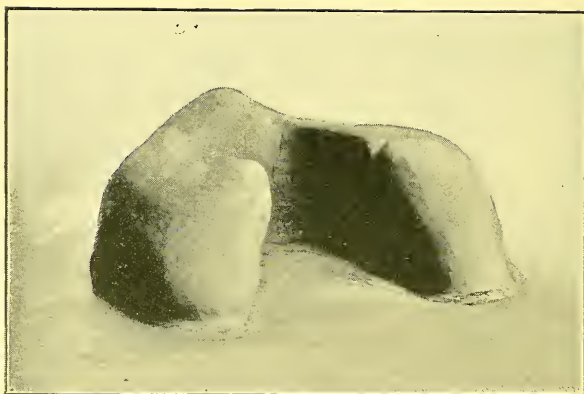
A short drive through Khetwadi Back Road brings us to Grant Road; and we drive along at the left of the tramway; for in India one always keeps to the left, not to the right side of the road, in riding, driving or walking. Soon we reach the market, and thence pass through the bazaar into the native city.

On through the narrow, crowded, filthy streets of the native city, and down to the lowest slums we go. At length Bhanna brings his carriage to a halt, and informs us that he can proceed no further, as the streets have become so narrow that they will no longer admit the passage of our carriage. We now alight and pick our way through the narrow, filthy alleys; so narrow, indeed, that we are obliged to walk single file.

At length we come to a rather low, crumbling wall. We pass around this wall until we find a small gate-way. This small opening in the wall admits us to the interior of the sweeper district; and when you have inspected this one, you know what every other sweeper district in Bombay is like, as they are all built upon the same plan.

Having passed through the little gate, we now stand in the open court. Above our heads is the smokey, gray-blue sky; and this is the only *clean* spot to be seen. Beneath our feet is the ground floor of the enclosure; very much littered and reeking with filth. Opening into the wall from this court-yard, at the right of us, at the left of us, and in front, at an interval of from eight to ten feet, are doors. These are like old-fashioned, double barn-doors, which close in the centre; and may be fastened at the top by means of a padlock. Passing through one of these doors, we enter a tiny room from eight to ten feet square, and with ceiling so low that your hand can easily reach it. Its floor is on a level with the court-yard, a ground floor, without cement, carpet, matting, or any intervening substance to protect our feet from the unwholesome, filthy soil. There is no door except the one through which we have entered, leading into the court-yard; no window, no hole through which God's sunlight and fresh air may enter. The walls are built of brick, and plastered over with mud; the ceiling also is plastered with





A MUD COOK STOVE

mud. There are no pictures upon the walls, no articles of furniture in the room, no comforts or conveniences of any sort. There is no bed, chair, stool, table or crockery. Behind the door, in the corner on the floor, you will observe the cook stove; but you will not recognize it as a stove of any sort. It is one foot or less across the top, and stands six inches high from the ground. It is moulded from common soil, and dried in the sun; and, as often as it crumbles down, another is made by one of the little daughters-in-law of that home. Its shape is that of a horse-shoe, being hollow in the centre, open at the top and bottom, and having a small opening at one side. A little fire is kindled in the centre, and the *degcha*, a copper cooking utensil varying in size and shape, is placed upon the top, and thus the rice for the family meal is cooked. The fuel used for this purpose is cow-dung. This is gathered from the streets, moulded by hand into cakes, and dried in the sun. This is the only fuel that these poor people can afford.

Near this home-made, hand-made stove, may be seen one large flat stone, and upon it another round, or oblong, stone, something like a wooden rolling-pin, only shorter. These two articles constitute what is called the "curry stone", used for grinding the curry stuff, which consists principally of peppers, green and ripe. Of course the wealthier natives purchase all manner of species for their curry stuff; cloves, cardamom, allspice, cocoanut, etc. The poor sweepers, however, are



not able to afford these luxuries, and their curry stuff contains little that is palatable; but has the pepper which renders it hot, and enables them to eat the rice with relish. If they are able to purchase some cheap fish, or vegetables, this is a great addition, and luxury; but often the most they are able to afford is some green leaves or weeds, gathered from the road-side on the outskirts of the city. The peppers thus ground, and the fish or vegetables, are then cooked with a little *ghee*—rancid butter which has been melted. This is eaten with the boiled rice, and constitutes the one scant meal per day which these people allow themselves, and which is the same every day throughout the year.

In this blessed land of America we often hear people speak of the difficulty of obtaining a variety in diet; and there are seasons in the year when our thrifty housewives complain of the difficulty they find in providing appetizing and tempting dishes from the market supplies. We would think it hard indeed if we were obliged to subsist upon one meal a day, and if that one meal must consist of the same two articles the year around.

The little mud stove in the corner has no chimney, no stove pipe hole and no means of escape for the smoke; which must, therefore, come straight into the face of the cook and fill the room. In addition to this little stove, the curry stone near by, and a copper *degcha* or two, there may possibly be seen a long wooden spoon,

which serves to stir the cooking rice. With the exception of these three or four articles, there is absolutely no furniture in this little place; which must serve as the *home* of a large family of sweepers.

There can scarcely be a small family among the natives of India; as you will readily see when you remember that a son never builds a new home for himself and his young bride, but brings her home to his father's house. If there be a dozen sons they all do the same; and they all remain at home as long as their father lives, and even afterward; for, in case of the father's death, the eldest son takes his place; and all the younger brothers pay over their earnings into the hand of this elder brother, as they did before into the hand of their father. The father is master of the house as long as he lives; his chief, or favorite wife, is the mistress of that home as long as she lives. Her daughters-in-law are her servants, her slaves.

In these sweeper districts only one tiny room is allowed for one family. You will wonder how so many persons can possibly live in a room of such small dimensions. They cannot, of course; it would be impossible for them all to lie down upon the floor to rest at night in such a small place; they must, therefore, of necessity sleep in the open court. To describe one home is to describe them all, for each one is exactly like every other.

The court-yard is perhaps fifty by seventy feet

in size; and each sweeper district is supposed to accommodate about two hundred persons. On the occasion of this, my first visit, I found the court-yard very much crowded, although it was the morning hour, when all who had employment were away from home, engaged in their regular and only occupation of sweeping, and carrying away the filth of the city. Of those who remained behind a large number were ill, and lying flat upon the ground; the men enveloped in their one scant garment, or *dhoti*, the women in their *sarees*. A few, however, of these ill folk, enjoyed the luxury of a cot. Four wooden legs with four poles extending between; and a coarse, coir rope interwoven across the top—this constitutes the cot. A few of these cots were covered with small pieces of old, worn out, floor matting, which had been picked up from the litter of some European back yard, and which now served to protect the emaciated forms of the invalids from the rough cords of rope. No mattress, no straw or hay tick, no quilt, no blanket, no rug of any kind, no sheet did I ever see on a cot in any sweeper district. Indeed there were very few cots, the majority of the sick folk being obliged to lie upon the filthy ground.

Mr. Prautch soon established himself in one corner of the court-yard, and began to preach to the people in their native language; while my interpreter and I went about, in and out, among the patients; I examining them, and prescribing; she administering the remedies, and inter-

preting my questions and their answers. Some of them had glazed eyes, several were actually dying; many were so ill that they never knew a stranger bended above them, and were unable to swallow even a drop of liquid medicine.

At ten o'clock we made our way out through the little gate into the open space just beyond the sweeper district. Here the poor sweepers fairly besieged us, prostrating their bodies in the dust at our feet and imploring me to remain a little longer; to see another, and another, and another suffering one. One poor woman came entreating me just to step into an alley and see her mother, who was dying, but who would, she said, be saved by my English medicine. Another brought her babe, weeping and praying that I would examine it and prescribe. Yet another had a son who could not walk to me, but whom she was sure I could rescue from the grave if I would only stop a moment to see him. These calls, though urgent and pitiful, were so numerous that I knew the whole day would not enable me to see all of the many sick people who needed attention. I promised to return at six o'clock on the following morning, and asked them to have all the patients collected inside of the court-yard; so that I could see them all without having to go about from place to place, and thus save time. Then the poor sweepers moved aside and allowed me to pass on homeward.

The following morning found me in this

sweeper district at the appointed hour; and I promised to come every morning at six, and to remain until ten o'clock, and so I did. I did not go to the same district every day; but to one district one morning, to another the next, and so on, until I had made the rounds of all the sweeper districts in the city; and then began again at the one first visited.

Each morning, at the close of my medical rounds, it was my habit to stop in the shade of a great tree just outside of the sweeper district; or, where there was no tree, in the little open space which is nearly always found at that point; and very soon a crowd of men, women and children, of the sweeper caste, would gather about me. Mrs. Moses would then read a passage of scripture in the Guzratti language, and sing a hymn. After this we would all kneel upon the ground, and I would offer prayer, Mrs. Moses interpreting what I said, word by word; so that the poor people might know what I was taking to the Lord about. After prayer I would select some one of the many beautiful passages from the Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and suggest to Mrs. Moses just a few leading thoughts, such as seemed to be the natural outgrowth of the text; and with these suggestions she would preach to them in the Guzratti language.

Of course I could not understand a word of that native tongue; but I have been assured by missionaries, who occasionally accompanied me on such occasions and who understood the lan-

guage, that she really preached beautifully, and with great power and eloquence. After this short address, another hymn, and perhaps a few words from me, interpreted by Mrs. Moses; we then returned to our waiting carriage and to Khetwadi Castle.

Before I could go to the breakfast table, or mingle with other members of the family, however, I must bathe and change my apparel. Omitting this precaution, in a single instance, would be liable to interfere seriously with my practice among the wealthy classes. My servants would certainly report the matter; and no wealthy, high-caste patient would come to me for treatment after I had been in a sweeper district, unless I had taken every such precaution.



## CHAPTER XXV

### OUR FREE DISPENSARY FOR SWEEPERS

There being several sweeper districts in Bombay native city, and the needs of each being so many and so urgent, I soon found that the few morning hours which I was able to devote to this great work were not sufficient to enable me to attend upon even the most serious cases. I therefore dedicated one large, lower room in the back wing of Khetwadi Castle for the purpose of a dispensary for these poor sweeper people. Also a somewhat smaller, but light and pleasant communicating room, I utilized as an examining office.

From two o'clock until four in the afternoon this dispensary was supposed to be open; but, as a matter of fact, it was seldom closed before six o'clock in the evening. To this, our free sweeper dispensary, crowds of men, women and children came daily; and brought their friends, afflicted with cholera, small-pox, leprosy, and every other serious and fatal, as well as trivial, malady to which mortals in that climate are heir. They filed in at the right hand door, the moment it was unbolted in the afternoon, and seated themselves close together on the right side of the great apartment, which was large enough to accommodate nearly two hundred per-



sons. One of my nurses, sitting near the entrance door, recorded the name, age, and all necessary particulars concerning each patient, and then passed them on to me. When I had examined them, they passed on to the medicine cupboard, where my dear little interpreter, Mrs. Moses, administered the drugs which I had prescribed; after which they passed around and out at the left hand door, from the same side of the house at which they had entered.

Not only did I administer drugs of the best quality, and anything and everything which was needful; but I also supplied a great deal of nourishment. Many of these sufferers were found to be in a condition of chronic starvation. On the lowest shelf of the medicine cupboard stood a row of large, open-mouthed, earthen jars, filled with oat-meal, rice, flour, and other nutritious articles of diet. The shelf above these jars was filled with bottles containing meat extracts, broths, soups, and other nourishing English preparations. When I found a feeble old woman or man, or a wee infant, in a state of chronic starvation, I prescribed some one of these nourishing and easily digested meat extracts, broths or soups. In cases where the patients were more rugged, and perhaps in the prime of life, Mrs. Moses would take a bowlful of oat-meal or rice and give it to the patient; if a woman, she would tie it in the corner of her *sari*; if a man, he would tie it in the corner of his *dhoti*; and, having received full directions as

to the correct mode of preparation of this special kind of food, they would go their way gratefully; and take the food at stated intervals, as though it were some medicinal preparation.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### OUR FREE SCHOOL FOR SWEEPER CHILDREN

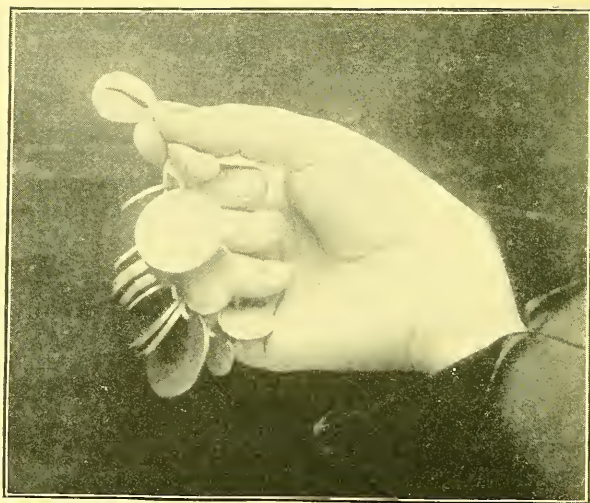
Though I was spending from three to four hours in the sweeper districts every morning, going from couch to couch, and from one prostrate form to another, administering remedies, and doing whatever was needful for these poor stricken, suffering, starving sweepers; and, though our dispensary was open from two to four hours every afternoon, I soon found that even this was not sufficient to meet the needs of the sweepers of Bombay native city. The sweeper children thronged the streets of Bombay, many of them not knowing *who* their true parents were, not knowing which of the many rooms in a certain district was their home. Unrestrained, untutored, undisciplined, they live upon the streets, stealing a bit of food here and there, picking it up from the streets—potato peelings, or cores or rinds of fruit—or gathering it from garbage barrels. Thus they become learned in all manner of vice, fluent in the use of many languages; but ignorant, absolutely ignorant, of every right thing, of every pure, ennobling principle.

For many days I cast about in my mind to know what I could do for the sweeper children. Soon I decided to dedicate another large room,

one adjoining the dispensary, on the lower floor of the back wing of our Khetwadi Castle, for the purpose of a free school for the children of the sweeper community. A fine, large, bright room it was, having two large windows on its western exposure, and two large, folding doors opening through its eastern side into a deep veranda, and into the back yard, or *compound*, of our Khetwadi Castle.

We required no benches, desks, or chairs for this school, as all natives sit upon the floor, and a sweeper would scarcely know how to occupy any kind of an elevated seat. Maps, slates, pencils, pictures, etc., I did provide—everything which would be required in a primary school, where children go for the first time, without any knowledge of books or ever having previously entered a school-room. A native Christian sweeper, who had been educated in one of our Christian mission schools, and who was competent to teach, I engaged. The difficulty which confronted me was that of collecting the children together, and inducing them to regularly attend school. This, Mrs. Moses assured me, would be a thing well-nigh impossible of accomplishment, as these children had never been accustomed to any kind of restraint or discipline. It would be difficult to keep them quiet, to hold their attention, or to induce them to do anything except that which they might be prompted to do by their own wild, untutored, unrestrained natures. Obedience was a thing utterly unknown to them ;





A STRING OF INDIAN MONEY

although abuse of every sort, kicks, and beatings from the people of their own caste, and abusive language from others, had been their daily portion nearly all their lives.

The string of money in the picture before us represents the various coins peculiar to India. The *rupee*, a silver piece almost the exact size of a silver half-dollar, is the largest Indian coin; and is worth about thirty-three cents. There are hundreds, I suppose thousands, of people in India who are so extremely poor, and who have spent their lives in country villages where all the people are so poor, that they have never in their lives even seen so large a piece of money as the *rupee*; and would not recognize it if they were to see it. There are sixteen *annas* in one *rupee*; and one *anna* is equal to about two cents. A tiny sea-shell, like that in the picture, also passes for money in India. It is called a *cowrie*, and is worth about the one one-hundred and twentieth part of a cent.

In the interior of India; or, “up country”, as we say there, the usual wage of the sweeper is from two to four *rupees* per month, without board. We do not board any of our native servants in India. In Bombay, however, where living expenses are greater, sweepers are employed by government, and receive a higher salary than in any other part of India, the regular amount paid them in Bombay being fifteen *rupees* per month. This is considered to be very handsome wages, and it is a matter of surprise



that the sweepers of that city are yet so desperately poor. This fact is due to various causes. As above intimated, the expense of living in Bombay is considerably greater than it is in the interior.

Of course there is not employment for all. Only a few, comparatively, can obtain service. Often the family is large; and perhaps only one person in the family has regular employment, the others being idle. On account of the larger salary given there, sweepers flock from suburban towns and from the interior to Bombay, seeking employment. Relatives also gather from distant villages, and are dependent upon their Bombay friends for support. Often it happens that the one individual in the family who is earning wages falls ill; and then the whole family is in want of the direst kind. Vacancies, arising through sickness and death, are quickly filled from the ranks of the many who are idle and waiting for such openings.

Thus the children, who are too young to obtain employment, are driven to the streets to steal, or to gather from garbage barrels enough food to keep themselves from starvation.

Soon after deciding upon a free school for these vagabond, sweeper children, I sent Mrs. Moses and my other Christian nurses to all the sweeper districts of Bombay, and up and down the streets of Bombay native city, to announce to sweeper parents and their children that each sweeper child, who would come to the hospital dispensary

at nine o'clock on the following Monday morning, would receive a gift of money.

Saturday afternoon I sent my butler to the bank with several *rupees* to be changed into *pies*. The *pie* is the smallest copper coin, worth about one-sixth of a cent. My school-room was in readiness, and my native Christian teacher on hand, to greet the crowd of sweeper children who gathered at the appointed time. They were seated on the floor of the school-room, and listened attentively while I acquainted them with my plan.

I found no difficulty in making myself understood, as these vagabond children had, on the streets of Bombay, acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language to be able to understand and answer me in English. I represented to them the many and great advantages of an education, and endeavored to inspire in their young hearts an ambition for something better than anything which they had heretofore hoped for; representing the possibility of their gaining English Government appointments, clerkships, etc., if they would only acquire sufficient education to enable them to fill such positions. I then presented each child with one *pie*, and promised to give another to every one who would remain until the close of school, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and who should prove attentive and obedient during school hours. There was no need to dismiss them at noon, as there is but one meal per day in the sweeper home, and that oc-

curs late in the evening; so that it was not necessary for them to return to their homes for dinner at the noon hour. I need hardly say that every child remained until the close of school, when they each received another *pie*. This was a great thing for these poor sweeper children. I doubt whether many of them, if any, had ever before in their lives owned so much money as one *pie* in their own right. As I presented the second *pie* to each pupil, I promised another to every one who would return on the following morning at nine o'clock, and remain until four, being attentive, studious and obedient during school hours. I never again gave *two pies* to any one pupil during a single day; but one only, and that at the close of the school, to all who had fulfilled the conditions.

Our school-room never lacked for pupils; and it rarely happened that a single pupil was tardy, disobedient, or in any-wise unruly.

Having established my free school for the sweeper children, I immediately decided to have a Sunday school as well. At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, for we had school on Saturday as well as on every other day in the week, I invited the children to return on Sunday at nine o'clock, as usual, and promised them, in addition to the usual *pie*, a treat of sweets.

Native sweets are very delicious. They are not hard, like cheap American candy, but soft, delicious and very cheap. For a small amount of money I was able to get a bucket full of these

delicious candies, which I provided on the preceding Saturday. Our Sunday school was not merely one of an hour, or two hours session; but continued from nine o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. It seemed as necessary to keep the sweeper children off the streets on Sunday as on any other day in the week; and far more necessary to teach them the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, than to teach them the rudiments of an ordinary education. On Sunday, therefore, my sister, Mrs. Moses, my other Christian nurses and I went down to the school-room; and there we conducted an all-day Sunday school for these poor sweeper children; teaching them the blessed truths of the Gospel, singing, praying and talking. Of course there were Sundays when I could give them only a part of the time; but there were other teachers enough to keep the Sunday school open during the whole day.

We found the children bright, intelligent, interested, apt to learn, quick-witted; and altogether equal to any crowd of children that could be found in any land. They were quiet and attentive throughout, never giving trouble of any kind during the day school, or during the Sunday school; and this notwithstanding the fact that they had led such utterly wild, unrestrained lives on the streets of that great city.

This free work for the sweeper community—the day and Sunday school for the poor vagabond children, the morning visits to the sweeper dis-

tricts, and the free dispensary for the ill, starving, and suffering ones of the community, soon became intensely, engrossingly interesting.

Never before had I engaged in any service which was so delightful as this. The needs were so great, so numerous, and so urgent; the distress so apparent and so terrible, that it was a real luxury to be able to afford the help so sorely needed, and to do it without compensation. Indeed I often wished that it were possible for me to relinquish my office and out-practice, turn my hospital into a charity hospital for sweepers; and devote my whole time, strength and life to this work among the sweepers of Bombay. Of course this was impossible, as I was laboring upon the self-supporting basis, and had no income whatever, from any source, except that which I earned myself by the practice of my profession among the wealthy classes. It was my pay practice—office, hospital, and out-practice among the wealthy classes, which supported all this charity enterprise; it was by these means only that I was able to supply my free dispensary with drugs and nourishment for my poor sweeper patients. It was by these means only that I was able to pay the native teacher for teaching my sweeper school; and to meet all other necessary expenses incidental to this great charity.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### A BANQUET FOR OUR SWEEPER FRIENDS

You will be wondering what I did for the spiritual welfare of my adult sweepers, the patients who came to my dispensary.

Even in the midst of my busiest professional life in India I could never forget that I was not only a physician, not only a money earner, not only a home-maker; but that I was first, most, and pre-eminently a *missionary*; and that I had gone to India in obedience to a divine call. Very soon, therefore, after opening my free dispensary for sweepers and free school for sweeper children, I began to caste about in my mind as to the best method of reaching the hearts and consciences of my poor sweeper patients and their friends.

There is a trite saying to the effect that one should not preach to a hungry man, but first satisfy his appetite, and then instruct him. If this adage holds true in a country like ours, where so few people ever know what it is to be really hungry, then it must be more true in India and among sweeper people, who are seldom, if ever, fully satisfied with food; who, perhaps, never in their lives have had a sufficient quantity of food at any one time to fully satisfy their appetites; and who know not the taste of palatable, appetizing dishes. Upon considering this, I



decided to give a banquet to my sweeper patients, their children and friends—indeed, to all the sweepers of Bombay.

When I first announced this purpose to Mrs. Moses she stood aghast, and assured me that such a thing would ruin my business. She had often previously intimated to me the fact of there being a mutinous feeling among my servants; that they were in the habit of gathering in groups and discussing the work that I was doing for the sweeper community; that they looked with great disfavor upon the whole matter of my free dispensary, free school, Sunday school and morning visits to the sweeper districts. Now, she assured me, if it were even mooted that I intended giving a dinner to the sweepers, and allowing them to come into my *compound* and partake of food there, my servants would immediately desert me; and that I would not be able to find others whom I could engage; as the news would spread among all the servants of Bombay, until no one would consent to serve in my institution.

We had at that time eighteen servants in connection with the hospital, training school for nurses and private home. Many of these occupied the servants' quarters behind our Khetwadi Castle.\* It would be impossible to keep the institution open without them—a hospital capable of

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\* For a full explanation of this servant question, see "Heroes and Heroines of Zion", Book III of "Within the Purdah", pages 191 to 197 inclusive.



accommodating fifty patients, although not always full, yet nearly always having a large number of patients in its wards; a Medical Missionary Training School, having from six to twelve student nurses; and a large, double nursery, containing seven adopted children, five of whom were less than six months old. I also had a large out-practice, and a still larger office-practice. For me to lose my servants, and to be unable to engage others, would of necessity ruin my business; and oblige me to close my institution. Nevertheless, after further consideration and much earnest prayer, I determined to give the proposed banquet for my sweeper friends, and so announced.

It required no written invitation, and no personal invitation to spread the tidings. In my morning rounds, and at my dispensary, I announced that all the sweepers of Bombay, and their families and friends, were invited to come to the hospital *compound* at seven o'clock on a certain evening to a dinner which would be served at that hour. The news soon spread over all the city, until it was in the mouth of sweeper man, woman, and child, and little else was thought about, or talked of until the appointed day arrived.

Meanwhile my servants, of course, heard the news; and, first of all, my butler came to me, bowing down before me in a low *salaam*, and begging leave to visit his mother; who, he said, lived at Poona and now lay at the point of death.

He wept much, declaring that he was the only son of his only mother; and that it would break his heart if she should die before he reached her. He must take the one o'clock train that day, else he would be too late. Meanwhile, as the butler stood before me weeping and begging leave of absence, Mrs. Moses stood behind me interpreting his words, and assuring me, in English, that it was all a gotten up story; that he was leaving me on account of the banquet, that he did not intend to return, that his mother was not ill, that she did not live in Poona, that he had no intention of leaving the city, etc.

I did not know Mrs. Moses at that time, as I came to know her later on, and it seemed incredible that my butler could thus weep and misrepresent to me. He said he would furnish a supply during his absence, and that he would return on the following Monday morning. I asked him to call his supply, in order that I might see him. He presently returned with a strange, native man, who declared that he would supply the place of my butler during his absence. I then paid my butler the amount due, and allowed him to go. He had scarcely left my presence, when the *Hamal* came and declared his intention of leaving me. He was much more honest than the butler had been, and did not hesitate to say that he objected to having sweepers partake of food in my *compound*. Thus one after another came, until every servant in my employ, save our Christian Bhanna, the cook, and the sweeper woman, had taken their leave of me.

I had scarcely finished dismissing my servants, when I observed that it was already past luncheon time, and wondered at hearing no lunch bell. I inquired as to the cause of this, and Mrs. Moses suggested that I accompany her to the dining-room. I saw in her manner and tone that there was mischief to pay.

Upon entering the dining-room I found that no preparations had been made for luncheon. The cupboards, where the hospital stores were kept, and which were usually securely padlocked, were now wide open, several of the locks having been broken, and all of the stores were gone. There was not even milk for lunch, nor bread, nor any other thing. Towels, napkins, sheets, pillow-slips, and many other articles, besides fifty *rupees* in cash, were missing. I looked about for the new butler, who was to supply the place of my old one, but he was nowhere to be found. I went to the kitchen, and found that the cook had departed without even asking leave. Thus I was left with my hospital, whose wards were nearly full of patients, my student nurses, seven foundling children and several missionary guests, without a morsel of food in the house, and without a servant to prepare a meal, or to attend to any other domestic matter. Of course my own time was more than fully occupied, my hands and heart and brain being burdened, and overburdened, with the many and great labors which devolved upon me. I was at a loss to know what to do, or how to proceed.

At length, however, Mrs. Moses volunteered to go to the market and bring food for the patients; and I gave instructions to the nurses to prepare luncheon for the patients, and to serve it as quickly as possible. Meanwhile I called upon several of my missionary neighbors, and explained to them the dilemma I was in; asking them kindly to speak to their servants, and to try and send me a staff of hospital servants with the least possible delay. This seemed well-nigh impossible; and one after another of my missionary friends reported the difficulties which they found.

The tidings of my proposed banquet for the sweepers had spread rapidly; and no native servant was willing to enter my service. The servants, who had so unceremoniously deserted me, had sent out the warning, "Do not go to that Dr. *Sahib*, or your caste will be broken; you will be contaminated and polluted by the sweepers, who throng the place. She has a free dispensary for sweepers, and a free school for their children; and now she is to give a great dinner for all the sweepers of Bombay; and you will be asked to cook for them, to wash the dishes which they have used, to serve them while they eat; and, who knows what not?" Thus were the unemployed servants of Bombay warned against my service. At length, however, a few native Christian servants were found, whom I gladly engaged; and, later on, others came, who were not Christians, but who were induced to

*try* the place; and these proved to be more or less satisfactory.

As the time appointed for the banquet drew near, other difficulties confronted me. I had purchased a large quantity of the best rice; and all sorts of curry stuffs, melted butter, cocoanuts, spices, green and ripe peppers, fish, chickens, eggs, various kinds of meat, etc.

Sweepers have no objections to eating meat, or anything else. They are the lowest caste, and will take food from the hand of anyone; because, all other people being of a higher caste than themselves, *they* cannot be polluted by others. The difficulty was to find some one willing to prepare this food for the sweeper dinner. No higher caste servant will cook for sweepers.

Finally, my dear little Mrs. Moses, who never failed me in any emergency, and who was as interested in my work for sweepers as I myself could be, kindly volunteered. She said that she never cooked in her own home, she had always hired a servant to do that; but she *knew how* to cook curry and rice; and, if I could not get any one else to do it, she would cook the dinner for the sweepers. This was a great relief. Of course I accepted her offer gladly, as there was no one else upon whom I could call to do such a service.

My sister then offered her services, saying that she did not know how to make curry and rice, but that she would help. If Mrs. Moses would tell her what to do, she would gladly do all she

could toward the dinner for our sweeper friends.

My Christian nurses then offered to help; and so Mrs. Moses, my sister, and the nurses all went out to the kitchen in the back yard; and there, in that small, dark, hot room, full of smoke, they cooked nearly all day; preparing meat-curry, fish-curry, chicken-curry, egg-curry, vegetable-curry—all in the greatest abundance, and of the most delicious kinds, using everything which was necessary to make each dish palatable and appetizing.

Though the hour announced for the banquet was seven o'clock in the evening, yet our sweeper friends began coming at one in the afternoon; and we were rather glad they did; for there were so many of them that our back yard would hardly have been large enough to hold them, had they all arrived at one time; so we fed them and let them go, while others crowded in. No room in our great Castle would have been large enough to hold our guests on that occasion. Of course I never entertained the thought of receiving them into the house. Had I done so, it would have ruined my business permanently; as no high-caste, wealthy native patient would have come to me for treatment, after my house had been polluted by a company of sweepers dining in it.

At seven o'clock our back yard, or *compound*, which was by no means small, was crowded with sweeper guests. We seated them on the ground as close together as possible; while my sister, Mrs. Moses, my Christian nurses and my-



self went in and out among them, serving them with the delicious curry and rice which had been prepared for them. For once in their lives every man, woman and child of that commuinty had enough to eat, and all they *could* eat, of something which was, to them, and even to us, palatable and appetizing in the highest degree. When all had eaten, and were fully satisfied, then came the better part of the feast; for we had reserved "The best of the wine for the last of the feast". I had invited several native local preachers to be present, and to make short addresses. This they did, interspersing the Gospel talks with singing, prayer, and exhortation; and thus we held a "protracted meeting"—protracted until far into the night.

I wish I could tell you that a great revival of religion ensued, that all my guests were converted, or that a large number of those present experienced a change of heart; but I cannot do so. I am not even sure that any one single soul was saved on this occasion. I do know, however, that during subsequent services several adult sweepers did profess to experience a change of heart; and, as far as we were able to ascertain, lived true, consistent Christian lives as long as we remained in Bombay. Whether the work were really genuine, whether they have continued faithful since, I do not know; but I hope and trust that, at the great judgment day, when all records shall be opened, and all faithful work tried, we shall see some of our poor sweeper patients standing at the right hand of the King.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### OUR SERVANTS UNDER ARREST

After the death of our good butler, and after all our other good servants of his time, except our Christian Bhanna, had departed from Khetwadi Castle on account of the obnoxious presence of our poor sweeper patients, we were never again able to secure the services of equally competent, reliable and trustworthy servants.

I soon found it difficult to purchase a sufficient quantity of milk in the morning to last us through the day. The monthly stores, which had previously been sufficient, ran out long before the month was through. The key to the supply closet mysteriously disappeared, and could never again be found. A new one was also lost, and it seemed impossible to keep the place in repair; for, while we had a key, the lock of the door was sure to get out of order, and so our supply closet was most difficult to keep supplied. Table-cloths, table-napkins, towels, sheets, pillow-slips, baby clothes, and various and sundry other articles too numerous to mention, seemed to take to themselves wings and fly away.

At length small sums of money were missed from my private drawer and elsewhere; until, in one week, I lost fifty *rupees*. Then, in my distress, I made the matter known to our friend,

Rev. William W. Bruere, who was at the time a guest in the Castle, and whose wife was a patient in one of our hospital wards, and he undertook to right it.

He went to our mutual friend, Mr. Crummey, an Englishman and the chief of police, whose wife was also a patient in my hospital. Mr. C. immediately sent officers to arrest my whole staff of servants. I had no intimation of their approach until they stood at the front hall door of the Castle. When they made known their errand, I felt loath to subject my poor servants to such humiliation, and hesitated about permitting their arrest; but the dire situation, together with the persuasion of friends, led me to yield. The servants' quarters were searched, and the servants themselves were carried off to the police station, where they were required to give evidence. Nothing belonging to the Castle being found in their possession, except only a few sheets, towels, etc., they were released, after being soundly scolded and threatened by the officers of the law.

The butler's evidence ran as follows: "No, *Sahib*, no, we never stole *money* from the Dr. *Sahib*; we did, all of us, live off her, and lived like cocks, but we never stole *money*!" This my butler considered to be a very mild confession to make. To live off their mistress or master (meaning to steal sufficient for the maintenance of themselves and families) he considered to be so light a matter, so small a misdemeanor, that

it would be easily overlooked; but to steal *money* in any considerable quantity would, as they all well knew, be a theft punishable by law; and this they stoutly denied, although, from circumstantial evidence, the chief of police and all the rest of us believed them to be guilty.

They would have been punished but for my own remonstrance. Nor did the poor servants realize, perhaps, that for a crowd of seventeen or eighteen, together with their families, to "live off" their Dr. *Sahib*, and "to live like cocks" meant more to her than any small money loss. However, I dismissed these servants, afterward engaging others who proved to be equally unreliable.

As a matter of fact, no native thief in India ever keeps stolen property about his own person, or on his own premises. He passes the stolen article on to his neighbor, his neighbor passes it on to another, and so it goes from place to place until it is quite beyond the reach of the party from whom it was stolen; and there it remains until all search is abandoned, and the matter is quite forgotten; when it is returned to the party who made the theft. On this account we never entertained a hope of finding any of our lost articles in possession of our servants.

Sheets, table-cloths, and the like, can always be utilized by native servants; as their *dhoti*, and other native garments are made of plain, white muslin or linen. When all search for such articles is discontinued, the sheet, table-cloth, pillow-

slip, or whatever the article may be, is cut into native garments, and pieced in such a manner as to make it quite unrecognizable; then it may be worn by your own servants, in your own presence, and you will be quite ignorant of the fact.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE MISSIONARY BISHOP OF INDIAN METHODISM ARRIVES

At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Omaha, Nebraska, during the month of May, 1888, Rev. James M. Thoburn, D.D., was elected Missionary Bishop of India. During January, 1889, together with a large company of missionaries, he arrived in Bombay. January 31, 1889, the 13th session of the South India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church convened in Grant Road Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Thoburn presiding, for the first time, in the capacity of Missionary Bishop.

When I first learned that Dr. Thoburn was soon to arrive in Bombay, and that he was then Missionary Bishop of India, I felt no forebodings. It seemed to me that, ere this, he must have learned the facts concerning me; that upon his arrival he would be ready, willing and glad to retract the untrue and wicked things which he had written about me; and that his coming could bode me no harm. I had long since forgiven; and, in the midst of my great success, had well-nigh forgotten his former enmity, and I feared no further trouble from him. My hopes

and confidence, however, were doomed to bitter disappointment.

Soon after his arrival in Bombay harbor, a reception was tendered him in Grant Road Methodist Episcopal Church.

Up to this time, though having suffered so much at his hands, I had never personally met Dr. Thoburn; and, for the first time, I saw him in the pulpit of Grant Road Church, while my presence was unknown to him, being but one of a great crowd. Together with this throng, in a procession, I marched around and was formally introduced. I do not know whether, at the time, Bishop Thoburn caught my name, or recognized me as the person about whom he had written such evil statements.

On this occasion, also, I met, for the first and only time, Bishop Thoburn's wife, the beautiful, accomplished and saintly woman, Mrs. Thoburn, M.D. Some friend, I have now forgotten who, brought her and introduced me. I can never forget her kind greeting; and I distinctly remember the words she used: "I hear that you have met with great success in your work here. God must have blessed you wonderfully." To which I replied, "Yes, I have had success. God has been with me, and *is* with me, and *does* bless me." This was all that passed between us. Others pressed up, and claimed her attention; nor have I ever met her since. Bishop Thoburn did not speak to me personally on that occasion, nor I to him.

At this time Bishop Fowler, his wife and son, together with twelve other missionaries, were guests in our Khetwadi Castle home. Some of these missionary guests were special and personal friends of Bishop Thoburn; and, through courtesy to them, I sent an invitation for Bishop Thoburn to take dinner with them and me in our home, which invitation he accepted. When he arrived somewhat early, however, I was out, in company with Bishop and Mrs. Fowler. We had been unavoidably detained, and returned later than we expected. After our return, dinner was served almost immediately. With sixteen missionary guests, in addition to my regular family, which never numbered less than fifteen at the dining table, not counting patients or orphan children in the wards and nurseries, it can readily be understood that I could give but little attention to any one individual guest.

At the long dinner table, my sister occupied one end, and I the opposite, Bishop Fowler sitting at my right, and Bishop Thoburn at my sister's right hand. Immediately after dinner Bishop Thoburn excused himself to meet an engagement. Thus no opportunity was afforded for any personal conversation between us.

Some days later, I took Bishop Fowler, Mrs. Fowler, their son Carl, and some other missionary guests, on a picnic excursion to visit the Elephanta Caves. At the wharf we met Miss De Line, with Bishop Thoburn and others, on a similar picnic excursion, with the same



destination in view. We journeyed thither in company; and yet not altogether in company, as each party remained somewhat separate and distinct—we having our dinner at one table, together; while Miss De Line and her party took their luncheon at another table, within speaking distance of us. This was the third occasion of my meeting Bishop Thoburn. I have never seen him since; nor have I ever conversed with him for a period of even five minutes.

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Hitherto, from the time of my own arrival in India until the arrival of Bishop Thoburn, my hospital, office, and out-practice had consisted largely, though not of course wholly, of American and European missionaries and their parishioners. I had received a very large number of missionaries, of all denominations, into my hospital; and had treated and operated upon them there; besides having attended upon many in my office, and in their own homes.

For medical advice, consultation, local treatment, or professional visits to their homes, I made no charge whatever to any missionary, or any member of any missionary's family; indeed, I seldom even charged them for drugs, which I supplied at my own expense. When, however, they entered my hospital, and were boarded, nursed, operated upon, or treated in whatever manner might be necessary, within the walls of our Khetwadi Castle Hospital, my charge to them was just half that which I made to an ordinary European or native patient. Notwithstanding this fact, my success was largely due to the patronage of European and American missionaries in India. Not only did I receive a considerable sum of money from them; but they sent

me many patients from their parishes, who paid me full fees.

After the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Stone from Bombay, until the arrival of Bishop Thoburn and his company of missionaries, a period of almost unprecedented success and prosperity attended my missionary and professional labors in Bombay. During the month of May, 1888, I earned and received, from the practice of my profession, something over three thousand *rupees*; and, during all the months of that year, my monthly income averaged never less than one thousand *rupees*.

For a brief description of professional services rendered to wealthy, high-caste patients, during this period, I refer my readers to "In the Zenana Homes of Indian Princes", the second book of "Within the Purdah", published by Messrs. Eaton & Mains, New York City.

From the time of Bishop Thoburn's arrival in India, all this practice began to fall off, and soon ceased altogether. The missionary friends who had partaken of my hospitality, and who had received my professional services, medical and surgical, without charge, now strangely and unaccountably left me; seldom, if ever, even calling at the Castle, though they had been wont to drop in at frequent intervals, if not daily.

All this was a matter which could not be defined. There were no charges preferred. There was no absolute slander afloat, so far as I was able to learn. Yet, somehow, by shrugs, intona-

tions of voice, and insinuations, the missionaries came to feel that there was something wrong; and that they must keep aloof from us, and from our Khetwadi Castle home. Some of them, whose names I cannot now remember, did confess to me that they were afraid to have it known that they were our friends; not because there was really anything against us, but because Bishop Thoburn did not approve of us, and that they *feared* him.

Thus my large medical and surgical practice, which had grown from nothing to such great proportions, and all within a period of two years, gradually decreased more and more, until my earnings were not sufficient to cover the actual running expenses of our Khetwadi Castle Hospital, Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses, Free Dispensary for Sweepers, Free School for Sweeper Children and small Orphanage of seven wee children. At this juncture, from long protracted over-taxation of body and mind, together with the added trouble and sorrow which had so quickly come to me after Bishop Thoburn's arrival, my health failed; I fell ill, and was confined to my bed for a period of three, nearly four months.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### TROUBLE WITH A STUDENT NURSE

On the 25th day of July, 1887, soon after opening my Khetwadi Castle Hospital, and before getting fully settled in our new home, Miss Lilian Lucy Seitz became a student in my Woman's Medical Missionary Training School for Nurses; and the following article of agreement was prepared by her legal adviser, and signed by her grandmother, Mrs. Ruth A. Seitz, by herself, and by me:

“ Know all men by these presents that I, Saleni Armstrong, Doctor of Medicine, residing in Bombay, do undertake to receive into the institution known as, The Woman's Medical Missionary Training School, of which I am the Superintendent, Miss Lilian Lucy Seitz, for a full term of four years, and agree to give her the full course of medical training of the aforesaid institution, and I agree to provide her board and lodging for the above mentioned term of years on condition that:

1st That a lump sum of Rs. 1,000 be paid to me the day she enters the school, and in addition the sum of Rs. — be paid me monthly, so long as she remains in the institution.

(2) That the said Lilian Lucy Seitz do pay for her *dhobi* and clothe herself.

(3) That she conform to all the rules and regulations of the school.

(4) That she retains health and reason. In case of her removal by death, or loss of health or reason, before the expiration of the four years, as above mentioned, I agree to pay her heirs what remains of the deposit of Rs.1000, after having deducted an amount sufficient to cover the cost of her tuition, board and lodging from the date of her entrance into the school, to the day of her removal, computed at the rate of Rs. 50 a month. In case of the dissolution of the school for any cause, I agree and bind my heirs or executors to pay to her or her heirs or executors, the portion of the deposit of Rs.1,000 which remains after deducting the cost of her tuition, board and lodging, computed from date of her admission, to date of the dissolution of said school, at the rate of Rs. 50 a month.

Should she withdraw for any other than the above reasons, she shall receive no refund.

She will be expected to give me at least one hour of special assistance each day.

July 25th, 1887.

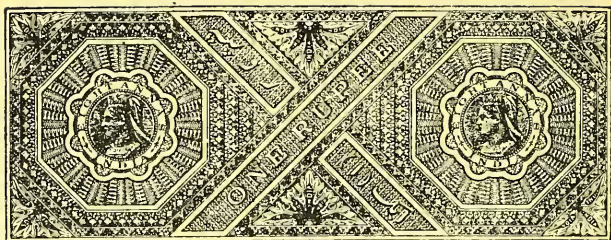
Signed { RUTH A. SEITZ,  
L. L. SEITZ,  
S. ARMSTRONG.

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Miss Seitz is an Eurasian. I do not know her correct age; but I judge her to be about my own age, or not much younger. Her parents were







Know all men by these presents  
 That I Saleni Armstrong Doctor of  
 Medicine residing in Bombay  
 do undertake to receive into the  
 institution known as the <sup>missionary</sup> Thomas  
 Medical Training School of which  
 I am the Superintendent, Miss  
 Lillian Lucy Leitz for a full  
 term of four years, and agree  
 to give her the full course of medical  
 training of the aforesaid institution, &  
 agree to provide her board and  
 lodging for the above mentioned term  
 of years on condition that:-  
 That a lump sum of Rs. 1000 be  
 paid me the day she enters the  
 school, and in addition the





both dead when I first met her. She resided with her grandmother; but had some money of her own, which she had inherited from her father. She remained with me for a period of nearly two years; but, during the early spring of 1889, she left the institution of her own accord, and without any reason, except that she was tired of the work, her grandmother needed her, and she didn't wish to remain longer.

As intimated in foregoing pages, Miss Seitz did not prove to be a satisfactory nurse. She was inattentive, indolent, and prone to shirk anything and everything that seemed like work. Moreover, she was, apparently, excessively fond of novel reading. Often and often, after having given her an earnest medical talk, intended to fire her heart with enthusiastic love for medical and nurse work, and to stimulate a wholesome zeal in her studies, I found her lying upon her bed reading a novel; or, perhaps, sound asleep, the book having fallen from her hand.

According to the agreement, Miss Seitz was to pay me a monthly sum, the amount of which is not named in the agreement, but which was orally understood to be ten *rupees*, or more, not less, so long as she remained in the institution. Instead of fulfilling this contract, Miss Seitz never paid me any monthly sum, nor any money whatever except the one thousand *rupees* given on the day of her entering the school. As a matter of fact, she was in the habit of making frequent and urgent appeals to me for money,

assuring me that her grandmother was ill and in great want. On this account, I told her that, in consideration of certain extra services to be rendered by her in and about the hospital, I would pay her a sum of ten *rupees* per month. This I did, notwithstanding the fact that the extra services promised were seldom rendered, and never satisfactorily performed.

When Miss Seitz first left my institution, she asked leave of absence for a few days only to nurse her grandmother; who, she said, was ill. After an absence of a week, or more, she came to the hospital for her clothes and other belongings, told me that she intended severing her connection with the institution; but that she did so of her own accord, breaking her agreement, and forfeiting the money which she had paid me in the beginning. All this she said to me personally, of her own accord, and quite freely; leaving me in all good feeling and friendship. Afterward, however, I soon began to hear reports of dissatisfaction which emanated from her; and, still later, I received a letter from her pastor demanding a refund of five hundred *rupees*.

Upon receipt of this letter I first called upon my pastor, the Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, and asked his advice in regard to the matter. He told me that, legally, I was under no obligation whatever to refund any part of the money received from Miss Seitz; and that, in his opinion, I was under no moral obligation to do so. I told him that I felt myself to be under no obligation to

refund any money ; but, on account of her claim of poverty and great need of money, I had decided to accede to her pastor's request, and to pay her the five hundred *rupees* ; but that I was not able to do so immediately.

I then called upon the pastor of Miss Seitz ; but found him so bitterly prejudiced against me, that I could gain no satisfactory interview. Later on, in reply to urgent and imperative demands for money received from him, I wrote him very kindly but explicitly, telling him that I was under no legal obligation, and that I felt no moral obligation, to refund any money to Miss Seitz ; but that, on account of her great need of money, I was willing to do so, and would do so as soon as possible ; but I stated clearly my utter inability to raise any money for her at that time.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### PRACTICING MEDICINE BY PROXY

My institutional, professional, missionary and charity enterprises in Khetwadi Castle rapidly grew to such proportions, that the responsibility and labor involved became too great for any one pair of hands, for any one heart, for any one brain to long sustain.

My household matters alone required constant care and oversight. To manage successfully from fifteen to eighteen servants, thoroughly untrustworthy and bent upon theft, required considerable tact and skill. There were also from eight to twelve student nurses to instruct at the bedside and in the operating room, to say nothing of the daily medical lectures in the office or lecture room of the Castle. Then my seven little, adopted children in the nursery cost me an endless amount of care, anxiety, and responsibility—their night and day nurses each requiring constant watching. Besides, there were all the patients in our hospital wards, with the heavy responsibility which is incumbent upon any physician who undertakes the charge of human health and life; the office practice, where a large number of patients of every class and condition, rich and poor, high and low, native, European and American, came for advice, examination,



treatment and medicine; the out-practice which called me to the homes of rich and poor, from the English aristocrat on Malabar Hill, to the poorest native in the heart of the native city, night and day, to treat all manner of diseases to which mortals are heir; besides the occasional up-country visit to the home of a wealthy prince, *nawab*, *rajah*, or *dewan*.

Besides all this, there was my daily visit to the sweeper district, my daily dispensary for the sweepers, my daily school and weekly Sunday school for the sweeper children; my regular family worship every morning; the Sunday afternoon Bible class for my servants; the Friday afternoon Bible reading for my nurses; my Sunday afternoon religious service in each of the wards of the hospital; and the almost innumerable other temporal, medical, surgical, and spiritual responsibilities which rested upon my heart day and night. There were months together, during which I averaged only from three to four hours sleep in the twenty-four; and scarcely a day passed but that I missed a meal or two, simply because I had no time in which to take it—sweeper patients waiting in the back yard and crying out for attention; wealthy, pay-patients waiting in the office and growing impatient on account of delay; a messenger at the door waiting for me to follow his lead to the home of some out-patient; while my breakfast, luncheon or dinner grew cold, and I suffered for the need of it.

Meanwhile my charities and missionary enterprises were outstripping my pay-practice, though that was very large indeed, netting me from five hundred to three thousand *rupees* per mensem. In the midst of this overwrought, overburdened, white-heat of labor, care and anxiety, my physical strength failed; I fell ill, and was confined to my bed for a period of nearly four months.

It was a simple thing to dismiss my wealthy, pay-patients. When patients come with money in the pocket, and you are unable to attend to them, it is necessary only to send a messenger to say that you are ill, and cannot see them; that you advise them to consult such, or such a doctor in the city. They may, perhaps, feel regret, because they know you, and have perhaps learned to love and respect you, placing confidence in your medical ability; but that is all, there is no real difficulty in the matter. The patient has the money, and can go where she will for medical advice, or treatment.

Not so with my poor sweeper patients. There was no one to whom I could send them. True, there are free Government Hospitals and Dispensaries in the city of Bombay, plenty of them; and these hospitals and dispensaries are intended for the poor sweeper just as much as for the proud brahman; but, on account of the caste prejudice and aversion to the sweeper, described on foregoing pages, it is impossible for the sweeper to avail himself of these charities.

Necessarily the English government employs

native assistants in these institutions. There may be, and probably is, an English physician at the head of all, in charge of each institution; but the house surgeon, the nurses, compounders, and all the servants about the place are, of necessity, natives; and not only natives, but high-caste natives, or at least, higher caste than the sweeper. So it happens that when a sweeper patient comes to an English Government Hospital, or Dispensary, seeking medical advice, treatment, or surgical operation, he is abused for his impudence, sent away without relief and threatened, in case he ever presume to return. The English Government is in nowise to blame for this. The English Government authorities are not aware of it; but the employees of the Government, the servants and under officials in Government employ, are guilty of this outrage; and to them and to the poor sweeper patients alone are the facts known. What native nurse would extend needed care to a sweeper patient? What native druggist would compound and dispense medicine to a sweeper patient? What high-caste, native doctor would put his ear to the chest of a sweeper patient, take his pulse, examine, or attend upon him in any way? None of them would do it; and so they threaten him and send him away without relief.

In view of this situation, what message could I send down to my poor sweeper patients, who waited in the back yard of our Khetwadi Castle? Every day during my illness they gathered there,

coming in the early, early morning, hoping the Dr. *Sahib* would be better in the morning, and there they waited. My servants would go to them and, I fear, with harsh words would bid them depart, telling them that the Doctor was ill, and had turned away her wealthy, high-caste patients, who came with money in their hands to pay her; and how could *they* expect that she would see them? But the poor sweepers were well used to harsh words, and heeded not the threats, or words of abuse; but, quietly sitting down upon the ground of that back yard, they waited. Some of them carried sick babies in their arms, others brought parents or middle aged friends upon stretchers.

My nurses would go to them and explain, in kind words, the true situation, assuring them that it was useless to wait longer, as the Dr. *Sahib* was really ill, and had turned away all her wealthy patients, and was not able to see any one. Still they would wait and refuse to depart. When, at length, the servants went about their daily tasks, and the nurses returned to their wards, my poor sweeper patients would cry aloud to the Dr. *Sahib*, hoping that, somehow, somewhere, in some darkened room of that great Khetwadi Castle, she would hear their petition; for they thought, if she could but know their terrible need and suffering, she would surely do something for their relief. Thus they came day by day and waited from the morning until the evening, heeding no command from

servants or nurses; but still hoping that the voice of their distress might somehow reach the Doctor's sick chamber, and there be heard and heeded; and so it did.

I heard that cry; and I knew that my poor sweeper patients were waiting below, and suffering, and that there was no relief for them except as it came through me. That heart-rending, helpless cry of distress reached my darkened room, sounded in my ear, and awakened responsive and sympathetic cords in the depths of my own suffering soul; until I could not sleep, could not rest, could not recover.

At length I called Mrs. Moses and said to her, "Bring one of your little, blank nurse-books, and your pencil." When she came with them, I told her to write on such a page such a question, and to leave a space for its answer; and then to write such another question, and leave a space; and such a question, and such a question, and such a question, leaving spaces for the answers to be written in later on. Then I told her to take her thermometer and go down to the sweeper patients, and count the pulse, as she knew how to do, of the one who seemed most needy and most ill. Then I told her to take the temperature, and ask the questions that she had written down in her book, and to write each answer after each question, and then come back to me. When she did this, I told her to go to the dispensary and put up such and such medicine, and give in such and such a manner, with such

and such directions; and then examine another patient as she did this one, and again bring the report to me.

All this she did, until I was exhausted with the talking, thinking, and the labor of treating patients through another. Mrs. Moses then sent all the sweepers away, promising that I would treat a few more, in like manner, on the following day. So they came, day by day, and for nearly three months I thus treated my poor sweeper patients by proxy.



## CHAPTER XXXIII

### FINANCIAL DISASTER

All the world seemed silent, sad and desolate to me on that horrible night in May, 1889. It was one of those hot, sultry nights peculiar to Bombay, just before the *Monsoon* breaks; when the heat becomes insufferable, and when every living thing is parched, dry, and panting for breath. The thirsty earth was cracked, and gaping. Through that long, silent night, not a breath of air stirred the dust-laden leaves on the mango tree beside my office window. Even the moonbeams, usually cool, calm, and peaceful, seemed to scorch and shrivel everything they touched. The sky looked faded and dim in the distance; and each star, a spark of fire, seemed to add somewhat to the terrible heat.

Though physically feeble, from the prolonged illness of three months duration, from which I was just recovering, and sad at heart, on account of recent bereavement—three sweet, adopted babies, who had entwined themselves closely about my heart, had been taken from me within two days time—yet my mind was too anxious and troubled on account of financial burdens and difficulties to permit of sleep. Rest, even, was impossible to me; and so, as is my wont when anxious, troubled, or engaged in study, I paced



the floor of my office, walking up and down, up and down, with bowed head and hands clasped behind me, throughout the long hours of that terrible, pain-fraught night.

Only three of my seven adopted children were now left to me, Victor, Angie and Jay Gee. The great nursery seemed empty. In the many wards of our Khetwadi Castle Hospital there were now only two or three patients, all the others having left during my recent illness. My office practice, too, had fallen off until, now that I was recovering my health again, I had very little to do except the charity work, which could not be stopped. My out-practice also had fallen away, from the same cause, the news of my illness having been spread abroad, and nearly all my patients having sought medical aid elsewhere.

Meanwhile the expenses of my institution were very little, if any, less than before. About one thousand *rupees* per mensem were required to keep the institution running.

It was impossible to know, in the beginning, how long my illness would last. We all hoped that it would be a matter of a few days only; and it never occurred to me to close the institution on that account. As the days and weeks passed by I still hoped that I would soon be better, and there seemed nothing to be done but to keep the hospital open, and wait for my perfect recovery.

True, during the two preceding years I had

earned, and received, a large amount of money; but my income had never been uniform in amount. Some months I had received a less sum than the actual running expenses of my institution; while during other months my receipts were very large; as, for instance, during the month of June, 1888, I received something over three thousand *rupees* in cash. When, therefore, my missionary and charity enterprises did, for a time, exceed the income from my pay-practice, I felt no special alarm, thinking that I should soon receive a call to one of my up-country patients, which would net me a handsome sum, as such calls had done before; or that, during the coming months, my practice would again increase; or that I should be able to collect some of the moneys due me, and so all liabilities would be easily met. This no doubt would have been the result but for my serious and prolonged illness, which threw me still further behind financially, and seriously interfered with the practice of my profession. Even then, had I had the support, sympathy, and advice of one strong, disinterested friend, who would have indorsed and supported me in my own better judgment, no serious catastrophe would have befallen us in our Khetwadi Castle. The money then due me, on account of professional services, amounted to hundreds of dollars; nearly, if not quite, enough to cover all my liabilities. Unfortunately, however, I had not been able to keep accurate accounts, because of writer's

cramp from which I suffered, never having had an efficient secretary, being overburdened with work and much pressed for time. Now it seemed impossible for me to collect these outstanding bills. I did not know how to go about it. Alas, our beloved Brother Bowen had left us, and gone to his eternal reward. Our dear friends, Dr. J. Sumner, and Mrs. Kate Stone, had long since returned to America; so also had our friends, Rev. William W. and Mrs. Carrie Bruere, and Rev. A. W. Prautch; while our dear friends, Rev. B. and Mrs. Laura Mitchell, had but recently sailed for the home-land.

Before the departure of Rev. and Mrs. Mitchell, I explained to them my exact financial situation; and it was through his kindness that I secured a loan of money from Messrs. William Watson & Co., which enabled me to settle up all my small accounts, and to owe but one company only, instead of many single individuals, who were probably less able to wait for their money. As security, I had my life insured in favor of Messrs. Watson & Co., for double the amount of money borrowed, and they agreed to keep up the policy until the liquidation of the entire debt. I also gave them a chattel mortgage on my fine medical and surgical outfit, which was then worth about one thousand dollars. Besides this, Brother Mitchell signed a note with me for the whole amount. The parties to whom I was indebted were, therefore, doubly and thrily secured.



REV. B. AND MRS. LAURA MITCHELL



What a strange, unaccountable thing it seemed to me that, in this my time of emergency, every one of my Indian friends—every one to whom I would naturally look for comfort, encouragement, sympathy and advice—was separated from me by seas and continents. Oh, for one true, steadfast friend, to whom I might confide the bewildering difficulties of this dire situation! Oh, for one wise, thorough-going, intelligent business friend, to whom I might go for counsel! Where *are* my friends, anyhow? What has happened to them all? A few weeks ago this great Castle was thronging with guests; all of whom claimed to hold us in warmest friendship. If we ever sat down to a meal without company it became a cause of remark; and some one of the nurses would be sure to say, “Well, there will be somebody here before we are through eating, never fear.” It was seldom that we ever did eat a meal in our Castle alone with our own regular family; during nearly every meal in every day, for weeks and months together, there were guests at our table; and if, by any chance, we began a meal alone, some one would invariably call and finish with us. Such was the open house I kept. But now, where are they all? When I fell ill how soon the news spread abroad that I was ill, that my pay-practice had ceased, that my charity practice continued; and that I was falling behind financially. Then how very soon the friends, who before seemed so warm and came so frequently, fell off; and seemed to for-

get that they ever had been frequent callers at our Khetwadi Castle. Those who shared our hospitality, those who had received medical advice, examination, treatment, medicine and professional visits in their homes, all without charge, how few of them ever came to inquire whether I were better or worse, or likely to recover at all. It seemed a revelation to me. In my childhood I had been told that friends would gather about you during days of prosperity, and forsake you in hours of adversity; but I never believed it, much less did I think it possible that I myself could ever have such an experience.

Such thoughts as these occupied my mind and inflamed my already fevered and excited brain, as I paced up and down my office through the watches of that long, sultry night. At the dawn of day, utterly exhausted from the night's vigil, I threw myself on a long camp chair and fell into a heavy, troubled sleep, from which I did not awake until six o'clock in the morning, when the butler came in search of me, bringing the usual thin slice of toast and cup of coffee. Then the duties of the day pressed upon me; for there were duties to perform, even though I had but few wealthy patients to attend upon either in my hospital, office, or at their homes. My sweeper district was still in need of the regular morning visit, my sweeper patients still came to the afternoon dispensary; and all my charity work remained upon my hands and cried out for attention.



Toward evening, after the weary day, I received a visit from a wealthy English lady of Bombay, who called ostensibly in the capacity of a friend. She came in her handsome private carriage, with coachman and footman, waited upon by liveried attendants, attired in her handsomest silk, and bedecked with jewels. When comfortably seated, she informed me that she had heard of my difficulties, that I was in financial straits, and unable to extricate myself. She then assured me that she had known it all in advance; that, when I first rented Khetwadi Castle, she knew it was a mistake. She saw from the beginning that I was making a great blunder, no one could undertake so much at one time, and carry it through to successful issue. I ought never to have taken those orphan children—never in the world. It was a carzy thing for me to do. I might have known that they would die; for that matter, it was better that they did die; for I could never have supported them had they lived. The hospital was far too large, the training school too great a venture, and the whole business a monstrous mistake. She saw it from the beginning, she knew it all the way through, she had been looking for a failure from the very start. She could then have told me just what the result would be. I wondered why she did not do so; but, having known it from the beginning and never having mentioned to me the possibility of disaster, I wondered why she should do so now at all. As my caller, Mrs. M—, spoke

thus, there was a subtle malicious gleam in her little black eyes, which made me recoil from her as if, in the dark, I had placed my hand upon the cold, squirming body of a snake. I have since seen that same look in the eyes of a street arab, as he was mercilessly torturing an insect. However, she had made known to me her mind, and it seemed to be a source of infinite relief to her.

Of course, I had nothing to say. The situation at that time was certainly difficult enough; but, although she had known all my past life in advance, she seemed quite unable to advise me as to my future course. At the conclusion of my *friend's* remarks, she withdrew, smiling upon me in the most complaisant manner, as one who had performed a good and worthy deed.

As my troubles and perplexities increased, the heat, also, seemed to increase in its fierce, scorching intensity; and so another night began without relief to body or mind. Late, late in the evening, when all was still as death, our good Bhanna crept noiselessly through the back hall and up the stairs to my office, where I sat alone nursing my miseries. He did not rap at my office door, but spoke in an undertone, asking permission to enter. When I bade him come, he entered stealthily, like one pursued; gave a quick, keen glance about the room, and then told me that a *friend* waited in the street below to see me; but that no one must know he had called, no one must see him come or go; only he

and Mrs. Moses, besides myself, must know about it. "Well", said I, "the servants are all asleep in their quarters, the nurses are in their rooms sleeping, the house is empty of guests, you may just engage the attention of the night-watchman, while Mrs. Moses brings this friend to my office; and nobody shall know of the call." He assented; and, quicker than it can be told, he fled noiselessly from my office, through the upper hall, down the stairs and out.

Presently Mrs. Moses and a strange Parsee gentleman entered my office. I looked upon the man curiously, and not without a feeling of alarm, that he should come to me at such an hour, and with such precautions of secrecy. I had never seen his face before; I felt sure that he was an entire stranger to me. He seemed intensely nervous, had an ashen, pallid face, was dripping with perspiration and trembling in every limb, as one pursued unto death. He took my office in at a glance; and then, in whispered words, told me that he was a friend, that he was risking everything in coming to make known to me my peril. He then said, "Your landlord is a Parsee, is he not?" "Yes", said I, "what of that?" "You owe him something, your rent is in arrears, your goods in this house will be attached to-morrow. If you have anything valuable, anything which you especially prize, get it out of the house to-night. Otherwise you will lose all. He is a bad man, he will spare nothing, he will take all you have. In re-

moving your valuables you must take great care, as your house is now being watched by your enemies day and night." Having said this he did not wait for my thanks, he did not wait for my reply, but hastily, stealthily he glided away, passing down through the Castle and out to the back alley, and so departed.

I never saw the man again; but he certainly acted the part of a true friend, though an utter stranger, as far as I knew, and not even a Christian, but a heathen Parsee!

After the departure of this strange, unannounced visitor, I went to my sister's room and told her what had happened. She then conferred with Mrs. Henry, an English lady, who was a special friend of hers, and a patient in our Khetwadi Castle Hospital at the time. Still later, my sister and her friend called upon our next door neighbor, just over the wall from the back wing of our Castle; and, at his kind suggestion, my sister, Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. Moses, with the assistance of our two good and faithful servants, Bhanna and the Boy, lowered my three large American trunks from my upstairs bedroom window to the *compound*, or back yard, of our neighbor, who kindly removed them to his own house for safe keeping, until our immediate trouble and danger should be over. These trunks contained manuscripts, heirlooms and other prized, though not valuable trophies, which could be of no use to my Parsee landlord, but would be a very serious loss to me.

On the following morning two strange, Parsee men, accompanied by a native bailiff, visited our Castle, and all the goods within its walls, save a few cooking utensils and such dishes as were absolutely needed for daily use, were attached and stowed away in the great double room, which constituted my office and reception rooms. These apartments were separated only by an improvised extension screen; and the goods were placed there under Government seal, so that we had no further use of that part of the house, nor of any of our goods.

Among these attached goods were all my medical and surgical instruments and apparatus, which constituted the fine medical and surgical outfit which had been presented to me by my father, and by our mutual friend, Rev. J. G. Miller, of Passadina, California, just before I sailed for India. They were packed in an immense, American sample trunk, which had been made for that purpose, and which contained a separate apartment for each case of instruments, being lined throughout with fleece-faced felt, of the best quality.

The two Parsee men and the bailiff were scarcely off the premises when I received another *friendly* call; this time from a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. John E. Robinson\*, who had been a warm friend to

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\*This Rev. J. E. Robinson is the same gentleman to whom the letter on page 143, of this work, written by Mrs. Kate E. Stone, is addressed.

us, and a patient of mine; and who had professed a feeling of great obligation to me, on account of benefit experienced from my professional services. He came, ostensibly, to express his sympathy and extend condolence; but, apparently, as a spy and "to see the barrenness of the land". He even asked the privilege of paying a visit to my office, where all the goods of the Castle were stowed and under Government seal. When he was permitted to do this, he looked upon the situation with such evident and insuppressible gratification that it added no small torture to the sum of my already accumulated miseries; and yet, somehow, I could not regard him in any other light than that of a friend; and so I actually ventured to ask his advice, which, however, he did not vouchsafe to give. He could suggest no solution to my difficulties; although, to others, he had freely criticised all I had done up to date, but now volunteered no suggestion as to my future procedure.

After his departure, I drove down to the office of Mr. Allan F. Turner, Solicitor High Court; and laid before him my exact financial situation. He kindly offered to undertake the adjustment of my affairs, and to wait for his fees until such time as I might be able to pay them. Accordingly, he accompanied me to the Castle, and thence to the Small Cause Court, where he soon succeeded in obtaining a hearing, and the release of all my goods, the Judge allowing me a period of six months in which to pay the rental in arrears.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

### OUR UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR

During the month of May, 1889, just as I was beginning to convalesce from my long illness, but before the occurrence of the financial disaster described in the preceding chapter, a hired carriage, containing a Parsee gentleman and an English lady and gentleman, stopped in front of our Castle door.

The lady alighted from the carriage, and was presently ushered into my presence. She wished to enter my hospital for the purpose of receiving medical care and treatment. With this in view, I showed her several of our hospital wards, and told her what my usual charges for hospital patients had been. She seemed delighted with everything, and declared that she had paid at the Bombay hotels, for board alone, more than I was charging her for a beautiful room, board, medical treatment, nursing and all. It did not take her long to decide. She went out to the carriage, had her trunk brought in, and was soon comfortably settled in her ward. She gave her name as Mrs. Henry, said her husband was a Civil Engineer in English Government employ; and that their home, at present, was in the Central Provinces, near the line of the new Gov-



ernment railroad, which was at that time being constructed.

Our new patient was a very pretty, intelligent, and in every way attractive young woman; and my sister and she soon became the warmest of friends.

Mrs. Henry paid me one hundred and fifty *rupees* in advance, for one month's hospital board, daily medical treatment, nursing, etc. This was a great help to me, coming as it did during the time of my greatest need. Nor was this the only help she rendered us. Nearly every day she went to the bazaars in her own hired carriage, taking my sister along with her, and brought back great baskets full of the choicest fruit—mangoes, custard apples, guavas, etc.—for our family table. Indeed, she seemed to have any amount of money, and spent it with a lavish hand. She expressed herself as being highly delighted with her room, medical treatment, the hospital arrangements, charges, and everything about the place. In fact, she made herself most agreeable, greatly cheering all hearts, and lightening all burdens. If she then had any knowledge, or any suspicion, of my actual financial situation, I did not, and do not, know it. It seemed to me that she had been sent, in this time of my direst emergency, by a special divine providence, to render my terrible trials less severe, and to lighten the burdens which seemed greater than I was able to bear.

On that terrible night, when the strange Par-

see came to warn me of impending disaster, and I had made the facts known to my sister, she explained the situation to Mrs. Henry. Then it was that she proved herself to be a friend indeed. She immediately came to me and offered the loan of money—one hundred, two hundred, three hundred *rupees*—whatever I needed and was willing to accept from her as a loan. At first I hesitated; but, afterward, I accepted another one hundred and fifty *rupees* as advance payment for medical treatment, hospital board, nursing, etc. This, of course, was a help, a very great help; but we had fallen behind several thousand *rupees*, and one or two hundred did not go far by way of relieving our pressing needs. Every month, during my past illness of three months duration, my expenses had never been less than one thousand *rupees*.

Besides this, prior to my illness, I had fallen behind considerably; so that, altogether, my liabilities in Bombay amounted to about four thousand *rupees*. This seems like a very large sum of money to owe; and yet I had frequently earned more than this amount during two months of successful practice of my profession in Bombay; and could have done so again, had I been given a little time in which to recuperate my health, and reestablish my practice. Now, however, since the attachment of my goods, I had no heart for anything—weak and debilitated in body, crushed and broken in spirit, disappointed in friends, and pursued unto the death by my enemies; alone in

a strange, foreign land, I was desolate and troubled beyond expression, and my burdens seemed overwhelming.

Mr. Allan F. Turner, my kind legal adviser, my sister, and our mutual friend, Mrs. Henry, each and all advised that I sell my household effects and move to Lahore, Punjab; where my charity work would be unknown, and where I could establish a private practice without being continually besieged by poor people for gratuitous medical services and free medicines.

This advice I felt extremely loath to act upon. First, because I was unwilling to leave Bombay until every debt was fully met and liquidated.

Secondly, because I felt so sure that I could again establish a large and lucrative practice right there in my Khetwadi Castle, or in any other part of Bombay; and, lastly, because I so dearly loved the work which had engrossed my every thought and interest during the last two and a half years of my residence in India. And yet I, too, realized that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to discontinue my charity work, while I was establishing anew my pay-practice just where my charity work had been so extensive. Yet it would be impossible for me longer to continue the charity work without an established income from pay-practice.

Besides this, I felt so humiliated and disgraced in Bombay by the attachment of my goods, and the talk which this had occasioned, that I had no heart to start anew in the same place. When,

finally, after spending many nights in earnest, agonizing prayer, and many days in thoughtful consideration, taking counsel with my three only advisers—Mr. Turner, Mrs. Henry and my sister—I finally decided to move to Lahore. With this in view, I sent a list of my household goods around among my missionary acquaintances, and other English and American friends, thinking that they might purchase from me any articles needed by them at more reasonable prices than I could obtain from the ordinary second-hand furniture dealers. In this, however, I was disappointed.

One case only, of the many, I will mention. An American lady physician called at the Castle and sent to my room a note, expressing warmest sympathy with me in my trouble. When I went down to meet her, however, I found that there were several articles of furniture which she wished to purchase from me. I told her the prices, which were just half the original cost, though the furniture had been in use for a period of one year only, and was none the worse for wear. She said she would let me know her decision later on in the day; and, after returning to her home, she sent a servant with a note offering me one-fourth the price I had mentioned to her, which was considerably less than had been offered me by a second-hand furniture dealer in the native city.

At length I parted with all my furniture for the merest trifle, actually sacrificing everything,

and receiving in return not enough money to pay my servants, and our railway fare to Lahore; and yet these same goods had cost me over two thousand *rupees*. At this critical juncture our dear, new friend, Mrs. Henry, who, by the way, was not a church member, and did not even profess to be a Christian, came forward again and begged me to accept from her a sum of money sufficient to pay the passage of myself and interpreter to Lahore, and enough in addition to pay the freightage of such goods as we were obliged to take with us. By dire necessity I was forced to accept this most kind offer; but when I offered her a note for the money she refused it. Then I offered her a due bill, which she also refused, declaring that the money was a gift, that it was a great pleasure to her to be able to help me in this time of need, and she begged me not to mention the matter to her again, nor to any one, and never to think of returning it. I insisted upon her accepting my note, but she obstinately refused, thus placing me under life-long obligations to her.

When, finally, I was forced to silence by her kind, loving entreaty, I determined to return the money to her at the earliest possible date, and in such a manner as to oblige her to accept it. This, however, she never allowed me to do; for, from the time of our leaving Bombay, I was never afterward able to discover her whereabouts, or to obtain her correct address. My sister and I each wrote to her again and again,

but received no answer. We wrote to the postmaster of the town where she had told us she lived. He replied that he knew no such person, and that there was no family of that name living there. We have never since been able to find her, nor have we ever heard, directly or indirectly, from our strange, unknown benefactor.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### FRIENDSHIP

Friendship, it is the nearest tie,  
Which bindeth hearts beneath the sky.  
Thy mother may thy mother be,  
And yet a *friend* ne'er prove to thee.

When Christ His chosen twelve addressed,  
This sacred truth He well expressed:—  
“ Servants I call you not ”, said He,  
“ But friends forevermore are ye;

For all things, whatsoever I  
Have gained from out the courts on high,  
Have I made known to each of you.”  
Best test of friendship, warm and true.

A mother may neglect her child,  
Who on her bosom cooed and smiled;  
Forgetful of her suckling be,  
Unkind and cruel, even, she.

A father may his son disown,  
A son his father may dethrone;  
A daughter scorn her mother's love,  
Though true and pure as that above.

A sister may a traitor be,  
And prove the direst enemy—  
May speak in words which seem most fair,  
While compassing your ruin there.



A brother may unfaithful prove,  
And cast away his sister's love.  
A husband, e'en a wife, I trow,  
May be untrue to every vow.

But if thy kindred also be  
A true and honest friend to thee,  
Then may'st thou give to love free rein,  
And fear no after-throb of pain.

Else, mark thee well, and bear in mind,  
A *friend* is truer and more kind  
Than any kindred, howe'er near,  
Who has not proved his friendship clear.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### GOOD-BYE TO KHETWADI CASTLE

The preparations for our departure from Bombay were difficult, and involved much pain and heart-ache all around. It seemed unadvisable that my sister should accompany me to Lahore, as I had scarcely money enough to pay my own railway passage and that of my interpreter, whose services would be so imperatively necessary, from the very beginning, as to render her going an absolute necessity. Besides this, the trip was entirely uncertain as to its ultimate result. The outlook was anything but promising. To enter a strange, foreign city, with impaired health, in the very height of the hot season, and without money, without friends, without introduction, and without a start of any kind, was a venture fraught with uncertainty, if not actual peril.

It was, therefore, arranged that my sister should remain in Bombay, and board at Mrs. Briggs' Temperance Hotel, until such time as I might establish a lucrative practice in Lahore, and thus be able to send for her.

Then there were my three, dear adopted children, Victor, Angie and Jay Gee. They could not be taken without involving heavy additional expense, and would, if taken, greatly trammel me in my efforts to establish myself profession-

ally in a strange community. After much careful, and prayerful consideration and discussion, we decided to leave the little folks in care of Mrs. Isaac, the aged mother of Mrs. Moses. Two small but comfortable rooms in one of the *chawls*, near Grant Road, were rented by me at the low rate of four *rupees* per mensem. These rooms I managed to furnish very comfortably, covering the floors with matting taken from the Castle, and settling everything with my own hands. I also left a sufficient supply of fuel, groceries, and other provisions in the house to last the family for a period of two months, or such a matter, besides twenty *rupees* in cash, for incidental expenses. The rental I also paid up for several months in advance. When all was ready, we brought Mrs. Isaac and the three children over, and saw them comfortably established in their new quarters, to which there was a very pleasant front veranda, and also a back veranda and stairway—the rooms being in the second story of the *chawl*.

I then settled up with my servants, paying them all the money I could possibly spare, and promising to send them the balance due as soon as I should be able to do so. To Bhanna I gave my horse, Tom, allowing him to be sold to the highest bidder for whatever he would bring, the money going to Bhanna. Unfortunately Tom brought only twenty *rupees*; although, just two years previously, I had paid two hundred and fifty *rupees* for him; and he was then considered to be a great bargain at that price.

After this I gave Bhanna instructions to wait at the front door of our Castle, from morning until evening of every day for a period of two weeks, and to direct all callers, and especially any creditors who might come, to my attorney, Allan F. Turner, Esq., to whom I had intrusted the entire management of my business affairs.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of June 1st, 1889, in a hired open carriage, I drove to the station; in company with my sister, Mrs. Moses, and Mrs. Henry. There I was met by a crowd of my native servants, and a few of my poor patients, who had come to say the last good-bye.

It was a sad parting for us all; but especially so to my sister and myself, for our hearts were full of vague misgivings, and uncertainty as to what the future held in store for us.

Mrs. Henry remained with my sister a few hours after my departure, and then took an up-country train for her own home. The few other patients, who remained in the hospital through our recent financial difficulties, were discharged on the day before our leave-taking.

Thus we bade a tearful good-bye to my darling sister Willa, to Mrs. Moses' dear mother, to our precious children, to our mutual friend, Mrs. Henry, and to our beloved Khetwadi Castle, where we had experienced so many happy days, and had so thoroughly enjoyed our labors for the blessed Master.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### A FAILURE ?

Dear Reader, knowing the whole truth as you do, having reviewed my work from the nursery of Khetwadi Castle to the lowest slums of Bombay native city, accompanying me in my medical rounds, through my consulting office, examining and operating rooms in the Castle, from one sweeper district in the native city to another, among the servants, student nurses, adopted babies and guests, do you find naught in your heart but censure ? Do you unite with our adversaries and critics in pronouncing it all a monstrous mistake ? Do you concur with them in the opinion that our methods and procedure, from the beginning to the end, were naught but a succession of blunders, that the whole thing was a misguided effort made in the wrong direction, which therefore necessarily culminated in an utter, inglorious and irretrievable failure ?

It is not my purpose here to attempt to justify my own life, or any part of it. One thing only I feel that I must say, in barest justice to myself: from the beginning to the end, I was actuated by one motive, was impelled by one overwhelming, all-absorbing desire; to do the will of my blessed Master, to accomplish the mission whereunto He had called me, and to serve Him

efficiently and well throughout every hour and day of my life. To do this I exercised my very best judgment in every undertaking, I sought divine guidance continually, day and night, and undertook nothing without earnest prayer for direction, inspiration and help.

On the 15th day of June, 1887, when I first entered Khetwadi Castle, and before my sister and Dr. and Mrs. Stone had arrived, I kneeled down on the bare, unmatted floor of my office, which was at that time without an article of furniture, and reconsecrated my life to God, invoking His help in all that I might undertake to do while residing in this new home. The Castle itself I endeavored to dedicate to Him, and to His service. That same evening, when my sister arrived, she and I knelt together in the same place, renewed our consecration, and sought divine help and guidance in our new undertaking.

Afterward, during my residence in the Castle, I never began any task, never adopted any child, never undertook the care of any invalid, the treatment of any disease, nor began any surgical operation, without first kneeling by my patient, or in my room, and invoking divine wisdom, skill, tact, judgment, and guidance in that particular undertaking.

Never once in my life have I undertaken a single surgical operation, without first praying about it in private, and afterward praying with my patient, that God might guide and control in all that was to be done. As the result, as I



believe, of this dependence upon God for help, I have never yet experienced even a partial failure in any surgical work, have lost but one surgical patient, and that was not a direct result of the operation, have never had a rise of temperature after an operation, except in this one case, never had a drop of pus to form, nor a stitch fail to unite. All this in a tropical climate like India, where the intense heat renders surgical work extremely hazardous; and notwithstanding the fact that I have performed almost every surgical operation which is known to the profession in these latter days. While in India I never had any medical assistance during any surgical operation, nor even the presence of a physician to share with me the responsibility, having my sister only, who always administered the ether; and the nurses whom I myself had trained. I do not say this boastfully, but merely as a proof of the divine presence and help which I have experienced in answer to earnest prayer during all my professional life.

True, had I gone to India under the auspices of the Parent Board of our Methodist Episcopal Church, no such financial catastrophe as that experienced in Khetwadi Castle, could have befallen me. Had I been sent to India by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our church, I should have been safe from any such failure. In either case my regular monthly salary would have been sufficient to maintain myself and family; all my private earnings, from



the practice of my profession, would have been paid back to the society under whose auspices I labored; and would have been expended in the missionary field, according to their direction, all bills being paid as they were incurred.

When the mission work grew to such enormous proportions, as my work in Khetwadi Castle did, the society would have supplied me with several missionary assistants, and thus my health would not have suffered from the undue strain. A mission, such as mine, required four, five or six regular missionaries, in order to discharge all the duties efficiently, and without any one being overworked, or broken down in health. Instead of this, the whole responsibility rested upon one individual, and the labor and care involved were enough to undermine any constitution.

Even as it was, laboring upon the self-supporting basis, the financial catastrophe described in foregoing pages might yet have been averted had I possessed the business tact, foresight and worldly prudence to curtail my missionary and charity enterprises, during my days of prosperity, laying by a certain portion of my earnings against any possible future emergency, illness, or the like.

This I might have done, this I should have done, in all justice to myself and to my own work; but, alas, I had not such worldly-wisdom. I, too, can see it all *now*, when it is too late to change or alter the past; my mistakes are palpable to my own eyes, and what "I might

have done" is clearly discerned by me; but then, I was so perfectly well and strong, so full of life, vigor and endurance, and so hardy, that I thought myself made of iron. It seemed impossible that I could ever break down, while engaged in an occupation which was a pure and unmixed delight to me in all its many phases.

Then, too, within myself I reflected on this wise: "I did not study medicine for its own sake, merely that I might practice the profession and enjoy the doing of it. I did not come to India merely to practice my profession, I might have done that in my own native land. I did not come to India to amass a fortune, or to live in luxury, or to lay up money for old age or a rainy day. I came in obedience to a divine call, in order that I might spend and be spent for God and suffering humanity—to do the will of God, and to serve my kind."

While thus employed I was completely, perfectly, continually happy and satisfied; and it seemed impossible to me that I could ever be otherwise, or that any real harm could come to me while thus engaged in the Master's service. Why this financial difficulty should have been permitted to come upon me, I know not—God does know, and sometime I shall know.\* Mean-

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\*All things are either caused, or permitted by God. Why Bishop Thoburn was permitted to persecute me so unmercifully; and to ruin my business in Bombay, I do not know. Certain it is that, had he not done so, I should, in all human probability, have continued to prosper in Khetwadi Castle, as I did before his arrival in Bombay.

while, criticise me if you must, and as severely as you like, it does not matter; but, while you criticise *me*, do *not* forget the poor people for whom I labored.

It is not for me to say just what you ought to do. I cannot point out your specific duty; but, certainly, you have a duty toward these poor suffering ones in far off India.

If you are a Christian, if you have taken upon yourself the name of the blessed Christ, then go to your closet, shut and bolt the door; and, on your knees, remember all that you have read about the squalid poverty, the awful ignorance, the appalling superstition, and the crying need which, through other eyes, you have seen in the slums of Bombay native city. Then ask God Almighty to point out to you what He would have you do. Ask Him to reveal to you your duty toward them, His Indian children.

Perhaps he may call you to go as a missionary to some foreign field.

Perhaps He may require you to sacrifice somewhat of your luxuries, somewhat of your comfort, somewhat of that which you call the necessities of life, in order that the Gospel message may be carried to these dark depths of heathen slums. I know not what answer you may receive from Him; but Oh, find out. Go to Him in secret, and alone. Cry unto Him mightily, until you know and are sure just what He would have you to do.

You say you are poor? I tell you, there is no

poverty in this blessed Christian land of America. You say, we are having hard times here ? I tell you, there is no such thing as hard times in this country. Before going to India I did city mission work in the slums of Chicago, and also in the slums of New York City ; and I thought I knew what awful, squalid poverty was like ; but I assure you, I never saw real poverty, appalling poverty, until I visited the slums of Bombay native city, and the sweeper districts there.

But suppose you *are* poor ; suppose you live in one tiny room, ten feet square, that you have no carpet, no matting on the floor, no pictures on the walls, no furniture in the room, no table from which to eat ; that you have but one meal a day, and it consists of the same two articles for every meal, the year around ; no knives or forks or dishes, no proper cook stove—you cannot afford any such luxuries as these, because you are poor. Your salary is only one and a half to five dollars per month, and with this small sum you are obliged to support a large family. Suppose this to be your exact financial status ; yet, I assure you, you are rich and happy.

You still have a home. You know what a true Christian home is like. The wife, husband, brothers, sisters and children in your home love each other. You know what it is to feel the sympathy of a warm, true friend. You are familiar with the warm hand-clasp, the close embrace, the tender kiss, and the loving caress of those who are dearer to you than life.

More than this, much more, you live in a free land, in a Christian land; you hear the church bell's joyous ring every Sabbath day, calling you to the house of God. You have many educational advantages. You have God's blessed Word to read; and you are able to peruse its sacred pages, without molestation or disturbance of any kind. Its blessed promises are for you. You know what it is to pray, and to receive a direct, immediate and blessed answer to your petition.

Nay, more, much more, you have the indwelling, abiding presence of the Triune God continually. You have the testimony of the Spirit, witnessing with your soul that you are a child of God, an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. You have "an inheritance incorruptable, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed at the last time." You are of royal birth. Your Father is "King of kings, and Lord of lords", and the only true God.

What more can you ask? All these are privileges and advantages which you alone possess; but which are unknown to these poor mortals of heathendom. Do you still say that you are poor? That you know hard times?

O Brother, Sister, Friend, away to your closet, and pray. Pray for India, pray for her millions who are yet out of Christ, who know not what home is, as you know it; who know not what

love is, as you feel it; who have no Bible, no Christ, no Holy Ghost, no Heaven, no everlasting inheritance, no divine earthly legacy, no joy, no hope.

Give, if you have to give. Give all that you can give. Give until you feel it, until you suffer for it, until you sacrifice and feel a loss; and then count it a joy to suffer thus for Christ's sake, and for the sake of poor, perishing, suffering humanity.

If you have naught to give, if you are so wretchedly, squalidly poor, that you have not a thing which you can sacrifice, nothing which you can do without, there yet remains something which you can do for God, and for India—pray! When the labors of the day are done, when your friends have departed and you are left alone, then go to your room and pray, earnestly, tearfully, prevailingly, that God may send the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ to these perishing souls. Pray all night, until the morning.

Do you think that too much to ask? If you were there, and situated as the sweepers of Bombay are situated, and they were here in your happy circumstances, would you think it too much for them to spend one whole night in prayer to God for you? Yea, spend one night, two nights, three nights—one night in every week in earnest, importunate, prevailing prayer to God that His salvation may reach to the darkest depths of heathen slums!













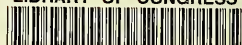








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